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THE NEW YORKER

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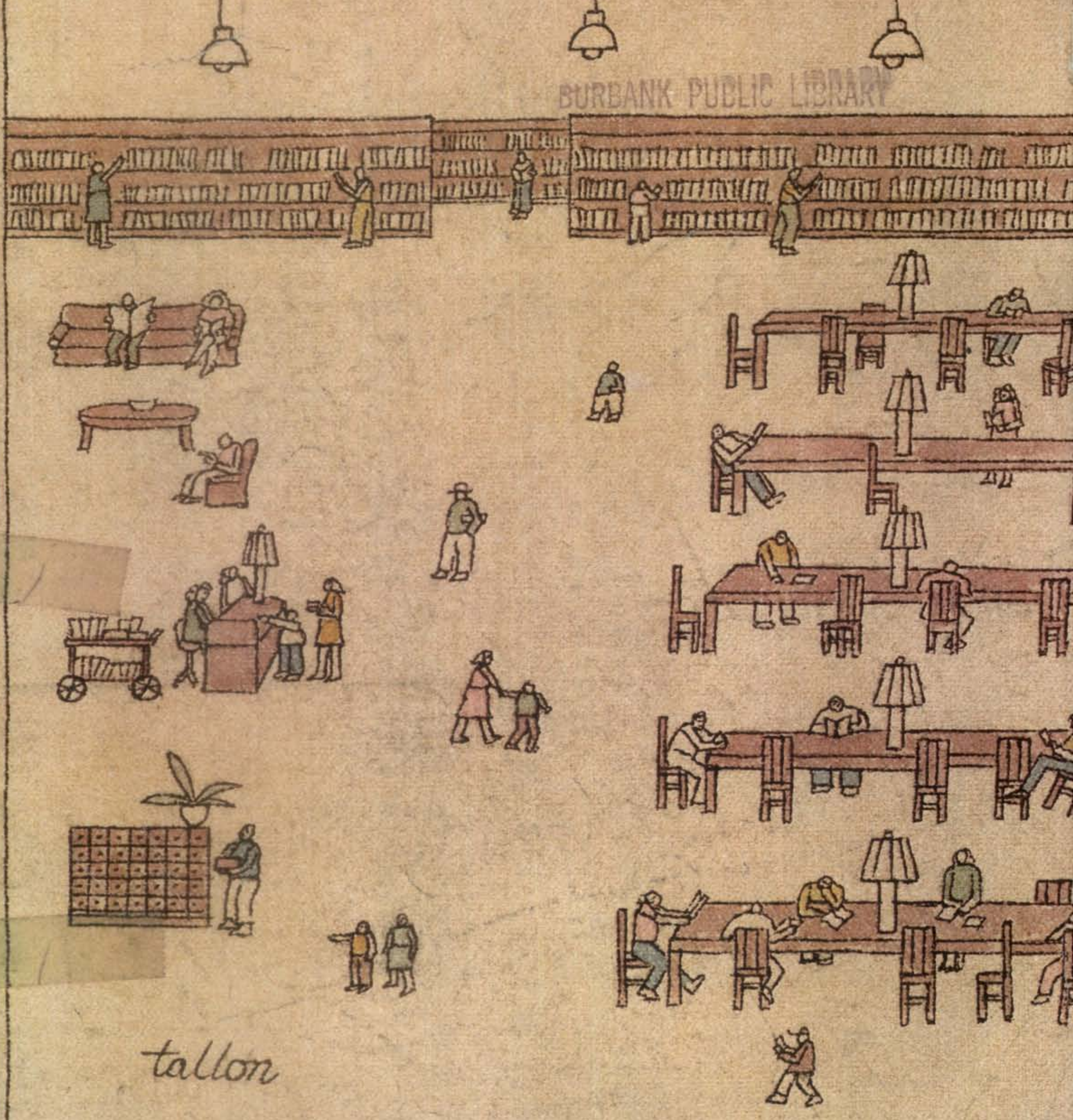

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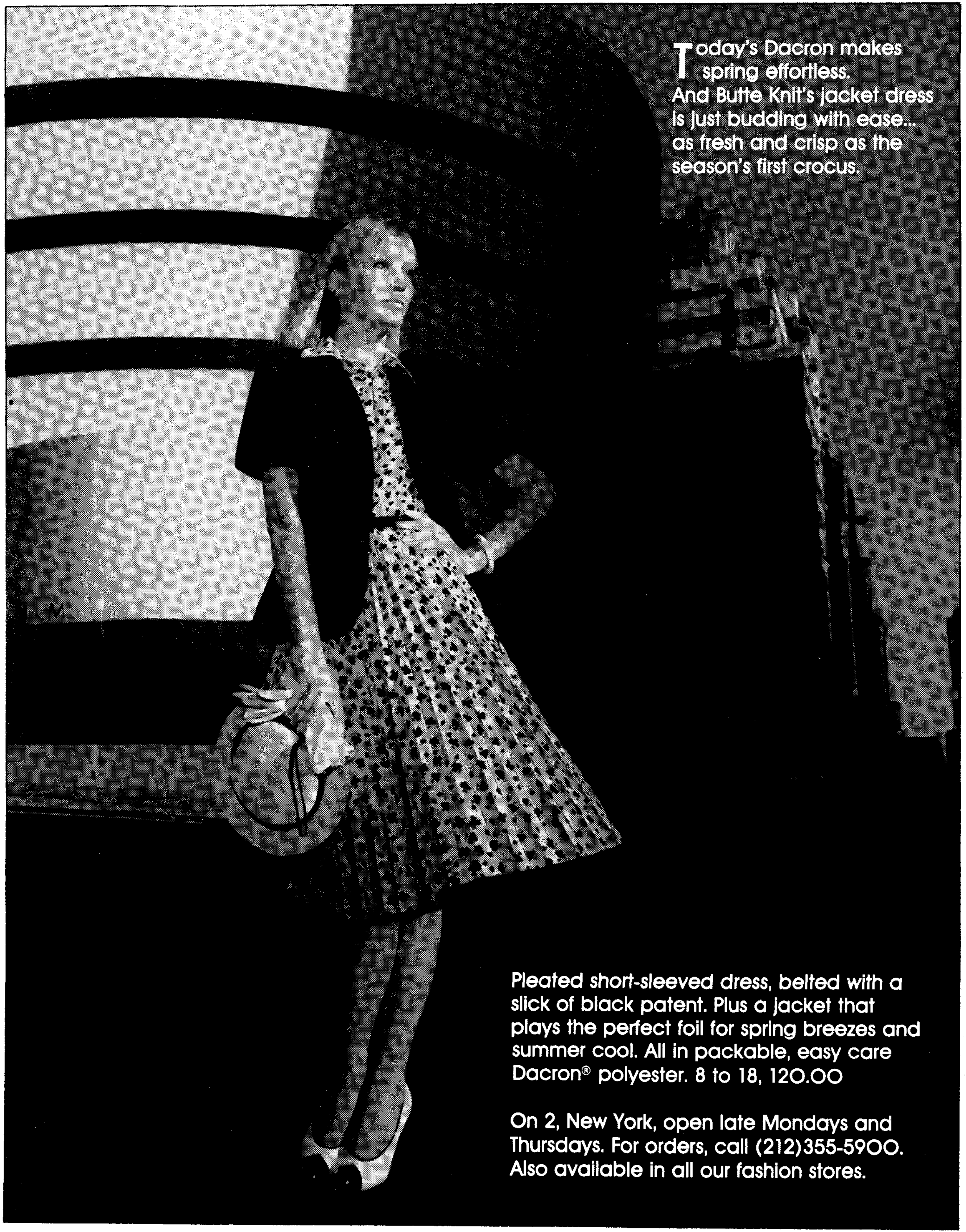

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BAM Theatre Company—The first two of five plays to be presented in rotating repertory through Sunday, June 15. THE WINTER'S TALE, with Brian Murray and Marti Maraden. One of Shakespeare's so-called romances, full of plausible humor and implausible tragedy. There is also a bear; make what you can of that. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/3/80.) Wednesday and Thursday, March 12-13, and Friday, March 21, at 8, and Saturday, March 22, at 2 and 8. . . . JOHNNY ON A SPOT is a brilliant new production of a 1941 comedy by Charles MacArthur. A large cast keeps running about the stage at speeds of up to a hundred miles an hour, all to make us laugh, and laugh we do. (3/10/80) Friday, March 14, at 8; Saturday, March 15, at 2 and 8; Sunday, March 16, at 2; and Tuesday through Thursday, March 18-20, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Bent—A play much less grim than its subject matter—the fate of homosexuals in the concentration camp at Dachau—would lead one to fear. Splendidly acted by Richard Gere and David Dukes. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Betrayal—Harold Pinter in what amounts, for him, to a happy-go-lucky mood: a man has an affair with his closest friend's wife, and the friend, learning of the affair, keeps silent, nursing his wrath. In the end (which in this play is the beginning) everyone feels betrayed, outwitted, and not uncomfortable. Well acted by Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider. Peter Hall is the director. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by John Heuer, INNOCENT THOUGHTS, HARMLESS INTENTIONS. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3, and Wednesday, March 12, at 2. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

Class Enemy—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dusa, Fish, Stas and Vi—A play by Pam Gems. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical PLAIN AND FANCY, with a book by Joseph Stein and Will Glickman, music by Albert Hague, and lyrics by Arnold B. Horwitt. The sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

An Evening With W. S. Gilbert, A Musical Biography—A one-man show conceived by John Wolfson, with Lloyd Harris as Gilbert. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Evita—A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Heartaches of a Pussycat—A musical entertainment by James Lord and Geneviève Serreau, inspired by the illustrations of J. J. Grandville for a short story by Balzac. Mime, masks, and a bit of ballet figure in this Paris import. The director is Alfredo Rodriguez Arias. Previews through Tuesday, March 18. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 19. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Thursday, March 20, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Irish Hebrew Lesson and **Guests of the Nation**—Two one-acters, the former by Wolf Mankowitz, the latter by Neil McKenzie (based on a short story by Frank O'Connor). Both directed by Michael Lessac. (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Thursday and Friday, March 13-14, at 10:30, and Saturday, March 15, at 2; thereafter, Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Jane White, Who?—An evening of autobiographical monologues, musings, and songs by Miss White. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, March 16: Victor Herbert's THE FORTUNE TELLER. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, March 19-23: Gilbert and Sullivan's THE SORCERER and TRIAL BY JURY. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Major Barbara—In this joyous comedy by Shaw in his capering middle years, Philip Bosco, Laurie Kennedy, and the rest of the large cast are having the time of their lives. And so will you. (3/10/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

Marie and Bruce—In Wallace Shawn's new comedy, a gross, foulmouthed tigress of a wife mauls her polite little husband, who may well gain the last word by keeping silent. With Louise Lasser and Bob Balaban. (2/11/80) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-

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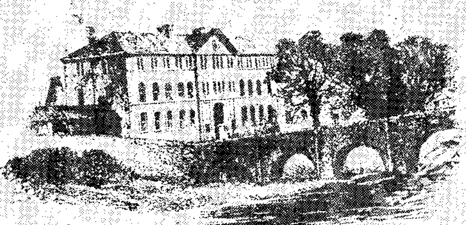

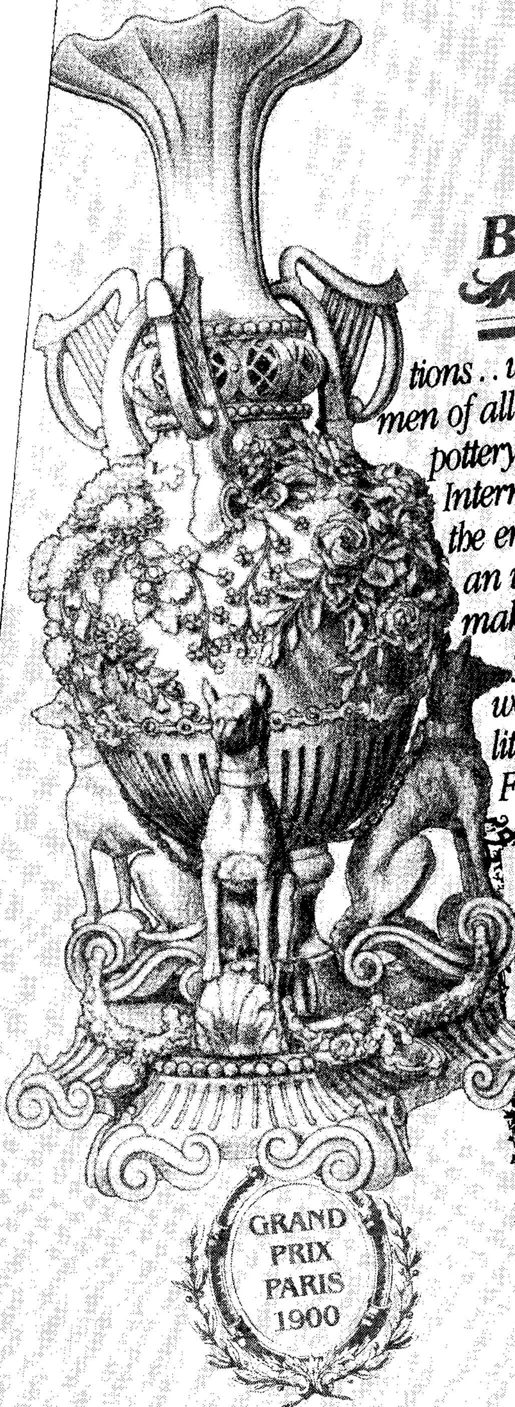

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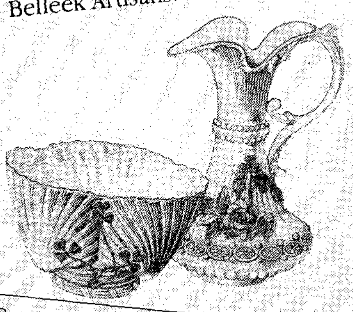

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7150. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, March 15.)

A Month in the Country—An admirable production of Turgenev's marvellous comedy, with Tammy Grimes, Farley Granger, Roy Cooper, and Kristin Griffith. (12/24/79) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

My Mother, My Son—Selected readings on the subject of mothers and sons, by Viveca Lindfors and *her* son, Kristoffer Tabori. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesdays through Sundays at 10:30. Closes Sunday, March 23.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A return engagement of Samm-Art Williams' play **HOME.** (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave. at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A very welcome new production of the thirty-six-year-old classic. Many a new day will dawn before it is done better. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 16.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Peter Pan—Why not? (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.)

Reggae—A musical with a book by Kendrew Lascelles, Melvin Van Pebbles, and Stafford Harrison, and music and lyrics by Michael Kamen, Ras Karbi, Max Romeo, Randy Bishop, Jackie Mittoo, and Mr. Lascelles. The cast is comprised of twenty-five singers and dancers, and a nine-piece onstage band. Directed by Glenda Dickerson. Previews through Wednesday, March 19. Opens officially on Thursday, March 20. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Romantic Comedy—A play about playwrights writing plays, by a playwright (Bernard Slade) who is evidently none too sure how the deed is done. With Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Save Grand Central—The artist William Hamilton has written a comedy about the contemporary Wasp culture of upper-East Side New York, and very funny it is. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's lively comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Adroitly directed by Austin Pendleton. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 6. Closes Sunday, March 23.)

Shakespeare's Cabaret—Extracts from fourteen plays and a couple of sonnets and poems set, improbably, to music by Lance Mulcahy. ("Venus and Adonis" is done as country-and-Western.) Michael Lessac is the director. (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

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Sorrows of Stephen—A witty new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (12/10/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Sugar Babies—This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Talley's Folly—The folly is a boathouse in rural Missouri, and the time is the early nineteen-forties. Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins play a couple who quarrel in the boathouse and end up loving each other—all in ninety-seven minutes. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

These Men—The sometimes funny but mostly woebegone changes of fortune of two young women living in a tiny California cabin and desperately in want of men. The author is Mayo Simon, and the two girls are well played by Alix Elias and Jill Larson. The director is Zoe Caldwell. (2/25/80) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

West Side Story—Age cannot wither nor custom stale this twenty-three-year-old musical version of "Romeo and Juliet." Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—Brian Clark has most unwisely altered the gender of the suffering young person who asks the question that forms the title of the play. Mary Tyler Moore does her best in the role originated by Tom Conti, but the play itself no longer makes sense. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Cullum, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,264 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about

How a boat race preserves the memory of an ancient Chinese poet.

Chinese festivals in Hong Kong fill the lunar calendar.

Behind many festivals that you can witness in Hong Kong during the year lies a story that adds extra meaning to the celebrations.

Should you come to Hong Kong on the fifth day of the Fifth Moon in the lunar year, (or 17th June, 1980 in the Western calendar), you can enjoy watching colourful Dragon Boat races that take place in many areas.

Legend has it that these races commemorate the statesman and poet Chu Yuan, who drowned himself in the Mi Lo river in China over 2,000 years ago, rather than go into exile. Furiously fought races are held to represent the boats that tried in vain to save him. Rice dumplings are eaten to recall those that were thrown into the water — in some versions of the story to lure hungry fish away from his body, in other versions to feed his spirit.

Even with such an unusual background, Dragon Boat day is remarkably happy and eventful. Long boats, resembling dragons, flash through the water, urged on by the beat of drums and the roar of the crowd.

This is just one of many Chinese festivals still celebrated in Hong Kong. The Mid-Autumn Festival, at the beginning of October, for example, is a time when people admire the full moon, enjoy mooncakes and carry candle-lit lanterns. Yet another major festival, that of Cheung Yeung, at the end of October, sees people climb to higher ground, in the olden days to avoid disasters, but today it is to admire the views. And of course, the views in Hong Kong are cause for celebration in themselves.

Chinese festivals in Hong Kong give added enjoyment to a place that's an exciting experience at any time.

For further information on everything there is to enjoy in Hong Kong, please see your travel agent or write to:

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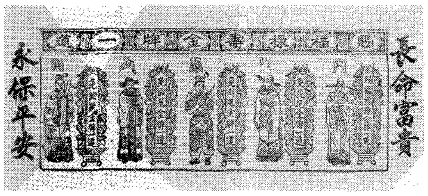
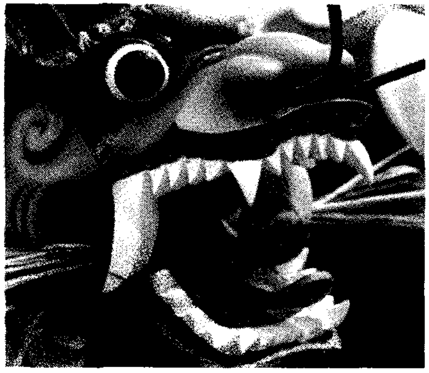
香港
HONGKONG

Dragon boats set a fast pace, with up to 80 paddlers in each boat.

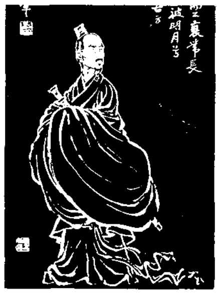
Good luck paper omens like these are burnt at festival times.



The red ball in the dragon's mouth represents a pearl that the dragon spits out to spread good fortune.

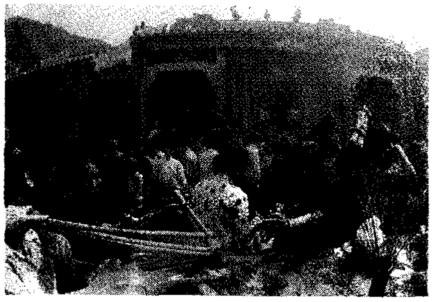


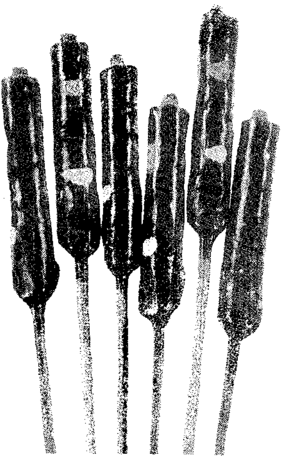
Enjoying special dumplings is another Dragon Boat festival pastime in Hong Kong.



Chu Yuan, who died in 288BC, started the Dragon Boat races.

During festivals, such as Chinese New Year, joss sticks are lit outside temples in honour of the gods.





Chinese candles for honouring gods and ancestors on special occasions.

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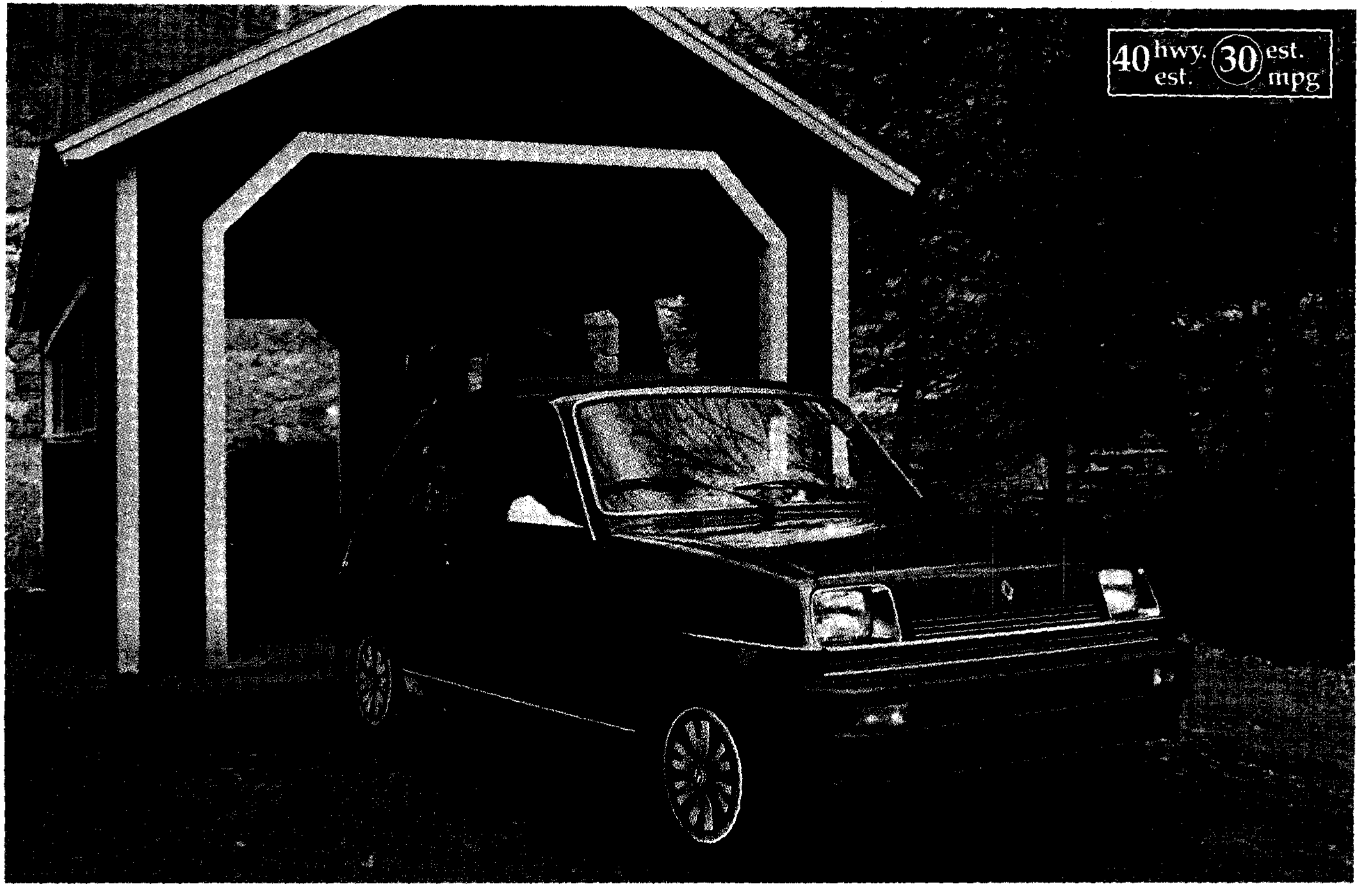

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **STRIDER—THE STORY OF A HORSE:** The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and, needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. The music is by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SWEENEY TODD:** Many remarkable songs by Stephen Sondheim ornament this grisly melodrama, which now stars Dorothy Loudon and George Hearn. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Stockard Channing and Tony Roberts. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—It's spring again, and birds on the wing again start to sing again, the birds in this case being Vienna Choir Boys. They join the thirty-six Rockettes in the Easter show. Opens Friday, March 14, and will run through Sunday, April 13. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Mondays, at 2:30 and 8.)

HASTY PUDDING SHOW—A musical, "A Little Knife Music," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Friday, March 21, at 8; Saturday, March 22, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, March 23, at 8. For tickets, call 944-1011.)

DANCE

BALLET WEST—A one-week engagement by a company making its first appearance here. Wednesday, March 19, at 7: "Sanctus," "The Lark Ascending," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Pipe Dreams."...¶ Thursday, March 20, at 8: "Pas de Dix," "Inscape," "Don Juan," and "Pipe Dreams."...¶ Friday, March 21, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," "Billy the Kid," and "Pipe Dreams."...¶ Saturday, March 22, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "The Lark Ascending," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Billy the Kid."...¶ Saturday, March 22, at 8: "Pas de Dix," "Inscape," "Don Juan," and "Pipe Dreams."...¶ Sunday, March 23, at 2: "Sanctus," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," "The Lark Ascending," and "Pipe Dreams." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

5 BY 2 PLUS DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday, March 12, and Friday, March 14, at 8, and Sunday, March 16, at 2: "Celestial Circus," "Ladies Night Out" (company première), "Duet," "Gallopade," "Grove," and "Just Another Dance."...¶ Thursday, March 13, and Saturday, March 15, at 8: "Bach Dances," "Negro Spirituals," "Bond's Eyes," "The Beloved," and "Angles of Incidence." (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393.)

PEGGY LYMAN—A program of solo performances and one duet, with Don Foreman. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, March 13, and Saturday and Sunday, March 15-16, at 8.)

JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE—Four benefit programs of new and repertory works, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Chamber Ensemble conducted by Richard Fletcher. (Juilliard Theatre, 144 W. 66th St. Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 8; Sunday, March 16, at 3; and Monday, March 17, at 8. For tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

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BALLET HISPANICO OF NEW YORK—A program of traditional dances of Spain, Latin America, and the Caribbean, as well as contemporary jazz-influenced works. With percussionist Mongo Santamaria. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, March 20, at 7; Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, at 8; and Sunday, March 23, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

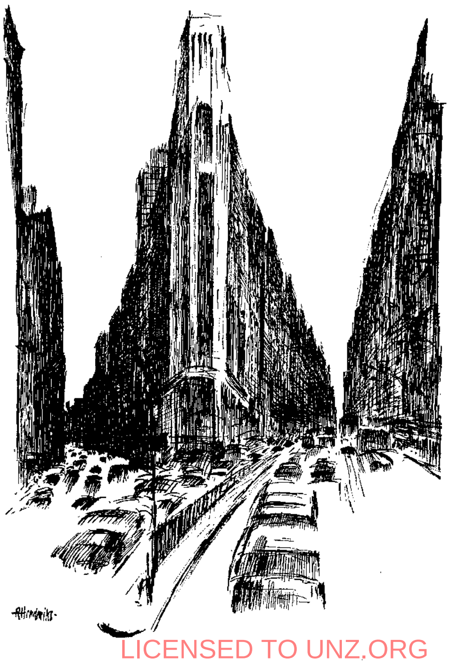
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BLUE HAWAII, 135 Third Ave., near 15th St. (260-7690)—A refreshing early-fifties-L.A. décor—an indoor fountain and a turquoise-and-gold color scheme—that looks as though it came right out of a Lew Archer novel. A limited jazz policy has been renewed here: Wednesday, March 12, Bakateo, an African-Cuban septet; Thursday and Friday, March 13-14, drummer Jo Jones, Jr., and his trio; and Tuesday and Wednesday, March 18-19, flugelhornist Mac Gollehon's quintet. Sets begin after eight-thirty and ten.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: singer and guitarist Garland Jeffreys, who writes streetwise folk rock, performs on Friday and Saturday, March 14-15; Sunday through Wednesday, March 16-19, singer and bassist Jack Bruce will lead a jazz-rock quartet; and Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, will be claimed by Gotham, a campy singing trio. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good jazz musicians, usually pianists and bassists. **RAY BRYANT** and his bassist, **JIMMY ROWSER**, are currently doing the honors nightly, except Sundays. On Sundays, **ANGELA SUARES** sings with her lively Brazilian-jazz quartet. Music from nine-thirty every night. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—If you missed Carnaval in Rio last month, a visit to this urbane Brazilian club might make you feel better. Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.



CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, is assisted by pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is working with bassist **BRIAN TORFF** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining....¶ The Bemelmans Bar is **BARBARA CARROLL** country nightly, except Sundays. Miss Carroll is at the piano, playing and occasionally singing from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A lot of people think of this club as the Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll, but Wednesday, March 12, smacks of pure, unadulterated jazz as drummer **PHILLIP WILSON**, who has played with Jackie Wilson, Paul Butterfield, Chico Hamilton, and Anthony Braxton, will be present with saxophonist **FRANK LOWE** and other players. Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15, will belong to rock guitarist and singer Richard Lloyd and his band. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western club for city-and-Eastern patrons. The chicken-fried steaks are authentic: they're made with buttermilk batter and covered with white sauce. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dining and dancing.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—**RONNY WHYTE** sings obscure songs and well-known songs by prominent composers of show music and non-rock-and-roll popular music. He accompanies himself on piano, and **JACK SIX** accompanies him on bass. They're here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Suspend your disbelief as **NELLIE LUTCHER**, still as cheerful and preoccupied as a pecking hen, sings love songs in pig Latin. She is assisted by guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays are given over to **DARDANELLE**, a delightful pianist who sings in regular old English, but clearly, directly, effortlessly, and with diction-perfect phrasing. She works with bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER** at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Pianist **DON COATES** plays subdued solos through Friday, March 14, during dinner—from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet performs from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays. On Sunday, March 16, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, who plays tenor saxophone in the big, sinuous, full-bodied style of 1939, will head a quintet that includes pianist **JIMMY ROWLES**. They'll all work from nine-fifteen. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, and first-rate jazz. Pianist **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS**' trio performs through Saturday, March 15; on Tuesday, March 18, **STAN GETZ**, the sleek, smooth tenor saxophonist, will bring in his current quartet for two weeks. The first set begins at nine-thirty. Dining.

GRAND FINALE, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—A ground-floor club in one of those upper-West

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Side apartment houses built in the twenties which is presenting none other than SARAH VAUGHAN Friday through Sunday, March 14-16, and Tuesday through Sunday, March 18-23. Shows begin at nine and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays, and nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A striking space—but what isn't in SoHo nowadays?—that was a truck warehouse only seven months ago. The pinkish-beige brick walls are original—they were sandblasted—and there are palm trees, tiers of tables, spotlights, wall lights, table lights, an archway, and a ceiling that is considerably higher than an elephant's eye (about two stories high). The music runs from established jazz players to up-and-coming singers. Music every night but Monday after ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist JOE PUMA works with pianist HOD O'BRIEN on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesday through Saturdays from ten, and from nine on Sundays. On Sundays, from five to nine, stride pianist and singer BROOKS KERR is present. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist ATTILA ZOLLER and pianist DON FRIEDMAN, and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist CHUCK WAYNE. Nightly, except Sundays, Loumell Morgan holds sessions from seven to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—There are, perhaps, eight hundred changing neighborhoods in the Naked City. This restaurant and bar is in one of them (one that is changing for the better), and stride-piano specialist DICK WELLSTOOD is inside, performing in the dining room from ten to two Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed (weather permitting) views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, MARTY NAPOLEON and his trio play *haut-étage* jazz for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—late-breaking developments in rock and roll. Resident D.J.s select—with the loving care of curators arranging an exhibit—and play rock records from nine to eleven and between sets. Live music after eleven. Dancing.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Carpeting, pillow furniture, fireplaces, and couches—all the comforts of the Home Section—*and* live jazz. Saxophonist and proprietor MIKE MORGENSTERN'S quartet, which features trumpeter CLAUDIO RODITI, will perform on Friday and Saturday, March 14-15; and saxophonist BILL BARRON and pianist KENNY BARRON (Bill's younger brother) will co-lead a group on Friday and Saturday, March 21-22. Sundays are big-band nights. Music from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; from eight on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—ROY ELDRIDGE is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Beginning Wednesday, March 19, trumpeter Spanky Davis will fill in for Eldridge. On Mondays, MAX KAMINSKY leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner restaurant with a worthy roster of jazz musicians. Pianist and occasional singer JIMMY ROWLES collaborates with bassist MICHAEL MOORE, through Saturday, March 15, and, beginning Tuesday, March 18, GEORGE MRAZ will take over the bass lines. Howard Resnick will be at the piano on Sunday and Monday, March 16-17. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Some of the patrons here are expatriates from the Lone Star State itself. Others just like Lone Star beer or the solid lineup of rock, blues, and country music. Banjo wizard EARL SCRUGGS is here on Wednesday, March 12; Tex-Mex singer-songwriter FREDDY FENDER will perform on Thursday, March 13; Delbert McClinton, a good old boy from Texas, will sing on Sunday, March 16; WILLIE DIXON, a Chicago-blues bassist, songwriter, and general inspiration, will be on hand on Monday and Tuesday, March 17-18; and on Wednesday and Thursday, March 19-20, Mink DeVille will play rock and roll. Music from nine-fifteen to three, on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A room in a sprawling restaurant complex that celebrates things—especially jazzy pop music—as they used to be. HELEN WARD, who broke new ground with the Benny Goodman big band in the middle-thirties, is singing here now. Shows at nine and eleven Mondays through Thursdays, at ten and midnight on Fridays, and at eleven and twelve-thirty on Saturdays. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll from the extremist fringe, the mainstream, and the past. (See also CBGB and Hurrah, above.) The lineup: Crayola and Minx Wednesday, March 12; Heat and Lisa & the Lost Thursday, March 13; Terrorists and Science Friday, March 14; Kieran Liscoe and Forced Entry Saturday, March 15; Rickets, Phoebe Leuere & Monad, and Fast Food Sunday, March 16; Thor, Little Edward & the G-Men, and Blue Ize Monday, March 17; and Mark Mazur & the Targets, Snowballs, and Needle Dick Tuesday, March 18. Shows usually begin long after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—MARLENE VER PLANCK and JOHN LA SALLE sing selected works by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, which must be a gratifying experience. They're here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper-West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. A wonderful guitarist named YOSHIOKI MASUO is in charge of a quintet on Wednesday, March 12; Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15, will belong to trumpeter JON FADDIS and his quintet; and Thursday through Saturday, March 20-22, pianist MONTY ALEXANDER will play crescendo-laden jazz solos and lead his quintet. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist AL HAIG works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer FREDDIE MOORE, takes over. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may have been renovated, but the brick walls here still look the same. THE PERSUASIONS sing some astonishing a-cappella rhythm-and-blues tunes opposite a rock-and-roll band called Buzz & the Flyers Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15; and on Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT, the Belt Parkway cowpoke with a sleepy, alpha-wavelike stage presence and a satisfyingly raspy voice, will sing songs by the Grateful Dead, Louis Jordan, and, of course, Woody Guthrie. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—JIMMY LYON is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. Bob January's orchestra performs through Sunday, March 16, and on Tuesday, March 18, trumpeter SY OLIVER and his bouncy septet will return. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Barbara Cook is here Thursdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. The rest of the week is given over to a variety of singers and performers. Dining.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—A salute to producers Feuer and Martin: VIVIAN BLAINE, Swen Swenson, and three other singers and dancers perform numbers from "Guys and Dolls," "Can-Can," "Silk Stockings," and other shows in the King Cole Room Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—An acoustically bright upstairs jazz room. The current schedule includes vibraharpist DAVID SAMUELS' group, called DOUBLE IMAGE, Wednesday, March 12; flugelhornist MIKE LAWRENCE'S jazz-rock sextet Thursday through Sunday, March 13-16; and pianist Robert Kraft's pop-jazz band Thursday through Sunday, March 20-23. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—A room named the French Quarter, off the hotel lobby, presents DOROTHY DONEGAN, a lively musician—she romps and jumps around the keyboard and leads singalongs—and her quartet. Music from nine nightly, except Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in very fine, sturdy jazz bands. Trumpeter, composer, and arranger JIMMY OWENS heads up a quintet through Saturday, March 15; pianist WALTER DAVIS, JR., will work with a trio on Sunday, March 16; and on Monday, March 17, singer JON HENDRICKS will move in for six nights. Shows from about ten. Dining.

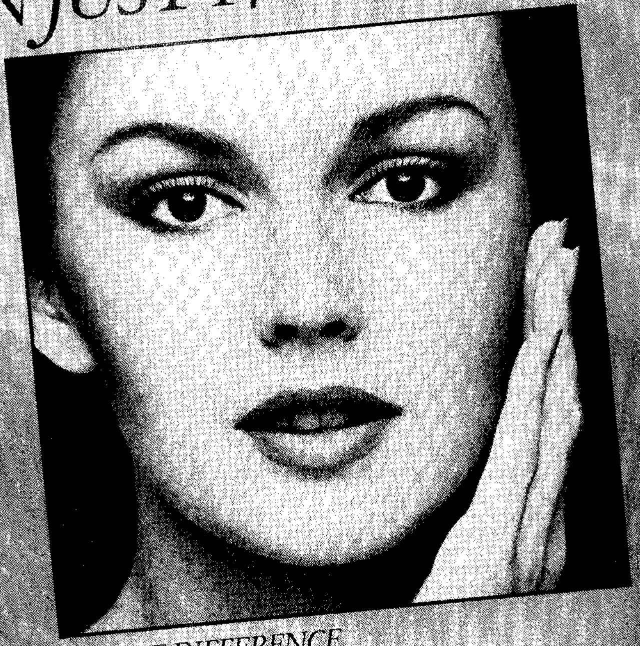
Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed room that attracts both musicians and listeners. Saxophonist BILL SAXTON, pianist KENNY BARRON, drummer MICHAEL CARVIN, and bassist CALVIN HILL get together on Wednesday, March 12; Thursday through Sunday, March 13-16, have been allotted to altoist MONTY WATERS, pianist JAKI BYARD, bassist REGGIE WORKMAN, and drummer CHARLIE PERSIP; on Monday, March 17, drummer JUAL CURTIS will lead a quintet; Tuesday through Thursday, March 18-20, pianist MAL WALDRON and tenor saxophonist ROLAND ALEXANDER will co-pilot a combo; and on Friday, March 21, drummer RASHIED ALI will move in with a quartet for three nights. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—In Chicago, the blues district has traditionally been the South Side; in New York, the blues district is Gramercy Park. Right now, the roster is without any blues players of note but there are some local young rock and blues musicians on hand. Shows at ten and midnight, usually. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. The schedule: Wednesday, March 12, Urban Blight; Thursday, March 13, Boy Friends and Hurricane; Friday, March 14, Steve Bassett and Elliott Randall; Saturday, March 15, Falcon Eddy; and Tuesday, March 18, Tupelos. Music after eleven, usually. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—

SEE A DRAMATIC CHANGE IN YOUR FACE IN JUST 14 TO 21 DAYS.



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It's big-band night in the large downstairs space twice a week here: Friday, March 14, **WOODY HERMAN'S 1980 HERD**, and Sunday, March 16, and Friday, March 21, flutist **HERBIE MANN** and a Brazilian-jazz aggregation. Music from about ten. In the enclosed sidewalk lounge, **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays jazz harp with her trio Tuesdays from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. Pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER** leads a quartet through Sunday, March 16; and on Tuesday, March 18, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** will bring in his quintet. Mondays are now **FRANK FOSTER LOUD MINORITY** (that's the name of his fiery young big band) nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—On the western edge of Chelsea and the northern edge of the slaughterhouse district, this little soul-food restaurant lures in loyal patrons and jazz pianists. Harris Simon is the Thursday-through-Sunday player, and John Weiss is here Monday through Wednesday. Music begins at eight.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. Pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** and his drummer and sparring partner **SONNY GREER** are here on Wednesday, March 12; Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15, pianist Joe Albany, trumpeter Howard McGhee, and others will contribute their services to a Charlie Parker 25th Memorial; on Sunday, March 16, Jazz à Cordes, a quintet, will play hot jazz; Tuesday, March 18, two guitarists—**CHRIS FLORY** and Emily Remler—will be on hand; Wednesday through Friday, March 19-21, trumpeter Franc Williams will lead his quartet; and on Saturday, March 22, the Swing-to-Bop quintet will move in for a couple of nights. Music from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

BARRY HARRIS TRIO—Bloomsday Bookstore Café, 2259 Broadway, at 81st St. 724-0120. Wednesday, March 12, at 8 and 10.

JANE OLIVOR—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, March 12, at 8:40.

JIMMY BUFFETT—With J. D. Souther. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, March 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

JOHN CLARK-BOB STEWART QUINTET—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Friday, March 14, at 8. For tickets, call 924-5026.

MICHAEL GREGORY JACKSON BAND and **BARRY ALTSCHUL TRIO**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 10:30.

XTC—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 473-5421. Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 11.

GUNTER HAMPEL & THE GALAXIE BAND—Jazz Gallery. Saturday, March 15, at 8.

BOOMTOWN RATS—With Pearl Harbor & the Explosions. (Palladium. Sunday, March 16, at 8.)

OLU DARA TRIO—Bloomsday Bookstore Café. Tuesday and Wednesday, March 18-19, at 8 and 10.

BILL COSBY—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, March 21, at 8.

ROY AYERS—With Jean Carn. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

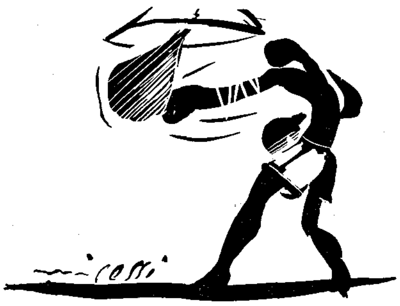
LEO SMITH ENSEMBLE—Public Theatre. Friday, March 21, at 10:30, with Nana Vasconcelos & Collin Walcott; and Saturday, March 22, at 10:30, with the John Clark-Bob Stewart quintet.

JOAN MORRIS AND WILLIAM BOLCOM—In a program of popular American songs from the eighteen-nineties to the present. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

DON RENO AND THE TENNESSEE CUT-UPS—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, March 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

SQUEEZE—With Wazmo Nariz. (Palladium. Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, March 12: Ric Frank quartet.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 14-15: Bob Berg and Tom Harrell quintet.... ¶ Wednesday, March 19: Frank Gordon quartet.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 21-22: Walt Bolden quartet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine.)



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SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, March 14: Byard Lancaster.... ¶ Saturday, March 15: Rashied Ali, with Lee Rozie.... ¶ Friday, March 21: Marilyn Crispell Ensemble.... ¶ Saturday, March 22: Five Feelings. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 8:30.)

SQUAT THEATRE—Friday, March 14, at 11 and 1: DNA.... ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 11 and 1: Defunkt. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

WILLIAM BECKMAN / ROBERT BARIBEAU—Recent figurative paintings and drawings. / Abstract acrylics and pastels. Through March 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

CHARLES BIEDERMAN—Cleanly crafted geometric painted-aluminum reliefs. Through March 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

PAUL BRACH—A new group of Western landscapes, painted in oil on Masonite, in which his customary string of wild horses is dimly seen racing along the horizon. Through March 29. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

AINSLIE BURKE—Semi-abstract paintings of the Maine coast. Through Saturday, March 22. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JOSEPH CORNELL (1903-72)—Collages of the nineteen-thirties. Through March 29. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

DOUGLAS DAVIS—Two works: a silent movie (its subject is art) in which the artist and two others perform; and a videotape installation, with sound. Through Saturday, March 15. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

ENRICO DONATI—New paintings. Through April 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ILSE GETZ—Two shows of boxes, collages, and constructions by an artist who incorporates such found objects as dolls, game boards, and clocks in her works. A retrospective covering the years from 1961 to 1978 is at Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5; through April 3.)... ¶ Recent works at Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. (Open Mondays; through April 5.)

DAVID GIBBS—Paintings depicting, mostly, tangles of attenuated, semi-abstract arms and legs. Through March 29. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

NANCY GRAVES—Abstract paintings and abstract painted-bronze sculptures. Through March 27. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

CHAIM GROSS—Watercolors and drawings from the past fifty years—many of them studies for his sculptures. Through March 27. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY (1877-1943)—Paintings from 1910 to 1942 and a group of silverpoint drawings executed in Bavaria in 1933. Through March 29. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St. A Hartley retrospective is currently at the Whitney Museum.)

JIM HUNTINGTON—Sculptures in raw steel and granite. Through March 29. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

LESTER JOHNSON—Four large paintings, along with works on paper, crowded with figures. Through April 12. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY / RICHARD SERRA—Two sculptural works—a nine-and-a-half-foot Corten-steel wall piece and a drastically flattened arch of heavy-gauge aluminum. / A huge black square painted with an oil stick on linen. Through Saturday, March 15. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

ROBERT LOBE—Hammered-aluminum sculptures. Through April 2. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

LOUIS LOZOWICK (1892-1973)—Precisionist paintings and drawings of industrial scenes—fiery smelters, high-steel, high-tension lines. Through Saturday, March 15. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

JUAN MARTINEZ—Acrylic paintings by a Spanish artist of figures whose features are obscured under collages of gauze. First one-man show in New York. Through March 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

JOAN MITCHELL—A dozen paintings from the fifties by the noted Abstract Expressionist. Through April 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

PHILIP MULLEN—Diptychs and triptychs incorporating acrylic paint and silk screening on canvas. Through March 29. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

HOWARD NEWMAN—Polished-bronze sculptures and collage paintings. Through April 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

DOROTHY RUDDICK—Intricate repoussé abstract compositions worked out in silk and cotton threads on a linen background. Through March 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

CHARLES SEPLOWIN—Wall sculptures, most of them evoking winged flight and made of molded sheet steel or aluminum. Through Friday, March 21. (Weiner, 21 E. 73rd St.)

JOHN SLOAN (1871-1951)—Twenty-four paintings, including landscapes and studio portraits, that have been part of a private collection. Through April 5. (Salander-O'Reilly, 41 E. 78th St.)

MOSES SOYER (1899-1974)—Forty paintings and works on paper, including portraits and interiors. Through March 29. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

HELEN MIRANDA WILSON—Oil paintings of figures on the beach and in interiors, and a series of romantic nocturnes. Through March 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by thirteen Latin-American realists; several have exhibited here before, among them Claudio Bravo, Julio Larraz, and Emilio Sanchez. Through April 13. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **DEUTSCH**, 43 E. 80th St.: Paintings from the thirties by members of the American Abstract Artists, including Josef Albers, I. Rice Pereira, and John Opper. Through March 29.... **LUBIN HOUSE**, 11 E. 61st St.: Paintings (by Jane Freilicher, Alfred Leslie, Fairfield Porter, Larry Rivers, among others) from the personal collection of Tibor de Nagy, whose gallery is marking its thirtieth anniversary. Through Friday, March 21. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: German Expressionist paintings by Beckmann, Kirchner, Schiele, Nolde, and Kokoschka. Through March 29. (Opens at noon.)... **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Oils and works on paper by Picasso, Matisse, Léger, Klee, Braque, and others. Through March 29. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

NICOL ALLAN—Collages and Sumi-ink drawings. Through March 29. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL ANSELL / JIM YOUNGERMAN—Colored-pencil drawings of cheerleaders, roller-skaters, and Miami sunbathers, all seen from directly above. / Cartoonlike watercolors, some of them recasts of famous paintings. Through Saturday, March 15. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Janice Biala—Landscapes, still-lifes, and interiors. Through April 5. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Anna Bialobroda—Lush abstract paintings in which the recognizable components include Arabian interiors, tropical vegetation, and circus tents. First solo show in New York. Through March 29. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Peter Blume—Recent paintings and drawings together with pivotal works from the past fifty years. Through March 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Brice—Large paintings in muted colors of architectural and anatomical elements reassembled in a kind of neo-Cubist arrangement. Through March 25. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Charlotte Brown—Patterns the artist has found on cast-off scraps of fabric transferred to a prepared clay tablet. Through April 5. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Pinchas Cohen Gan—Cutout figures heavily coated with acrylic paints, bright-colored abstract constructions, and drawings and paintings in various mediums by this versatile Israeli artist. Through Saturday, March 15. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Jerry Crimmins—Memorabilia from "Le République de Rêves," an area in the artist's imagination; included are passports, stamps, diplomas, medals, drawings, and photographs. Through March 29. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Roy De Forest—New paintings (his style has been described as "folklore-istic") and polychrome sculptures. Through April 4. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

David Diao—Large-scale geometric abstractions. Through April 5. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Arnold Friedman (1872-1946)—Oil paintings by an artist sensitive to individualistic patterns in landscapes. Through March 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lionel Gilbert—Still-lifes and interiors, sometimes simplified to abstractions. Through March 27. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Ira Joel Haber—Small constructions, made of wood, plastic, and found pieces, and set up on shelves as landscapes. Through March 29. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

George Harkins—Watercolors of New York street life by a newcomer to the city. Through March 29. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through April 5. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Alex Katz—A new crop of his billboard-size paintings of smiling girls and their preppy friends enjoying the good life. One head is so big that it doesn't quite fit the gallery and has to be shown at a tilt. Through March 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Minoru Kawabata / Michael Gillen—Large abstract paintings of forms derived from traditional Japanese origami. / Small semi-abstract figurative sculptures cut from sheet steel. Through Saturday, March 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Polly Kraft—Oils. Through March 29. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949)—Still-lifes, exclusively, from throughout his career. Through April 5. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—A relatively small exhibit that traces his work from his student days (Monet and van Gogh were clearly among his influences), through a hesitant period when the abstractions were born, and on into his prime. Through March 29. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Murray / Janet Stayton—Brilliantly colored abstract aluminum sculptures. / Paintings in mixed mediums. Through April 4. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Medium-sized basalt or Aji-granite boulders that have been not so much sculpted as edited—a little trimming, a little polish. Through Saturday, March 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. A larger Noguchi show is at the Whitney Museum.)

Jason Schoener—"Summer in Maine," a show of semi-abstract paintings. Through March 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Susan Shatter—Huge watercolors embracing the canyons of Utah, the slopes of Greece, and—a particularly arresting example—the sea at Prout's Neck, in Maine, where Winslow Homer often painted. Through Wednesday, March 19. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Hunt Slonem—Large oils encompassing motifs of Egyptian art, patterned fabrics, plants, and animals. Through March 29. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Richard Smith—"Cartouche" is the name given to a series of ten colored-paper-and-cloth wall hangings. Through April 22. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Paul Thek—Twenty-five small oils, ornately framed and lighted. Through Saturday, March 15. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Horacio Torres (1924-76) / **Richard Chiriani**—A group of portraits, some of New York people, by this traditionalist artist. / Views by a realist of a Cleveland industrial area and of the Catskills, along with an allegorical painting, called "Massacre of the Innocents," that the artist has been working on for five years. Through March 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Anne Truitt—Rectangular wood columns (anywhere from four feet to nine feet high) by a Minimalist. Through March 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Kay WalkingStick—Acrylics and encaustics laid onto canvas thickly and then slashed with a razor to reveal a second canvas underneath. Through March 29. (Urdang, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Outsize drawings: figure studies by Alex Katz; Madison Square Garden seen from above at night by Yvonne Jacquette; teeming underwater life in colored pencil by Ann McCoy; and an arresting full-face portrait of Jasper Johns by Theo Wujcik. Through Tuesday, March 18. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Rachel bas-Cohain—A sculptural work in which writing on the gallery wall is seen through a series of holes cut out of a muslin structure. Through March 29. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Ben Bianchi / Ralph Goings—A painted-plywood environment consisting of a gray room whose right side seems to have been hit by an earthquake. / Photo-Realist paintings of diner interiors—ketchup bottles and shiny tabletops—plus the diners in them. Through Saturday, March 22. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Chris Burden—A ten-foot flywheel weighing six thousand pounds spins smoothly on its own momentum. Related drawings and boxed exhibits are also shown. Through Saturday, March 15. (Feldman, in a downtown location at 351 West Broadway. Opens at 11:30.)

Nassos Daphnis—Hard-edged two-color abstract paintings from the fifties, all in bold vertical or horizontal stripes, plus one large recent triptych, in vaulting curves. Through Saturday, March 22. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Susan Daykin—Panoramic paintings of Mexico in the last century. Also sculptures and prints. Through March 26. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Nancy Goldring—Two series of works, each combining drawing and photographs. Through Wednesday, March 19. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Adolph Gottlieb (1903-74)—Nine large-scale Abstract Expressionist paintings from his later years. Through April 5. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Michael Knigin—Paintings done in enamel of classic Japanese prints superimposed on current photographic backgrounds. Through March 30. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Terence La Noue—Abstract paintings strongly reflecting the artist's recent travels in India. Through March 26. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

John Lees—Small paintings—portrait heads, a few landscapes—done in a thick impasto. Through March 29. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Kim MacConnel / Gordon Matta-Clark (1945-78)—Outsize pattern paintings in which washing machines, eggplants, birdlife, television sets, fish, and other surprises are set into the over-all composition. / Color photographs based on an architectural renovation (or sculpture) that the artist did in Antwerp. Through Saturday, March 15. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Robert Mangold—Three wall-size Minimalist paintings—one yellow ochre, one blue, and one brown. Preliminary drawings are also on view. Through March 26. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Phillip Rivlin—Abstract paintings done on shaped canvases in forthright areas of solid colors. Through March 29. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Stuart Shedletsky—Abstract paintings. Through April 5. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Nora Speyer—Paintings and drawings of figures and landscapes. Through March 27. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Robert Stackhouse—A sculptural work consisting of a battered, fourteen-foot dinghy (found), split down the middle by the twenty-seven foot silhouette of an ancient cargo boat. The artist, in fact, specializes in boat-shaped sculpture. Through Saturday, March 15. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Robert Straight—Spirited abstract paintings done with encaustics and oil on pleated, fan-shaped canvases mounted on fibre glass. Through March 29. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Dennis Whitcopf / John Colt—Sculptures combining Indiana Bedford limestone, wood, rope, and iron. / Large canvases in which lizards and snakelike bits of vegetation are part of a lightly sketched-in pattern, the work of an artist who spends part of the year in Haiti. Through March 27. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 142 Greene St.: Another Leo Castelli gallery, this one designated for large-scale works. Included are a huge wall construction by Rauschenberg, thirty-four feet long and about eleven feet high, full of transfer images, colored mirrors, and the artist's customary stock-in-trade (until Saturday, March 15); a new Lichtenstein, seventeen and a half feet long and eight feet nine inches tall, analyzing German Expressionism; and a Corten-steel spool, nine feet in diameter and nine feet long, by Bruce Nauman. (Opens at noon.) . . . **cooper**, 155 Wooster St.: Yvon Lambert, a Parisian gallery owner, is exchanging places this month with Paula Cooper, and while she is presenting some of her artists in Paris he is showing twelve of his here. All the works are based on a seventeenth-century Italian painting, by Artemisia Gentileschi, of Judith and her maid decapitating Holofernes. Through Saturday, March 15. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Works by a dozen artists. Included are contemporary scenes done in colored chalk on large black-paper backgrounds by Philip Rand Smith; romantic episodes in charcoal-and-ink drawings by Wonsook Kim; and illustrated architectural "in" jokes, by Michael Mostoller, one of which shows King Kong deserting his Empire State perch for Philip Johnson's proposed A.T. & T. building. Through March 29. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **sonnabend**, 420 West Broadway: A complicated machine, forty-one feet long, by Dennis Oppenheim, that purports to sift lies out of the atmosphere and condense them (some lumps of mendacious-looking coal are contained in a hopper at one end); a series of projected tombs, each with a plastic skull on top, by Robert Morris; and an installation involving a tricycle, a string of red shirts, and five telescoping sheds, plus a tape recording, by Vito Acconci. Through Saturday, March 22.

OTHER GALLERIES

Cecil C. Bell (1906-70)—Paintings, drawings, and prints by a representational painter

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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of street festivals and New York Harbor. Through March 31. (South Street Seaport Visitors Center, 16 Fulton St. Open daily.)

Alighiero Boetti—Representative works by an Italian Conceptualist—for example, a whole wall taken up with a display of envelopes on which six different Afghanistani postage stamps are pasted in every possible arrangement. (There are seven hundred and twenty possibilities.) Through March 29. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Rosemarie Castoro / Mark Golderman—Sculptures from the last ten years. / Polaroid photographs. Through March 26. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

Charles Gleyre (1806-74)—Large allegorical salon paintings by this Swiss academician (his students included Renoir, Monet, and Whistler), plus a sizable group of colorful watercolors and drawings he did in the Near East. Through Saturday, March 22. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Ree Morton (1936-77)—A retrospective of her exuberant and imaginative paintings and constructions. Through April 17. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Jill Krementz—Sixty black-and-white photographs of writers: Anaïs Nin, Kurt Vonnegut, Norman Mailer, Truman Capote. Through Saturday, March 15. (Central Falls, 478 West Broadway. Opens at 12:30.)

Ruth Mayerson-Gilbert / Amy Stromsten—Photographs of butcher shops. / Flash pictures taken at night. Through Saturday, March 15. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

William Mortensen (1897-1965)—Movie stills and portraits of movie stars (Valentino, Jean Harlow, Fay Wray) from the twenties and thirties, as well as later portraits, by a California Pictorialist. Through March 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Roy Perry—Photographs of New York during the Depression. Through April 27. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—A silhouette of the model Kiki dated 1922 is one of more than fifty vintage prints, including solarizations and Rayographs. Also drawings and objects. Through March 29. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Morgan Sanders—Color photographs of trucks parked on New York City streets, detailing fenders, doors, headlights, and windshield wipers. Through Tuesday, March 18. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Burk Uzzle—Photographs of Cambodian refugees. Through March 30. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain—A show of a hundred prints, dated 1839 to 1919, including works by Francis Frith, P. H. Emerson, Julia Margaret Cameron, Roger Fenton, and others. Through March 30. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **Light**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works by James Henkel (photographs with grease-pencil or spray-can drawings superimposed on them), by Roger Mertin (a series on trees—his dominant theme), and by Larry Williams (still-lifes of TV commercials). Through Saturday, March 22. . . . **Witkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Seven vintage prints of Paris by Atget, ten photographs of rural America by Wright Morris, and a new series on cats by George A. Tice are among the works on view. . . . ¶ In another gallery, documentary works from the thirties, done for various government agencies, by Peter Sekaer. Through April 19. (Closed Tuesdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Queen Elizabeth II has lent five drawings by da Vinci. Through June 1. . . . ¶ A show of seventy-nine drawings by Barnett Newman which span his career. Through April 13. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than thirty pieces of furniture, including folding screens, designed by Eileen Gray (1879-1976), who for many years had a gallery and shop in Paris. Through April 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of prints from the sixties and seventies by more than a hundred and seventy-five artists, including Robert Indiana, Picasso, Robert Ryman, Richard Estes, Les Levine, and Jennifer Bartlett. Through April 1. . . . ¶ A show of eighty-five drawings and a number of paintings by Jackson Pollock, pointing up the similarities in the techniques he used in them. Through Sunday, March 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Marsden Hartley. Through May 25. A complementary show is at the Babcock Galleries, 20 E. 67th St. . . . ¶ Isamu Noguchi: theatre sets (three of them for Martha Graham and one for the New York City Ballet), seven sculptures that span a twenty-five-year period, and seventeen environmental projects. Through April 6. A complementary show (ending Saturday, March 15) is at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings by American folk artists (Hannah Cohoon, Edward Hicks, Rufus Porter), most of whom worked in the nineteenth century. Through May 13. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the abstract paintings and drawings of Myron Stout. Through April 6. . . . ¶ Thirteen sculptures and six drawings by the figure sculptor Gaston Lachaise. Through April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Working women portrayed in paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs (from 1840 to 1945) by Peggy Bacon, Winslow Homer, Doris Ulmann, James M. Flagg, and others. Starts Thursday, March 13. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Goddess in Indian Art," an exhibition of forty-six sculptures and paintings spanning nineteen centuries and depicting the symbol of fertility in Indian art and mythology. Through June 29. Additional works are at the Doris Wiener Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ A show of contemporary Chinese scroll paintings. Through May 4. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of Colombian gold and pottery dating from about 100 B.C. to the fourteenth century. Through Tuesday, March 18. (Note: Mondays through Fridays, this exhibit opens at 11:45. Otherwise, the museum is open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of works by twenty-nine painters and sculptors who are candidates for the Academy's art awards. Through April 5. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of more than two hundred craft objects by young metalsmiths from around the country. The show was chosen by three jurors, whose own work is also on view. Through Sunday, March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A survey of Chinese costumes from the Ch'ing Dynasty (1644 to 1911), on loan from the Royal Ontario Museum. Central to the exhibit is a selection of silk embroidered dragon coats, designed to be worn only in the palace. Also, portraits of courtiers wearing the garments. Through Sunday, March 16. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of American ceramics, mostly decorative, dating from 1878 to 1978, by George Ohr, Carl Walters, Mary Frank, Kenneth Price, and Louise Nevelson, among others. The works range from a 1910 carved-porcelain scarab vase by Adelaide Robineau to Rudy Autio's contemporary painted-stoneware lidded vessel. Through May 25. . . . ¶ A show about the design problems presented by ocean liners—from their boiler rooms to their ballrooms. The exhibit has eleven scale models of actual ships, cutaway drawings, furniture, table settings, photographs, and so forth. Through April 6. . . . ¶ A show of nearly three hundred individual ceramic tiles. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of about half of the Punchinello drawings by Domenico Tiepolo, who began his career as an assistant to his famous father. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The history of the formation of the museum's permanent collection—of ceremonial objects, paintings, glass, coins, photographs, and other works—is reflected in a seventy-fifth anniversary show. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of paintings (by Rembrandt, Holbein, van Dyck, and others), drawings, porcelain, textiles,

ERIN
H. Martin

furniture, and other items from the Dutch Royal Collections. The greater part of the works, which date from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, belonged to William III and Mary. Through Sunday, March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—About forty portrait miniatures and other material attributed to a nineteenth-century folk artist, John S. Blunt (1798-1835), who may or may not be the Borden Limner. Through May 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-fifty-fifth annual, composed of two hundred and eighty paintings, sculptures, and graphics by both members and nonmembers. Through March 30. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred examples of nineteenth-century silver pieces designed by and made at Tiffany & Co. Through May 1. . . . ¶ Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Diaghilev's influence on twentieth-century ballet is examined in a display of photographs (of Nijinsky, for example), original set and costume designs (by Benois, Picasso, and others), letters (from Balanchine, Debussy, Cole Porter), and scenario notes, all centering on twelve Ballets Russes productions. Through April 19. (Open daily except Sundays and Wednesdays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Collages and superrealist paintings by Barkley L. Hendricks. Through March 30. . . . ¶ Abstract paintings by Norman Lewis (1909-79). Through Sunday, March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Separate shows (films, paintings, and so forth) by Jeff Balsmeyer, Silvia Kolbowski, Allan McCollum, Richard Prince, and Jenny Snider, through March 29.

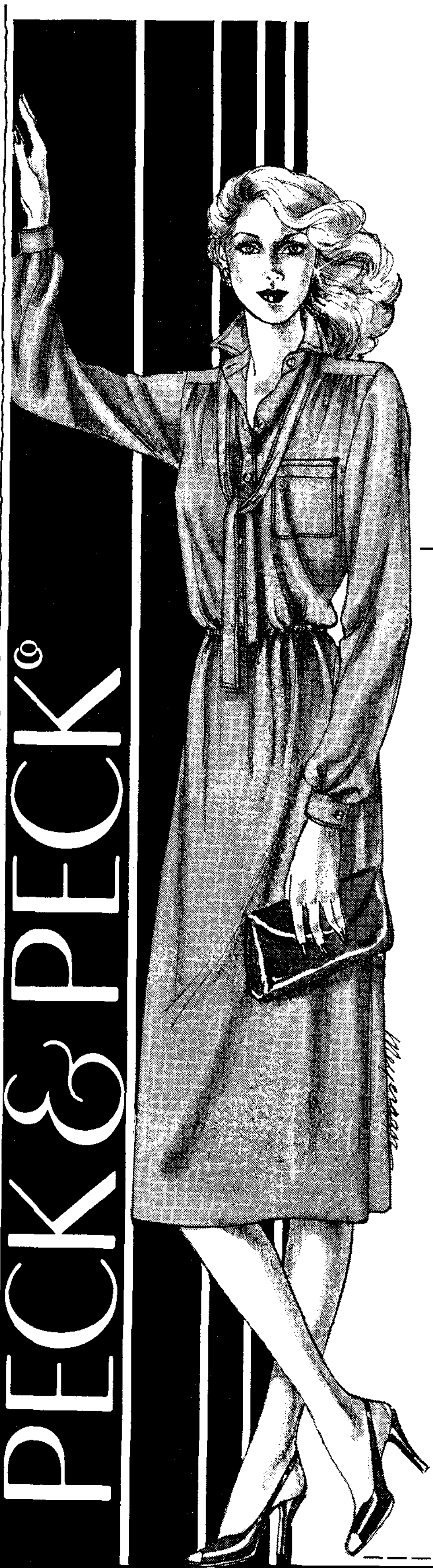
Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Lauren Ewing (videotapes), Tuesday, March 18, at 8:30; Sue Berkey (performance with film), Thursday, March 20, at 8:30; installations, including photocopied works, by two conceptual artists—Romaine Perin and Beverly Naidus, through March 29.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Kathy Acker (performance), Wednesday, March 12, at 8:30; Harold Budd & Jon Gibson (music), Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 8:30; Juan Downey (videotape), Sunday, March 16, at 8:30; David Lusby (dance), Thursday through Sunday, March 20-23, at 8:30; three installations, two of which have audiotapes, by Vito Acconci, through Saturday, March 15; ten videotapes daily, through March 29.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main exhibit, "Afro-American Abstractions," consists of paintings, sculptures, and other works by nineteen artists, among them Barbara Chase-Riboud, Richard Hunt, James Little, Alvin Loving, and Howardena Pindell. Through April 6. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 16, from 2 to 6: A videotape by Davidson Gigliotti.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 12, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Italo Tajo, David Rendall, Richard Stilwell, and Nico Castel; conducted by Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 13, at 8: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, Ermanno Mauro, Matteo Manuguerra, and Mario Bertolino; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8: "Wozzeck," with Atarah Hazzan, José van Dam, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Dieter Weller; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 1: "Don Carlo," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Tatiana Troyanos, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Paul Plishka, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Italo Tajo, David Rendall, Richard Stilwell, and Nico Castel; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Monday, March 17, at 7:30: A new production of Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, Pablo Elvira, and Renato Capecchi; James Levine. (A benefit performance.) . . ¶ Tuesday, March 18, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Domenico Trimarchi, David Rendall, Dale Duesing, and Nico Castel; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 19, at 8: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, Ermanno Mauro, Matteo Manuguerra, and Mario Bertolino; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 20, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Tatiana Troyanos, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 21, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, Pablo Elvira, and Renato Capecchi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 2: "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Domenico Trimarchi, David Rendall, Dale Duesing, and Nico Castel; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 8: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, Ermanno Mauro, Matteo Manuguerra, and Italo Tajo; Nello Santi. (A nonsubscription performance.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, March 12: "Falstaff" (in English), with Martha Sheil, Inga Nielsen, Jane Shaulis, Nadia Pelle, Donald Gramm, Jerry Hadley, and Charles Long; conducted by Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 14: "Don Giovanni," with Carol Vaness, Esther Hinds, Faith Esham, Samuel Ramey, Michael Rippon, Rockwell Blake, Carlos Chausson, and Marc Embree; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 15: "Falstaff" (in English), with Martha Sheil, Inga Nielsen, Jane Shaulis, Nadia Pelle, Donald Gramm, Jerry Hadley, and Charles Long; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 15: "Manon," with Diana Soviero, Henry Price, Dominic Cossa, David Arnold, Marc Embree, and Douglas Perry; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 16: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Kathryn Bouleyn, Michele Molese, and David Holloway; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 16: "Don Giovanni," with Carol Vaness, Esther Hinds, Faith Esham, Samuel Ramey, Michael Rippon, Rockwell Blake, Carlos Chausson, and Marc Embree; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 18: "Manon," with Diana Soviero, Henry Price, Dominic Cossa, David Arnold, Marc Embree, and Douglas Perry; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 19: "Don Giovanni," with Ruth Falcon, June Anderson, Gwenlynn Little, Samuel Ramey, Maurice Brown, Joseph Evans, Ralph Bassett, and Thomas Jamerson; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 20: The American première of Kurt Weill's "Silverlake" (in English), with a new libretto by Hugh Wheeler and new lyrics by Lys Symonette. With Elizabeth Hynes, Elaine Bonazzi, Joel Grey, William Neill, Jack Harrold, and dancer Gary Chryst; staged by Harold Prince and conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 21: "Manon," with Diana Soviero, Henry Price, Dominic Cossa, David Arnold, Marc Embree, and Douglas Perry; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 22: "The Barber of Seville" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Diane Curry, David Holloway, Jerry Hadley, Richard McKee, and Donnie Ray Albert; William Fred Scott III. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 22: "Don Giovanni," with Ruth Falcon, June Anderson, Gwenlynn Little, Samuel Ramey, Maurice Brown, Joseph Evans, Ralph Bassett, and Thomas Jamerson; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, April 27.)

Friends of French Opera—Robert Lawrence directing a benefit performance of Gluck's "Armide" in a semi-staged version, with Martine Dupuy, soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; and Bianca Berini; mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 12, at 8.)

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—William Walton's "The Bear" and Jacques Ibert's "Angélique," two one-act operas (both in English), conducted by Ainslee Cox and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, at 8, and Sunday, March 23, at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Thursday, March 13, at 8; Friday, March 14, at 2; Saturday, March 15, at 8; and Tuesday, March 18, at 7:30 (all with Radu Lupu, piano). . . . ¶ Andrew Davis conducting on Thursday, March 20, at 8; Friday, March 21, at 2; Saturdav, March 22, at 8; and Tuesday, March 25, at 7:30 (all with Michel Beroff, piano).

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Thomas Michalak conducting an all-Szymanowski program, with Wanda Wilkomirska, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 14, at 8.)

Munich Chamber Orchestra—Hans Stadlmair conducting a program that includes one of his own works. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Pittsburgh Symphony—André Previn conducting, with Martha Argerich, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 3.)

Boston Symphony—Colin Davis conducting a Schumann-Schubert program, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 19-20, at 8.)

Syracuse Symphony Orchestra—Christopher Keene conducting a program that includes the New York première of Roger Sessions' "Symphony No. 9," with Keith Jarrett, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 12, at 8, with Heather Harper, soprano, and Artur Balsam, piano. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 22, at 8, and Sunday, March 23, at 5:30, with Yo-yo Ma, cello. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

New York String Ensemble—Fritz Maraffi conducting, with Suzanne McCormick, piano, and Jeannette Ferrell, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 12, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 15, at 8, and Sunday, March 16, at 2.)

Westchester Conservatory Symphony Orchestra—Gabriel Banat conducting, with Julius Baker, flute. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

All-Brahms Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Jesse Levine conducting a program of music by contemporary composers, among them Morton Gould, Vladimir Ussachevsky, and Lukas Foss. With Faye-Ellen Silverman, piano; Henry Schuman, oboe; and Honi Coles and Brenda Bufalino, tap dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 15, at 2.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Walter Weller conducting, with Ruth Laredo, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 3.)

St. Paul Chamber Orchestra—At Avery Fisher Hall, Dennis Russell Davies directing—Monday, March 17, at 8: A program of twentieth-century American works, with Keith Jarrett, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 19, at 8: A performance of Mozart's Requiem and "Thamos, King of Egypt," with Elly Ameling, soprano; Susanne Marsee, mezzo-soprano; Ernst Haefliger, tenor; Thomas Paul, baritone; and the Pro Arte Chorale.

Orchestra of the 20th Century—Arthur Weisberg conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 18, at 8.)

Chamber Orchestra of New York—Albert Catell conducting, with Walter Hilse, organ, and Ralph Votapek, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

West Side Festival of Choral Music—A program of works spanning the last five centuries performed by the New Amsterdam Singers, the Canticum Novum Singers, the New Calliope Singers, and Cappella Nova. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, March 21, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Brown University Chorus—William Ermey directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8:30.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Saturday, March 22, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

Ars Musica—The last in a series of programs of baroque music played on original instruments. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 12, at 8.)

Carroll Glenn—Violin. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 12, at 8.)

Jeffrey Siegel—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

Folger Consort—The second in a series of three concerts of early music. This program is entitled "Triptych II: Italy." (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—The third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

New Music Consort—The second in a series of three concerts of music of this century, this one devoted to compositions by Foss, Babbitt, Ruth Crawford Seeger, and others. With Judith Bettina, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

Festival of Women's Music—The second and third in a series of four programs. Thursday, March 13, at 8: With Glen Velez and James Preiss, percussion; Louise Schulman, viola; Mary Ann Brown, piano; Katherine Hoover, flute; and Nora Post, oboe. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 20, at 8: With Virginia Eskin and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ann Silsbee, piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Kathleen Bride and Andrew Bolotowsky—Harp and flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 14, at 8.)

New York Chamber Soloists—The second of two programs devoted to chamber operas, this one a triple bill—Monteverdi's "Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda," Poulenc's "Le Bestiaire," and De Falla's "El Retablo de Maese Pedro"—all in concert form, with Jean Hakes, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Raymond Murcell, bass; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 14, at 8.)

Aulos Ensemble—A program of baroque music on original instruments. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 16, at 2.)

Fritz Jahoda—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Carlos Bonell, guitar; and André-Michel Schub, piano. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, March 15, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . ¶ The same musicians as Saturday, plus Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord, at Alice Tully Hall on Sunday, March 16, at 5; and Monday and Tuesday, March 17-18, at 7:30.)

Aston Magna—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Charles Bressler, tenor; Jaap Schröder, violin; and John Solum, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Music for a While—A program of music of medieval and Renaissance England, with Paul O'Dette, lutanist. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, March 15, at 8. For tickets, call 582-3240.)

Galimir Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, March 16, at 2.)

Parnassus—A program of music of our time that includes the première of Milton Babbitt's "Paraphases," with Lynne Webber, soprano. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Robert and Nicholas Mann—Duo violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Steven Mayer—Piano. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Sunday, March 16, at 2. For tickets, call 874-5200.)

Half-Haydn—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Michael Thomopoulos, piano; Bettina Mossumeli, violin; and Stephan Reuss, cello. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, March 16, at 4. For information about tickets, call 757-8344.)

Misha Alexandrovich—Tenor, with a vocal quartet. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 16, at 7.)

Maurizio Pollini—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 8.)

Francisco Aybar—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 8.)

Yuval Trio—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 16, at 8.)

Wingra Quintet—An all-wind ensemble making its first appearance here. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 8:30.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Charles Ives, Toru Takemitsu, Francis Thorne, and Stefan Wolpe, performed by the Columbia String Quartet; Elizabeth Wright, piano; Patricia Spencer, flute; Harvey Sollberger, conductor; Raymond DesRoches, percussion; and others. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, March 17, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Concert Royal—James Richman conducting a program of French and English baroque music. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, March 18, at 8.)

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Philip Lorenz—Piano, in an all-Busoni program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, March 18, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 18, at 8.)

Bach Aria Group—With Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano. The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 19, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 19, at 8.) . . . ¶ The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 3.)

Seth Kimmelman—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 19, at 8.)

Eliot Fisk—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

Kim Kashkashian—Viola. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

Vocal Chamber Series of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ashley Putnam, soprano; Stuart Burrows, tenor; James Buswell and Syoko Aki, violin; Toby Appel, viola; Timothy Eddy, cello; Alvin Brehm, bass; Edward Carroll, trumpet; and Charles Wadsworth, organ and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—A performance of Mendelssohn's Piano Trio in C Minor and Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

League-ISCM—A program of music by David Diamond and Dane Rudhyar, performed by Peter Oundjian, violin; Robert Black and William Black, piano; and Johanna Arnold, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

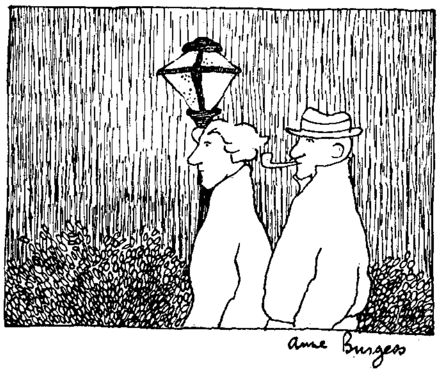
Laurence Trott—Piccolo. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Friday, March 21, at 7:30.)

Mirella Freni—Soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

Andrew Appel—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider—Violin, with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 21, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Wall-to-Wall Haydn—A free twelve-hour marathon, with, among others, the American Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Jorge Mester and Allan Miller; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Ani Kavafian, violin; Fred Sherry and Frederick Zlotkin, cello; Rita Shane, soprano; James Atherton, tenor; and William Fleck, bass. Amateur instrumentalists will be invited to sit in and perform, and any singers will be able to participate in the grand finale, "The Creation." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, March 22, from 11 to 11.)



Erik Tawastjerna—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 2:30.)

Peter Frankl—Piano, in an all-Schumann program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

Harpsichord Unlimited—Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; Marsha Hogan, soprano; Linda Comparone, flute; Jodi Beder, cello; and others. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, March 22, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Indiana, Thursday, March 13, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, March 15, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Tuesday, March 18, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, March 22, at 8:05. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER:** Nets vs. San Antonio, Sunday, March 16, at 4. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Monday, March 17, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 14, at 7:30.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Colorado Rockies, Wednesday, March 12, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Sunday, March 16, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Saturday, March 15. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Tuesday, March 18. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, March 22. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30 (starting Wednesday, March 19, post time will be 1), and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Toboggan Handicap, Saturday, March 15, and the Distaff Handicap, Saturday, March 22. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Daily at 1; through Friday, March 14.

Tennis—Eight women players vying for the Avon Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, March 19, at 10 A.M.; Thursday and Friday, March 20-21, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match, Saturday, March 22, at noon; and final singles matches, Sunday, March 23, at noon.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, May 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Dannie Abse and Edwin Brock reading from their own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 17, at 8.) . . . ¶ Galway Kinnell reading from his own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, March 18, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-6783.) . . . ¶ Clark Coolidge reading from his own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, March 19, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, March 14, at 2: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 2: English furniture, decorations, and clocks. . . . ¶ Friday, March 21, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics and other works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 20. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.) "The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover." (No performances on Monday, March 17.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014) "The Rose."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292) Through March 13: "Starting Over" and "Bloodline." From March 14: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660) "Breaking Away."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160) Through March 20: "The Fog." From March 21: "Little Darlings."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652) "The Black Marble."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255) "Coal Miner's Daughter."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020) Through March 20: "Foxes." From March 21: "Hide in Plain Sight."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411) "Best Boy."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262) "Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320) "Blood Feud."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420) "Cruising."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420) "Cruising."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663) "Wise Blood." (No evening performances on Wednesday, March 19.)

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663) Through March 18: "Being There." March 19: Theatre closed. From March 20: "Nijinsky."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630) "Norma Rae."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022) "Simon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774) "A Small Circle of Friends."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670) Through March 20: "The Immortal Bachelor." From March 21: "Little Miss Marker."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720) "Coal Miner's Daughter."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622) "All That Jazz."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339) "The Black Marble."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339) "Chapter Two."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302) "La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313) "Kramer vs. Kramer."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304) Through March 13: "The Rose." March 14-20: "American Gigolo." From March 21: "The Electric Horseman."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180) "Coal Miner's Daughter."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100) Through March 13: "Hero at Large." From March 14: "The Fifth Floor."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607) "The Fog."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607) Through March 20: "The China Syndrome" and "... And Justice for All." From March 21: "Little Darlings."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144) Through March 20: "Foxes." From March 21: "Hide in Plain Sight."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900) Theatre 1: Through March 20: "A Force of One." From March 21: To be announced. Theatre 2: Through March 13: "Breaking Away." From March 14: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037) "Chapter Two."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350) Through March 13: "All That Jazz." From March 14: "Joe and Maxi."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350) "All That Jazz."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800) Theatre 1: "The Electric Horseman." Theatre 2: Through March 13: "Gizmo!" From March 14: "American Gigolo." Theatre 3: "The China Syndrome" and "... And Justice for All." Theatre 4: Through March 13: "Hero at Large." From March 14: "The Fifth Floor."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406) "The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600) Through March 20: "Saturn 3." From March 21: "Apocalypse Now."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715) "The Human Factor."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360) "A Simple Story."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123) "To Forget Venice."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013) "My Brilliant Career."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959) "All That Jazz."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070) "Starting Over."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040) "The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040) "Angi Vera."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745) "The Trials of Alger Hiss."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190) Theatre 1: "Chapter Two." Theatre 2: Through March 13: "The Jerk." From March 14: "American Gigolo." Theatre 3: Through March 13: "Hero at Large." From March 14: "Defiance." Theatre 4: "All That Jazz."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900) "Monsieur Verdoux," "The Circus," "Limelight," "A King in New York," "Modern Times," "A Woman of Paris," "The Great Dictator," "The Kid," "The Gold Rush," "City Lights," and "Chaplin Revue."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900) Through March 18: "The China Syndrome" and "... And Justice for All." From March 19 at 7:30: "The War at Home." (Opening night will be a benefit.)

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128) Through March 13: "The Rose" and "Last Embrace." March 14-20: "American Gigolo" and "Hardcore." From March 21: "Cruising" and "The Boys in the Band."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795) Through March 13: "The Visitor." March 14-20: "The Fifth Floor." (†) From March 21: "Little Darlings." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408) "All That Jazz." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262) Theatre 2: "Hero at Large." (†) Theatre 3: Through March 13: "Apocalypse Now." (†) From March 14: "Breaking Away." (†) Theatre 4: "Chapter Two." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320) "The Rose." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340) "The Black Marble." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060) "The Fog." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070) "Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950) "Cruising." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633) "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366) "Foxes." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369) To be announced.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636) "The China Syndrome" (†) and "... And Justice for All." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560) March 12: "The Haunting" (1963), directed by Robert Wise, with Julie Harris, Claire Bloom, Richard Johnson, and Russ Tamblyn; and "The Legend of Hell House" (1973), directed by John Hough, with Pamela Franklin and Roddy McDowall. March 13: "Claire's Knee" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand; and "Sundays and Cybèle" (1962), in French, directed by Serge Bourguignon, with Hardy Krüger and Nicole Courcel. March 14: "Candy" (1968), directed by Christian Marquand, with Ewa Aulin, Marlon Brando, Richard Burton, and James Coburn; and "The Magic Christian" (1970), directed by Joseph McGrath, with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr. March 15: "The Loved One" (1965), directed by Tony Richardson, with Robert Morse and Jonathan Winters; and "The Bed Sitting Room" (1969), directed by Richard Lester, with Rita Tushingham, Ralph Richardson, and Michael Hordern. March 16: "Casablanca" (†); "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Journeys from Berlin/1971" (1980), directed by Yvonne Rainer. March 17: "Shoot the Piano Player" (†); "Knock on Any Door" (†); and "Journeys from Berlin/1971." March 18: "Zatoichi's Fire Festival" (1962), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi, with Shintaro Katsu; and "Hidden Gold—Sword of Justice III" (1979), in Japanese, directed by Akio Inoue, with Shintaro Katsu.

March 19: "The Strange Door" (1951), directed by Richard Pevney, with Charles Laughton, Boris Karloff, and Sally Forrest; and "Isle of the Dead." (†)
March 20: "The Magician" (1958), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Naked Night." (†)
March 21: "Catch-22" (1970), directed by Mike Nichols, with Alan Arkin; and "M*A*S*H" (1970), directed by Robert Altman, with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.
March 22: "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "Un Chien Andalou." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 12: "This Man Must Die" (1969), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Michel Duchaussoy and Jean Yanne; and "La Femme Infidèle" (1969), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Stéphane Audran, Michael Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet.
March 13: "La Terra Trema" (1947), in Sicilian dialect, directed by Luchino Visconti; and "Our Daily Bread" (1934), directed by King Vidor, with Karen Morley, Tom Keene, John Qualen, and Barbara Pepper.
March 14: "Marat/Sade" (1967), directed by Peter Brook, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "Hour of the Wolf" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann.
March 15: "Days of Heaven" (1978), directed by Terrence Malick, with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Shane" (1953), directed by George Stevens, with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.
March 16: "Richard III." (†)
March 17: "Casque d'Or" (†) and "Bizarre, Bizarre." (†)
March 18: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "I Was a Male War Bride." (†)
March 19: "Kanchenjungha" (1962) and "The Adversary" (1971), both films in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray.
March 20: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Donkey Skin" (1975), in French, directed by Jacques Demy, with Catherine Deneuve.
March 21: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978), in French, directed by Bertrand Blier, with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, and Carole Laure; and "Going Places." (†)
March 22: "East of Eden" (†) and "Splendor in the Grass." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 13: "The Shout" (1979), directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, with Alan Bates, Susannah York and John Hurt; and "Deep End" (1971), directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, with Jane Asher and John Moulder-Brown.
March 14-15: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff.
March 16-17: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.
March 18: "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski; and "Knife in the Water." (†)
March 19-20: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Spellbound" (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.
March 21-22: "Luna" (1979), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry; and "Murmur of the Heart." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through March 13: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
From March 14: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
March 12: "Los Tarantos" (1964), in Spanish, with Carmen Amaya; and "Illicit Interlude" (1951; "Summer Interlude"), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Maj-Britt Nilsson, Birger Malmsten, and Alf Kjellin.
March 13-15: "The Band Wagon" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan; and "Les Girls" (1957), directed by George Cukor, with Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor, and Kay Kendall.
From March 16: "Gone with the Wind" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
March 12: "Show Boat" (1936), directed by John Whale, with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson; and "When Tomorrow Comes" (1939), directed by John M. Stahl, with Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, and Barbara O'Neil.
March 13: "I Remember Mama" (1948), directed by George Stevens, with Irene Dunne, Barbara Bel Geddes, Philip Dorn, and Oscar Homolka; and "Sweet Adeline" (1935), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Irene Dunne, Donald Woods, Ned Sparks, and Hugh Herbert.
March 14-15: "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro; and "Boxcar Bertha" (1972), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Barbara Hershey and David Carradine.
March 16: "They Came from Within" (1976), directed by David Cronenberg, with Paul Hampton; and "Children of the Damned" (1964), directed by Anton M. Leader, with Ian Hendry, Alan Badel, and Barbara Ferris.
March 17: "Moonrise" (1949), directed by Frank Borzage, with Dane Clark, Gail Russell, and Ethel Barrymore; and "The Great Flamarion" (1945), directed by Anthony Mann, with Erich von Stroheim, Dan Duryea, and Mary Beth Hughes.
March 18: "Comes a Horseman" (†) and "The Outlaw." (†)
March 19: "Arsenic and Old Lace" (†); and "The End" (1978), directed by Burt Reynolds, with Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field.
March 20: "Teresa the Thief" (1973), in Italian and English, directed by Carlo Di Palma, with Monica Vitti; and "No Time for Breakfast" (1978), in French, directed by Jean-Louis Bertucelli, with Annie Girardot, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Isabelle Huppert, and François Périer.
March 21-22: "The Innocent" (1976), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill; and "Conversation Piece" (1975), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Burt Lancaster, Silvana Mangano, and Helmut Berger.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
March 12: "Journey Into Fear" (1943), directed by Norman Foster and Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, and Agnes Moorehead; and "The Stranger" (1946), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young.
March 13: "Fools for Scandal" (1938), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Carole Lombard, Fernand Gravet, and Ralph Bellamy; and "True Confession" (1937), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, and Fred MacMurray.
March 14-15: "Charlie Chan in the Meeting at Midnight" (1944), directed by Phil Rosen, with Sidney Toler as the detective; and "Mr. Wong, Detective" (1938), directed by William Nigh, with Boris Karloff.
March 16-17: "Wuthering Heights" (1939), directed by William Wyler, with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven; and "Jane Eyre." (†)
March 18: "The Man Who Laughs" (†); and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), a German silent film, directed by Robert Wiene, with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher.
March 19: "Heaven Can Wait" (1943), di-

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rected by Ernst Lubitsch, with Gene Tierney, Don Ameche, Charles Coburn, and Marjorie Main; and "Leave Her to Heaven." (†)

March 20: "Jezebel" (†) and "The Letter." (†)

March 21-22: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 13 at 2:30: "The Wild Party" (1929), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Clara Bow and Fredric March. . . . ¶ March 13 at 6: "Chinatown Nights" (1929), directed by William Wellman, with Wallace Beery, Florence Vidor, and Warner Oland. . . . ¶ March 13 at 8:30: "Topaze" (1933), directed by Harry D'Arrast, with John Barrymore and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ March 14 at 2:30: "Chinatown Nights." . . . ¶ March 14 at 6: "Kipho" (1925), a German silent film, directed by Guido Seeber; and "Warning Shadows" (1923), a German silent film, directed by Arthur Robison, with Fritz Kortner and Fritz Rasp, both with English titles. . . . ¶ March 15 at noon: "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (1938), directed by Norman Taurog, with Tommy Kelly, May Robson, and Walter Brennan. . . . ¶ March 15 at 2:30: "The Wild Party." . . . ¶ March 15 at 5: "Sarah and Son" (1930), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Ruth Chatterton and Fredric March. . . . ¶ March 16 at noon: "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." . . . ¶ March 16 at 2:30: "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore. . . . ¶ March 16 at 5: "Folies Bergère" (1935), directed by Roy del Ruth, with Maurice Chevalier, Ann Sothern, and Merle Oberon. . . . ¶ March 17 at noon: "New Pulse of Life" (1975), directed by Robert Berk; and "Healthcaring from Our End of the Speculum" (1976), directed by Denise Bostrom and Jane Warrenbrand. . . . ¶ March 17 at 2:30: "What Price Hollywood" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Constance Bennett, Lowell Sherman, and Gregory Ratoff. . . . ¶ March 17 at 6: "Dancing Lady" (1933), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Joan Crawford and Clark Gable. . . . ¶ March 18 at noon: "New Pulse of Life" and "Healthcaring from Our End of the Speculum." . . . ¶ March 18 at 2:30: "Folies Bergère." . . . ¶ March 18 at 6: "The Last Tasmanian" (1979), directed by Tom Haydon. . . . ¶ March 20 at 2:30, 6, and 8:30: Three programs of films made about films, such as "Oscar's First Fifty Years" (1978), made by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, "The Film Parade" (1933), made by J. Stuart Blackton, and "The Movies Learn to Talk" (1959), made by CBS. . . . ¶ March 21 at 2:30: "Topaze." . . . ¶ March 21 at 6: "The Last Laugh" (1924), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Emil Jannings; English titles. . . . ¶ March 22 at noon: "The Lost Squadron" (1932), directed by George Archainbaud, with Richard Dix, Mary Astor, and Erich von Stroheim. . . . ¶ March 22 at 2:30: "Manhattan Melodrama" (1934), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Clark Gable, William Powell, and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ March 22 at 5: "Anna Karenina" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through March 16: "Oona's Third Year or Paradise Not Yet Lost (Diaries, Notes and Sketches, 1977)" (1979), directed by Jonas Mekas. . . . Starting March 18: "Microcultural Incidents in Ten Zoos" (1971), directed by Ray L. Birdwhistell and Jacques D. Van Vlack; "The Ax Fight" (1975), directed by Timothy Asch and Napoleon Chagnon; and "Dance and Human History" (1974), directed by Alan Lomax and Forrestine Paulay. Showings at noon, 2 and 4 (plus 6 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. . . . ¶ A five-part audiotape—"The Telephone Stories" (1979), conceived by Mitchell Kriegman and read by Marshall Klugman and Susan Blommaert—has been installed on three floors in the museum. You may call from your own phone and hear the tapes at any time (570-3603). The museum is closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—March 13-16: "The Offenders" (1979), directed by Scott B and Beth B, with Adele Bertei. . . . ¶ Starting March 20: A program of thirteen cartoons made by Dave and Max Fleischer, including "Koko's Earth Control" (1928) and "Superman: The Japateurs" (1942). Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. (594-9486)—The final programs in a series of Polish films. March 14 at 7: "Behind the Wall" (1971), directed by Krzysztof Zanussi. . . . ¶ March 14 at 8:15: "Illumination" (1973), directed by Krzysztof Zanussi. . . . ¶ March 14 at 10: "Behind the Wall." . . . ¶ March 15 at 2:05: "Mother Joan of the Angels" (1961), directed by Jerzy Kawalerowicz. . . . ¶ March 15 at 4: "The Doll" (1968), directed by Wojciech Has. . . . ¶ March 15 at 7: "The Cruise" (1970), directed by Marek Piwowski. . . . ¶ March 15 at 8:20: "Through and Through" (1973), directed by Grzegorz Krolikiewicz. . . . ¶ March 16 at 2:30: "Bad Luck" (1960), directed by Andrzej Munk. . . . ¶ March 16 at 4:40: "The Sandglass" (1973), directed by Wojciech Has. . . . ¶ March 16 at 7: "Top Dog" (1978), directed by Feliks Falk. . . . ¶ March 16 at 9:10: "The Life of Matthew" (1967), directed by Witold Leszczyński. All films in Polish with English subtitles.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Cinema 3, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 1; through March 13.)

American Gigolo—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (2/4/80) (72nd Street East, and Olympia; March 14-20. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting March 14.)

. . . And Justice for All—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (10/22/79) (Quad Cinema, and Victoria. . . . ¶ New Yorker 2; through March 18. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 2; through March 20.)

Angi Vera—Pál Gábor directed this modest, wintry, dark-hued account of the political indoctrination and accompanying dehumanization of a young nurse (Veronika Papp) in the early days of the Communist regime in Hungary. In a year of enormous movies, this is a quiet, unmistakable work of art. With Tamás Dunai and Erzsi Pásztor. In Hungarian. (1/14/80) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Embassy, and 8th St. Playhouse; through March 13. . . . ¶ Ziegfeld; starting March 21.)

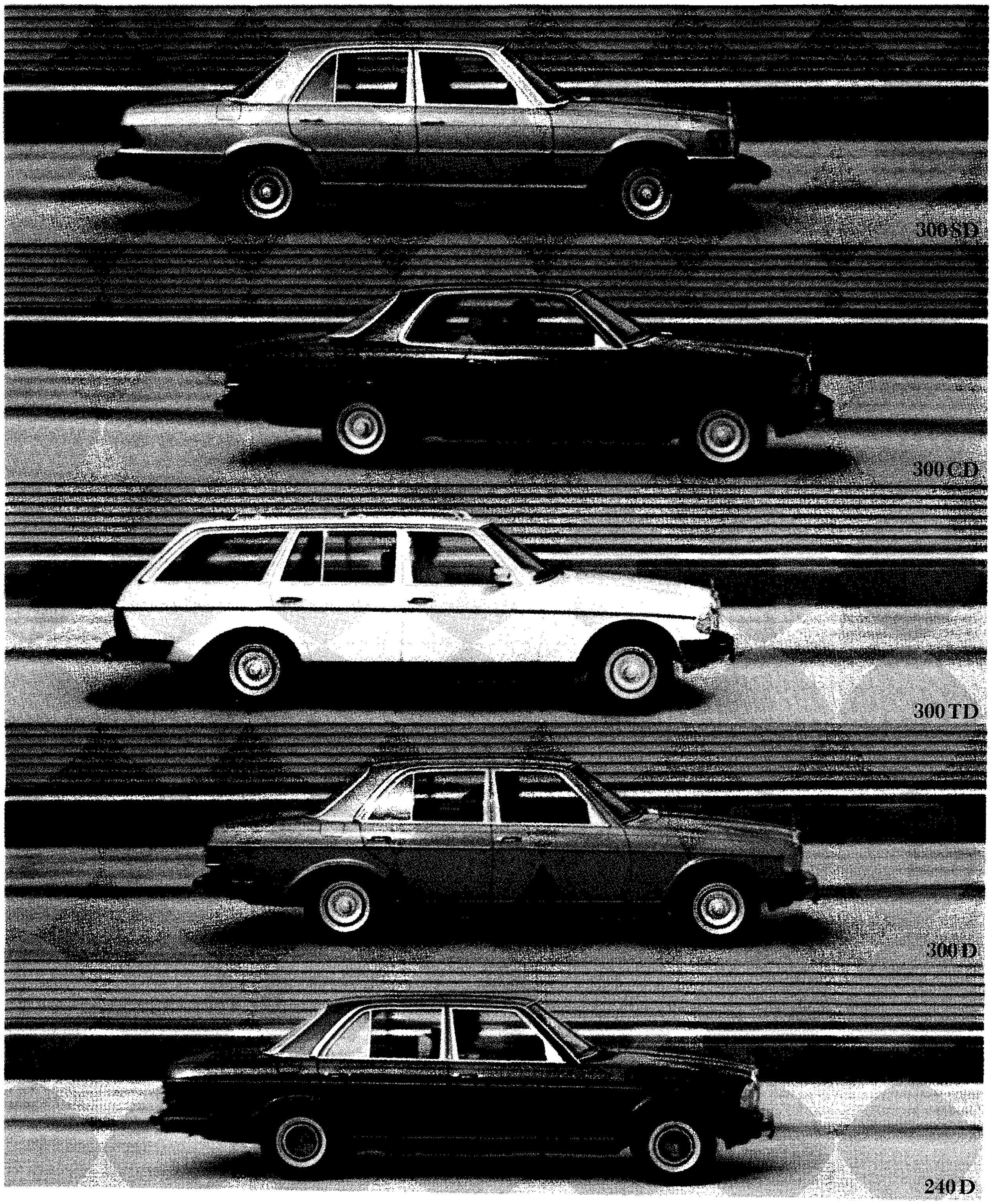
Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—Adapted from Joseph Kesselring's black comedy, this laborious farce was actually made in 1941, but by contract it couldn't be released until the Broadway production—which ran and ran—finally closed. Maybe the success of the play magically rubbed off on the movie, because it has always been inexplicably popular. The sane theatre-critic hero, Cary Grant, tries to convince his sweetly lethal little aunts (Josephine Hull and Jean Adair) that it isn't nice to put arsenic in the elderberry wine that they serve their guests, but they just don't understand why he gets so upset. You may not, either; the director, Frank Capra, has Grant performing in such a frenzied, dithering manner that during much of the action he seems crazier than anybody else. His role was shaped as if for Fred MacMurray, and Grant was pushed into overreacting—prolonging his stupefied double takes, stretching out his whinny. Capra's hick jollity turns Grant into a manic eunuch. The hero's aggressive fiancée, here rewritten into a cuddly, innocuous little dear, is played by Priscilla Lane. The villains—murderers who are less couth in their methods than the innocently mad aunts—are Peter Lorre, as himself, and Raymond Massey, impersonating Boris Karloff; some people roar at their antics. With James Gleason, Edward Everett Horton, Jack Carson, John Alexander, Grant Mitchell, and the famous thirteen corpses. (Thalia; March 19.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidently rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and character because of Hal Ashby's thoughtful direction. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Coronet; through March 18.)

Best Boy—A thrilling documentary in which we watch Philly Wohl, a severely retarded fifty-two-year-old Brooklyn man, undertake the painful first steps in education and self-reliance that will at last permit him to live apart from his loving, aged parents. The picture, which is often very funny, was made by Philly's cousin, Ira Wohl, whose thoughtful presence on both sides of the camera imposes a sense of assurance about the movie's honesty and the validity of our feelings for its unusual hero. (3/10/80) (Sutton.)

Bizarre, Bizarre (1937)—Dadaist frivolity, with some choice sequences that one giggles over for years. Jacques Prévert wrote and Marcel Carné directed this romantic satirical comedy about the English mania for detective fiction, set in Edwardian England. Jean-Louis Barrault is the detective-story reader who decides to commit his own perfect crime by murdering the author (Michel Simon). With Françoise Rosay as Barrault's inamorata, Louis Jouvet as a clergyman, and Jean-Pierre Aumont as a lovesick milkman. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 17.)

The Black Marble—Writer Joseph Wambaugh and director Harold Becker were responsible for the strong, memorably ugly police thriller



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“The Onion Field,” but they have slipped badly in this ill-conceived attempt to extract whimsy and romance from the middle-earth level of the Los Angeles underworld. Harry Dean Stanton is a convincingly scummy small-time dognapper, but the picture is far more interested in the grumpy badinage between Paula Prentiss and Robert Foxworth, as a pair of detectives inexplicably in love. (3/10/80) (Murray Hill, Loews New York 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

Blood Feud—Lina Wertmüller wrote and directed this sensual, shallow period drama about bloody skirmishings among Sicilian peasants and padrones and rising Fascisti in the early nineteen-twenties, but the picture is more notable for the presence of Sophia Loren (as a vengeful widow), Marcello Mastroianni (as an idealistic, self-doubting lawyer), and Giancarlo Giannini (as a blustering gangster, back from New York). The three vivid stars are observed in immense closeups, which are balanced by stunning panoramas of the sun-wasted countryside, but these pleasures appear to have distracted the director away from that special ludicrous and serious consideration of human difficulties that has distinguished her previous work. Wertmüller is always excessive, and this time she is excessively entertaining. In Italian. (3/3/80) (Plaza.)

Bloodline—Audrey Hepburn marries Ben Gazzara to secure her inherited position as a pharmaceutical magnate, but he may be the one who killed her father and is out to get her as well. The international cast of suspects also includes James Mason and Omar Sharif, as an adulterous Italian husband with bloodshot eyes. Directed by Terence Young, extracted from the novel by Sidney Sheldon. (7/16/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 13.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in “The Women,” but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. (Olympia; starting March 21.)

Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscapes of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Gramercy. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through March 13. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting March 14.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

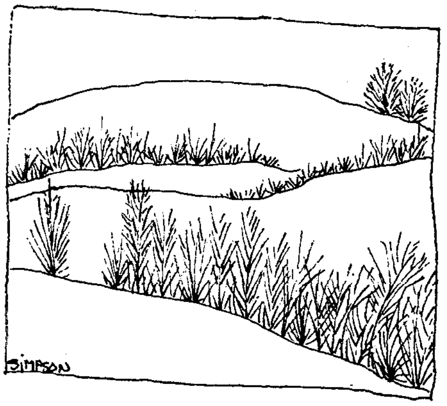
Casablanca (1942)—Ingrid Bergman became a popular favorite when Humphrey Bogart, as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, treated her like a whore. Although their romance was certified by a collection of Academy Awards, they didn't press their luck and never appeared together again. In the role of the cynic redeemed by love, Bogart became the great adventurer-lover of the screen during the war years. In this film, he established the figure of the rebellious hero—the lone wolf who hates and defies officialdom (and in his movies he fulfilled a universal fantasy: he got away with it). It's far from a great film, but it has a special appealingly shlocky romanticism, and you're never really pressed to take its melodramatic twists and turns seriously. The international cast includes Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt, Sydney Greenstreet, Claude Rains, Peter Lorre, Marcel Dalio, Helmut Dantine, S. Z. Sakall, Joy Page, Leonid Kinskey, Curt Bois, Dan Seymour, Ludwig Stossel, Ilka Grunning, Frank Puglia, Madeleine LeBeau, John Qualen, and, memorably, Dooley Wilson singing “As Time Goes By.” Academy Awards: Best Picture; Best Director (Michael Curtiz); Best Screenplay (Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and Howard Koch). And the Thalberg Memorial Award went to the producer, Hal B. Wallis. Based on the play “Everybody Comes to Rick's,” by Murray Burnett and Joan Alison. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 16.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—Simone Signoret had her finest role (until “Room at the Top”) as a gigolette with a glorious helmet of golden hair in Jacques Becker's sultry, poetic account of the Paris underworld in 1900. Her performance is a triumph of sensuality: faintly smiling, she is so intensely, ripely physical that she takes command of the screen. Becker introduces a world of cutthroats, apaches, and gun molls, and then subtly evokes an atmosphere that gives meaning and passion—and an overdose of doom—to their rivalries and intrigues. The love scenes between Signoret and Serge Reggiani are unusually simple and tender; perhaps because of this, the grim conclusion is almost insupportably painful. The movie is very well done, yet there's something fundamentally trashy and touristy about its view of lowlife—“Look, *they* have feelings, too.” With Claude Dauphin as the gang leader, Raymond Bussières, and Gaston Modot. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 17.)

Chaplin Revue—Three of his silents—“Shoulder Arms” (1918), “A Dog's Life” (1918), and “The Pilgrim” (1923). In “Shoulder Arms,” Chaplin levelled a full comic barrage at the glamorous soldier-hero; he fought militarism in his own way by making it ridiculous. As the misfit in the ranks, he acts out a soldier's dream of glory: single-handed, he seizes an enemy squad, saves his buddy from a firing squad, rescues a French girl (Edna Purviance) from the classic fate-worse-than-death, and captures the Kaiser. Along the way, he impersonates a tree; it is the most imaginative extended sequence in the film. One of his first four-reelers, this picture is remarkable for its sustained comic invention; nothing lachrymose slows it down. (New Yorker 1; March 11-12, 14, 18, and 20-21.)

Chapter Two—Familiar backdrops (Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Public Library, and so on) fail to convince us that we are in New York instead of in the theatre, which is where this Neil Simon comedy-drama, about a widowed novelist (James Caan, badly miscast) who undertakes a too-sudden second marriage to a spunky, large-eyed actress (Marsha Mason), ran in its original form. The formal structure of the tale and the alternating brittle jokes and moody musings about the vagaries of marital happiness make for a much less rewarding entertainment than Mr. Simon's “The Goodbye Girl,” which was a movie all the way. With Valerie Harper and Joe Bologna. (12/24/79) (Loews New York 2, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

Un Chien Andalou (1928)—Even without the famous shock image of the sliced eye, Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dali's short silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dali as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 22.)



The China Syndrome—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells. She has been used by TV for her looks, and has endlessly talked brightly about trivia while serious things are going on around her. She gets her chance to be as committed as she wants to be when she learns that a nuclear power station in Southern California appears likely—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (Quad Cinema, and Victoria. . . . ¶ New Yorker 2; through March 18. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 2; through March 20.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. With Merna Kennedy. (New Yorker 1; March 12, 14-15, 17-18, and 20.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (New Yorker 1; March 13, 15, 19, and 21.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—With Sissy Spacek and Tommy Lee Jones. Based on Loretta Lynn's autobiography, directed by Michael Apted. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Gemini 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Rivoli.)

Comes a Horseman (1978)—This Western, set during the Second World War and starring Jane Fonda and James Caan, with Jason Robards as an evil cattle baron, is so self-conscious about its themes that nothing in the story-telling occurs naturally. Basically, the plot is a variant of the evil land-grabber who is determined to take the land of the honest, hard-working rancher; now the honest rancher is a woman. But it's a film of few words (and about a quarter of them mangled by the sound recording), and the melodrama is smothered under sullen, overcast skies—how can you get involved in the conflict between the good guys and the bad guys if you can't even see them? Has the director, Alan J. Pakula, become perversely artistic, or is it that he let his cinematographer, Gordon Willis, get carried away? The film's dark, overblown pictorial style works against the exhilaration possible in the Western genre. Caan gives his lines wryly humorous readings, but Fonda's acting is disappointingly constricted, though she looks great in her tan weather-beaten makeup and tight jeans. With Richard Farnsworth, in a likable performance as an old cowhand, and George Grizzard as a banker. From a script by Dennis Lynton Clark. (11/13/78) (Thalia; March 18.)

Cruising—Al Pacino as an undercover cop in search of a psychopathic killer who preys on patrons of the heavy-leather homosexual bars of the West Village. Director William Friedkin's night views of the meat rack are repellent but powerful, yet the picture's persistent confusions of theme and plot only encourage our ignorance and our prurient fear of these matters. With Paul Sorvino, Richard Cox, Don Scardino, and Karen Allen. (2/18/80) (Manhattan 1, Manhattan 2, and National. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting March 21.)

Defiance—With Jan-Michael Vincent, directed by John Flynn. (Loews 83rd Quad; starting March 14.)

East of Eden (1955)—An amazingly high-strung, feverishly poetic movie about Cain and Abel as American brothers living on a lettuce farm in California in the years just before the First World War. Elia Kazan directed this adaptation of Steinbeck's novel, and it's like seeing a series of teasers: violent moments and charged scenes without structural coherence. As the romantic, alienated young hero, James Dean is decorated with all sorts of charming gaucheries; he's sensitive, defenseless, misunderstood. Maybe his father (Raymond Massey) doesn't love him, but the camera does, and we're supposed to; we're thrust into upsetting angles, caught in infatuated closeups, and prodded—“Look at all that beautiful desperation." When this Cain strikes his brother (Richard Davalos), the sound track amplifies the blow as if worlds were colliding; a short, heavy dose of expressionism may be followed by a pastoral romp or an elaborate bit of Americana; an actor may suddenly assume a psychotic stance and another actor shatter a train window with his head. It's far from a dull movie, but it's certainly a very strange one; it's an enshrinement of the mixed-up kid. Here and in "Rebel Without a Cause," Dean seems to go just about as far as anybody can in being misunderstood. With Julie Harris, who gives a memorably lyric performance, and Burl Ives, Jo Van Fleet, Albert Dekker, Lois Smith, Barbara Baxley, and Timothy Carey. Script by Paul Osborn; cinematography by Ted McCord; music by Leonard Rosenman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 22.)

The Electric Horseman—Robert Redford as a contemporary retired five-time All-Round World Champion cowboy out to save a famous race horse from the same heartless conglomerate that is exploiting him, and Jane Fonda as a city-slicker TV reporter out to get the story of his doomed venture. Boy and girl (and horse) fall in love out under the big Utah sky, just as we knew they would, but it's all so cheerfully mindless that it's hard not to have a good time as we watch the big stars and eat up the malarkey. With Valerie Perrine, Willie Nelson, and John Saxon. (12/31/79) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting March 21.)

The Fifth Floor—With Bo Hopkins and Dianne Hull, directed by Howard Avedis. (U.A. East, and Quad Cinema; starting March 14. . . . ¶ Criterion; March 14-20.)

The Fog—A coastal California village experiences an unpleasant night when it is visited by a spectral crew of drowned lepers, who rise from the deep in search of revenge. The picture, which was shot by John Carpenter in the vivid, windswept environs of Point Reyes, works up some nice creepy moments and a couple of real screeches, but the script tries to cover too much ground and too many frightened citizens, and thus never quite grabs us and holds us prisoner, which is the way one felt at Mr. Carpenter's celebrated last chiller, "Halloween." With Adrienne Barbeau, Hal Holbrook, John Houseman, Janet Leigh, and Jamie Lee Curtis. (2/25/80) (Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through March 20.)

A Force of One—With Jennifer O'Neill and Chuck Norris, directed by Paul Aaron. (R.K.O. 86th St.; through March 20.)

Foxes—With Jodie Foster, Scott Baio, Sally Kellerman, and Randy Quaid; directed by Adrian Lyne. (Reviewed in this issue.) (R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East; through March 20.)

Gizmo!—A cheerful retrospective documentary about old-time amateur inventors and wacko performers (Americans, for the most part) and their feats, as recorded in many dozens of old newsreel clips and publicity films dating back forty or fifty years or more. Take the children. Compiled and produced by Howard Smith. (1/28/80) (Quad Cinema; through March 13.)

Going Places (1974)—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl (Miou-Miou) whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise in the film. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 21.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—In this extraordinarily sweet and graceful comedy, Chaplin is the weak and helpless perfect gentleman in the Klondike world of bears and brutes; yet his gallantry wins him the gold and the girl, too. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, Georgia Hale, Tom Murray, and Henry Bergman. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin. Silent; some prints have a musical track. (New Yorker 1; March 13, 15, 17-19, and 21.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (New Yorker 1; March 11-12, 14-15, 18, and 20-21.)

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Hardcore (1979)—George C. Scott is the Calvinist father from Grand Rapids who searches for his runaway teen-age daughter in the porno-prostitution world of California. The father feels no temptation, so there's no contest; he's above sex, and he hates porno the way dogs hate cats. The writer-director, Paul Schrader, sets up the picture as a demonstration of the superiority of fundamentalist moral values over pornographic laxness—as if there were nothing in between. It's a detached, opaque, affectionless movie; since it doesn't regard the young whores as human, there's no horror in their dehumanization—only frigid sensationalism. With Peter Boyle and Season Hubley. (2/19/79) (Olympia; March 14-20.)

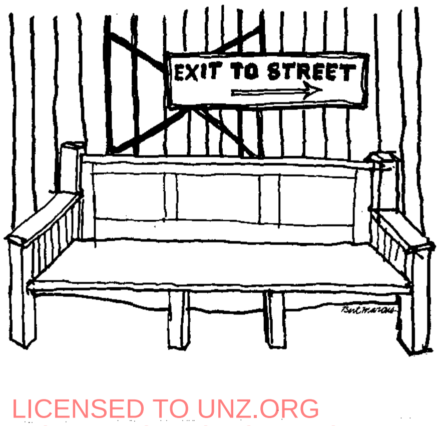
Hero at Large—A Twinky-sweet comedy about a struggling actor (John Ritter) who, as a public-relations stunt, is hired to play "Captain Avenger," a Superman-like hero, and is surprised when the public begins to believe his act. The movie, which bears resemblance to an expiring TV sit-com, may be trying to say something about contemporary folkways and politics, but it doesn't. With Anne Archer, Bert Convy, and Kevin McCarthy. (Embassy. . . . ¶ U. A. East, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through March 13.)

Hide in Plain Sight—Directed by, and with, James Caan. (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East; starting March 21.)

The Human Factor—Tom Stoppard wrote the screenplay for this adaptation of the 1978 Graham Greene novel about a worn-out minor functionary (and double agent) in British intelligence who loses his country and his small family to no purpose. The picture's disappointing second half and ultimate failure are attributable to the direction of Otto Preminger, whose literal style ignores the darker inflections of the book and thus transforms it into a humdrum spy story. A distinguished cast—including Richard Attenborough (in a telling, quiet performance as an unacute, friendless security officer), Robert Morley, Derek Jacobi, Ann Todd, and Nicol Williamson, as the stricken hero. (2/11/80) (Festival.)

The Immortal Bachelor—Giancarlo Giannini as an unshaven Roman layabout who slaps around his wife (Monica Vitti) when he isn't out cheating on her, but keeps her happy with his inspired lovemaking. Miss Vitti is funny and sexy-looking, and Mr. Giannini croaks and rolls his eyes in his entertaining horny-frog style, but the comedy is slowed by its dopey, familiar message: only the poor have fun in bed in Italy. With Claudia Cardinale and Vittorio Gassman. In Italian. (2/25/80) (Gemini 1; through March 20.)

Isle of the Dead (1945)—Val Lewton produced, but except for a few touches, the movie is a mess—something about demons on a plague-ridden Greek island, premature burial, and evil possession of the resurrected body. Boris Karloff and Katherine Emery are the leads; she comes out of her crypt and starts stabbing people with a trident. With Ellen Drew, Alan Napier, and Jason Robards, Sr., in a surprisingly poor performance. Mark Robson directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 19.)



I Was a Male War Bride (1949)—Somebody must have thought it would be funny to put Cary Grant in skirts and a horsehair wig. The whole thing is one of those awful transvestite jokes that never has the grace to go off-color; it all stays at the chortling whole-some-family-picture level. Ann Sheridan plays the WAC lieutenant whom Grant (a French Army captain) marries; the gimmick is that she's stationed in Occupied Germany (where the film was made), and the only Army regulation under which he can accompany her back to the U.S. is the one concerning the immigration of war brides. The concept requires Sheridan to be bossy and butch (it's one of her least pleasant performances), and Grant is never so beefy and clumsy as when he's in drag. He doesn't play a woman; he just threatens to, flirting with the idea and giggling over it. Howard Hawks directed, but his pacing is off, and everything seems forced. The screenplay is by Charles Lederer, Leonard Spigelgass, and Hagar Wilde, from a book by Henri Rochard. (Grant plays Henri Rochard.) There are no subsidiary roles of any consequence; with Ken Tobey, Robert Stevenson, and William Self. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 18.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Perfectly respectable version, directed by Robert Stevenson, with Aldous Huxley adding his own pungency to Charlotte Brontë's novel. Orson Welles looms in a cast that includes Joan Fontaine and a very young Elizabeth Taylor. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 16-17.)

The Jerk—A dreary farce about a back-country boob at large in a cruel, Mel Brooksian world. Steve Martin, the television comedian, is the star (and a co-author), and he has filled this disastrous "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes. With Bernadette Peters, and directed by Carl Reiner, of all people. (12/17/79) (Loews 83rd Quad; through March 13.)

Jezebel (1938)—A dazzling romantic melodrama. Bette Davis is impulsive, complex Julie, the Southern belle who destroys her chances for happiness by perversely flouting convention. William Wyler produced and directed this sumptuous, moss-hung evocation of pre-Civil War New Orleans, with its great balls where tradition decreed that unmarried ladies dress in white—and where Julie's red dress wrecks her life. It's hard to know which is Davis's "big scene" in the movie—the painful, flamboyant error of her appearance in red, or the breathtaking moment of her apology in white. The content was already dated but was brought out of mothballs and refurbished because of the popularity of the novel "Gone with the Wind," which the production beat to the screen; without the zing Davis gave to it, it would have looked very mossy indeed. She took the Academy Award as Best Actress. With Henry Fonda, George Brent, Margaret Lindsay, Richard Cromwell, John Litel, Donald Crisp, Spring Byington, Eddie Anderson, Henry O'Neill, Irving Pichel, and Fay Bainter (Best Supporting Actress). The script is by Clements Ripley, Abem Finkel, and John Huston (based on a play by Owen Davis, Sr.). Cinematography by Ernest Haller; music by Max Steiner. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 20.)

Joe and Maxi—A documentary about a shore-front entrepreneur named Joe Cohen, made by his daughter, Maxi, and Joel Gold. (Greenwich Playhouse 1; starting March 14.)

The Kid (1921)—The most enchantingly Victorian of Chaplin's features, and perhaps because of the way his sentimentality (which was often awkward, and even mawkish, later) fits the subject, this film seems remarkably innocent and pure. Edna Purviance is the destitute young mother who abandons her infant; Charlie, the tramp, takes the child to his garret, and five years later the child (Jackie Coogan) smashes windows, which Charlie, now a glazier and wearing glass on his back like angel wings, repairs. The story is about the love between these two street waifs and about Charlie's fight to keep the child out of the hands of the authorities. A little girl named Lita Grey (known as Lolita), later to be Chaplin's wife, appears in a dream sequence set in Heaven. (New Yorker 1; March 12, 14-16, 18-19, and 22.)

A King in New York (1957)—Maybe the worst movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (New Yorker 1; March 11, 13, 16-17, 19, and 22.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (Cinema Village; March 18.)

Knock on Any Door (1949)—John Derek as a young delinquent on trial for killing a policeman, and Humphrey Bogart as the lawyer defending him. As the boy talks, we see his grim past in flashback: his father died in prison, he was sent to reform school, his child wife committed suicide. Making this solemn sociological case for him, Bogart is so wearing that you wish he'd stop orating and get out his own heater again. Nicholas Ray directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 17.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

Last Embrace—A wholly preposterous thriller, directed by Jonathan Demme and well acted by Roy Scheider and Janet Margolin. It is like a bucket of cold water thrown in your face again and again; oddly enough, this comes to seem enjoyable. (5/28/79) (Olympia; through March 13.)

Leave Her to Heaven (1945)—Gothic psychologizing melodrama, so full-blown and straight-faced that it's a juicy entertainment. Evil, beautiful Ellen (Gene Tierney) hoards her father's ashes and has a penchant for eliminating people who clutter up her life. There are scenes to cherish: Ellen impassively watching her brother-in-law drown; Ellen flinging herself down a flight of stairs to terminate an annoying pregnancy; Ellen going lickety-split on a charger, tossing her father's remains around the Technicolored New Mexico landscape; Ellen's long-suffering writer-husband (Cornel Wilde) remarking, "When I looked at you, exotic words drifted across the mirror of my mind like clouds across the summer sky." John M. Stahl directed; Jo Swerling did the adaptation of the Ben Ames Williams best-seller. With Jeanne Crain, Vincent Price, Ray Collins, Gene Lockhart, Reed Hadley, Mary Phillips, and Chill Wills. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 10.)

The Letter (1940)—Bette Davis's forty-third movie; it marked her tenth year in films, and it is one of her few good vehicles. Somerset Maugham's melodrama (generally believed to be based on an actual incident) had been a Broadway success for Katharine Cornell and was filmed—memorably—in 1929 with Jeanne Eagels. (Those blessed with movie-loving parents may still retain images of Eagels' corrupt beauty, and of her frenzied big scene when the heroine tells off her husband.) The central figure is the wife of a rubber-plantation owner—a woman of such unimpeachable respectability that she can empty a gun into her lover and get away with it (in the courts, at least, because in Singapore the white ruling class must stick together). Davis gives what is very likely the best study of female sexual hypocrisy in film history. Cold and proper, she yet manages to suggest the passion of a woman who'd kill a man for trying to leave her. She is helped by an excellent script (by Howard Koch) and by two unusually charged performances—James Stephenson as her lawyer and Herbert Marshall as her husband. The cast also includes two formidable women—Frieda Inescort, who seems ineffably absurd as the lawyer's wife, and Gale Sondergaard, whose performance as the Eurasian woman was actually taken very seriously by many people. With Bruce Lester, Cecil Kellaway, Victor Sen Yung, Willie Fung, Tetsu Komai, and Doris Lloyd. The insistent music is pure, adulterated Max Steiner. It demeans William Wyler's clear, taut direction and the erotic awareness he brings to the material. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 20.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he at one point awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden); in the darkened theatre after she has performed he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (New Yorker 1; March 11-12, 16-17, 19, and 22.)

Little Darlings—With Tatum O'Neal and Kristy McNichol, directed by Ronald F. Maxwell. (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 2, and Criterion; starting March 21.)

Little Miss Marker—The Damon Runyon story done with Shirley Temple in 1934. Now with Walter Matthau, Julie Andrews, and Sara Stimson; directed by Walter Bernstein. (Gemini 1; starting March 21.)

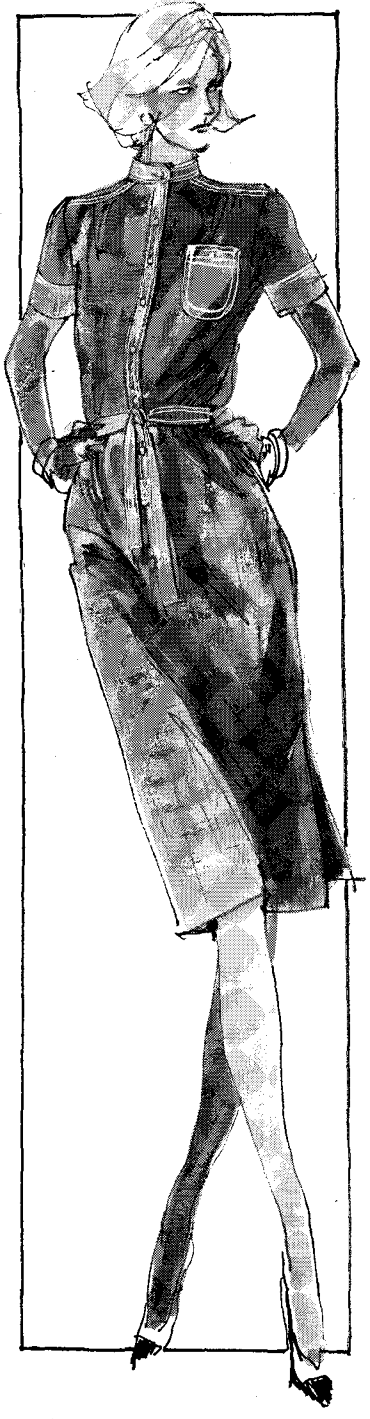
The Man Who Laughs (1928)—No one who saw this silent movie as a child is likely to have forgotten it. The Victor Hugo story is of fairly conventional seventeenth-century English court intrigues, except for one detail about the hero, Gwynplaine (Conrad Veidt). The heir to an earldom, he was kidnapped as a child and, at the orders of the king, a political enemy of his father, he was mutilated—his face carved into a perpetual grin. He had no choice but to become a clown. Produced by Universal on a lavish scale, the film is by no means a cheap horror story. The German-born director Paul Leni had a true gift for macabre décor, and the film's ambitious mixture of morbidity and historical melodrama is very effective, even with its heavy sentimentality. With the physically elegant Veidt as the hero, the picture has a romantic center that it would not have had with Lon Chaney. (John Barrymore played Gwynplaine on the stage.) Mary Philbin is beautiful, though sticky, as a blind girl who loves the clown; Olga Baclanova is a rowdy, loose duchess who is drawn to him. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 18.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Modern Times (1936)—As a worker on an assembly line, Charlie the tramp is run through the gears of a huge machine and is force-fed by an experimental time-saving contraption that splashes soup in his face and shoves corn on the cob into his mouth. He can't take a second off work to scratch himself without turning the whole plant into chaos; after a long stretch of tightening screws, he becomes a robot who runs to tighten the buttons he sees on women's dresses. One of the happiest and most lighthearted of the Chaplin pictures—partly because his new leading lady, Paulette Goddard, who is listed as "a Gamin," has a beautiful grin and a bouncy, outgoing personality. With Henry Bergman as the café proprietor, Chester Conklin as the mechanic, and Hank Mann as one of the burglars. (New Yorker 1; March 12-13, 15-16, 18-20, and 22.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a Parisian bank clerk—a dapper Bluebeard—who charms rich widows and murders them for their money. The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye, as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations, and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. With Mady Correll, Isobel

MONTALdO'S



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Elsom, Marilyn Nash, William Frawley, Virginia Brissac, Robert Lewis, Fritz Leiber, and a glimpse of Edna Purviance. (New Yorker 1; March 11, 13-14, 16-17, and 20-22.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Cinema Village; March 21-22.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris.)

The Naked Night (1953)—Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman, the film is set in the circus world at the turn of the century. It opens with a flashback shot on different film stock: a clown's wife—a dumpy, middle-aged woman—bathes exhibitionistically in view of a whole regiment of soldiers; the clown comes and takes her away. From there the story moves to the circus owner, Ake Groenberg, and his voluptuous mistress, Harriet Andersson; this swinish Circe betrays him, and is in turn betrayed, and they go on together. The atmosphere suggests E. A. Dupont's 1925 film, "Variety," with Emil Jannings, but has upsetting qualities all its own. There is an erotic scene between Miss Andersson and Hasse Ekman, as a seducer-actor, that leaves audiences slightly out of breath. "The Naked Night" is one of the bleakest of Bergman's films: no one is saved from total damnation; life is a circus, and the people are gross clowns; it is a round of frustration, humiliation, and defeat. Yet this heavy, mawkish Expressionism, of a kind widespread in Germany in the twenties, was extraordinarily popular with young Americans in the late sixties. With Anders Ek, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Ake Fridell. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 20.)

Nijinsky—With Alan Bates, Leslie Browne, and George de la Pena as Nijinsky. Directed by Herbert Ross. (Coronet; starting March 20.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith.)

The Outlaw (1947)—As producer-director and bra designer, Howard Hughes managed to create the definitive burlesque of cowtown dramas, and without even trying. Jane Russell swings her bosom around and shows her love for frail, seedy Billy the Kid (Jack Buetel) by hitting him over the head with a coffeepot and putting sand in his water flasks when he is setting out across the desert. To reciprocate, he ties her up with wet thongs and leaves her out in the sun. Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell provide a little relief from the amorous games. (Thalia; March 18.)

The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover (1977)—With Broderick Crawford, José Ferrer, Michael Parks, and Ronee Blakley. Directed by Larry Cohen. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, March 17.)

Richard III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, Richard was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear his inflections in lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 16.)

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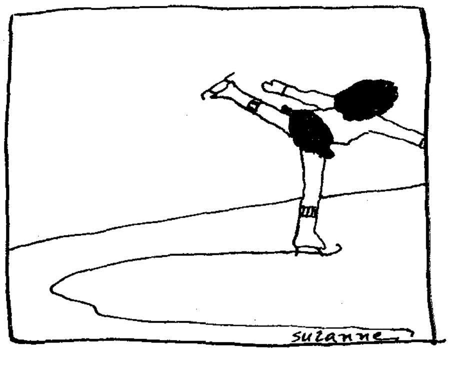
The Rose—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Art, and Forum. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through March 13.)

Saturn 3—A *ménage à deux* (Farrah Fawcett and Kirk Douglas) on Saturn's third moon is interrupted by the arrival of a deranged astronaut (Harvey Keitel) and an eight-foot robot named Hector, who is programmed for lust. How Hector is expected to consummate his mineral love is never explained. Not for children. Not for adults, either. (3/3/80) (Ziegfeld; through March 20.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—This François Truffaut film is based on David Goodis's novel "Down There," a trim, well-written American crime novel. The movie busts out all over—and that's what's wonderful about it. Comedy, pathos, and tragedy are all scrambled up. Charlie, the sad-faced little piano player (Charles Aznavour), is the thinnest-skinned of modern heroes: each time he has cared about someone he has suffered, and now he just wants to be "out of it." This is a comedy about melancholia—perhaps the only comedy about melancholia. Truffaut is freely inventive here—a young director willing to try almost anything—and Charlie's encounters with the world are filled with good and bad jokes, bits from old Sacha Guitry films, clowns and thugs, tough kids, songs and fantasy and snow scenes, and homage to the American Grade-B gangster films of the forties and fifties. The film is nihilistic in attitude and at the same time totally involved, in its wit and good spirits, with life and fun. Nothing is clear-cut; the ironies crisscross and bounce. It's a modern classic. With Nicole Berger, Marie Dubois, and Albert Rémy. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 17.)

Simon—Marshall Brickman wrote and directed this refreshing far-out comedy, in which some mad-genius scientists at "The Institute for Advanced Concepts" almost convince a minor psychology prof that he is an extraterrestrial visitor from the neighborhood of Orion, and Alan Arkin, as their victim, almost recapitulates five hundred million years of evolution in five minutes. Mr. Brickman's quick, intelligent gags are aimed at the inexorable encroachments of contemporary schlock and cant, and although his saga is sometimes less than dazzling in its latter stages, it is sustained throughout by fine comic performances by Judy Graubart, Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton, Fred Gwynne, Max Wright, and Wallace Shawn. (3/10/80) (Cinema I.)

A Simple Story—A low-hued portrait of a divorced, intelligent, imperfectly happy thirty-nine-year-old French woman (Romy Schneider), who works as an industrial designer and has wonderful friends. Director Claude Sautet's brief, glancing scenes place us in the midst of the concerns and pauses of life, and convey a vivid sense of the onrush of time. A movie for grownups. With Claude Brasseur, Bruno Cremer, and Arlette Bonnard. In French. (2/18/80) (57th St. Playhouse.)



A Small Circle of Friends—With Brad Davis, Karen Allen, and Jameson Parker; directed by Rob Cohen. (Cinema II.)

Splendor in the Grass (1961)—William Inge wrote this primer-Freud story about the frustrations of adolescent sexuality, set in a small town in Kansas in the nineteen-twenties, and Elia Kazan whipped it up. The picture is often beautiful, but it's hard to separate its beauty from its hysteria. The parents of the adolescents are loaded down with so many meannesses that the movie becomes Freudian baroque. Natalie Wood is the high-school girl who flips out when she loses Warren Beatty. The extraordinary cast includes Sandy Dennis, Barbara Loden, Zohra Lampert, Pat Hingle, Phyllis Diller, and Inge himself. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 22.)

Starting Over—A study in casting against the grain. Directed by Alan Pakula, the movie stars Burt Reynolds, as a somewhat comic victim deserted by his wife; Candice Bergen, as the wife, who feels she must follow what she mistakenly believes to be her singing talent; and Jill Clayburgh, as the thirtyish nursery-school teacher with whom Reynolds moves in. The film patronizes Miss Clayburgh's waifish spinster, ignores Reynolds' lack of comic or sentimental gifts, and almost completely misuses the considerable talents of Miss Bergen—who nonetheless manages, in a scene or two, to be utterly moving and convincing. (11/26/79) (Paramount. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through March 13.)

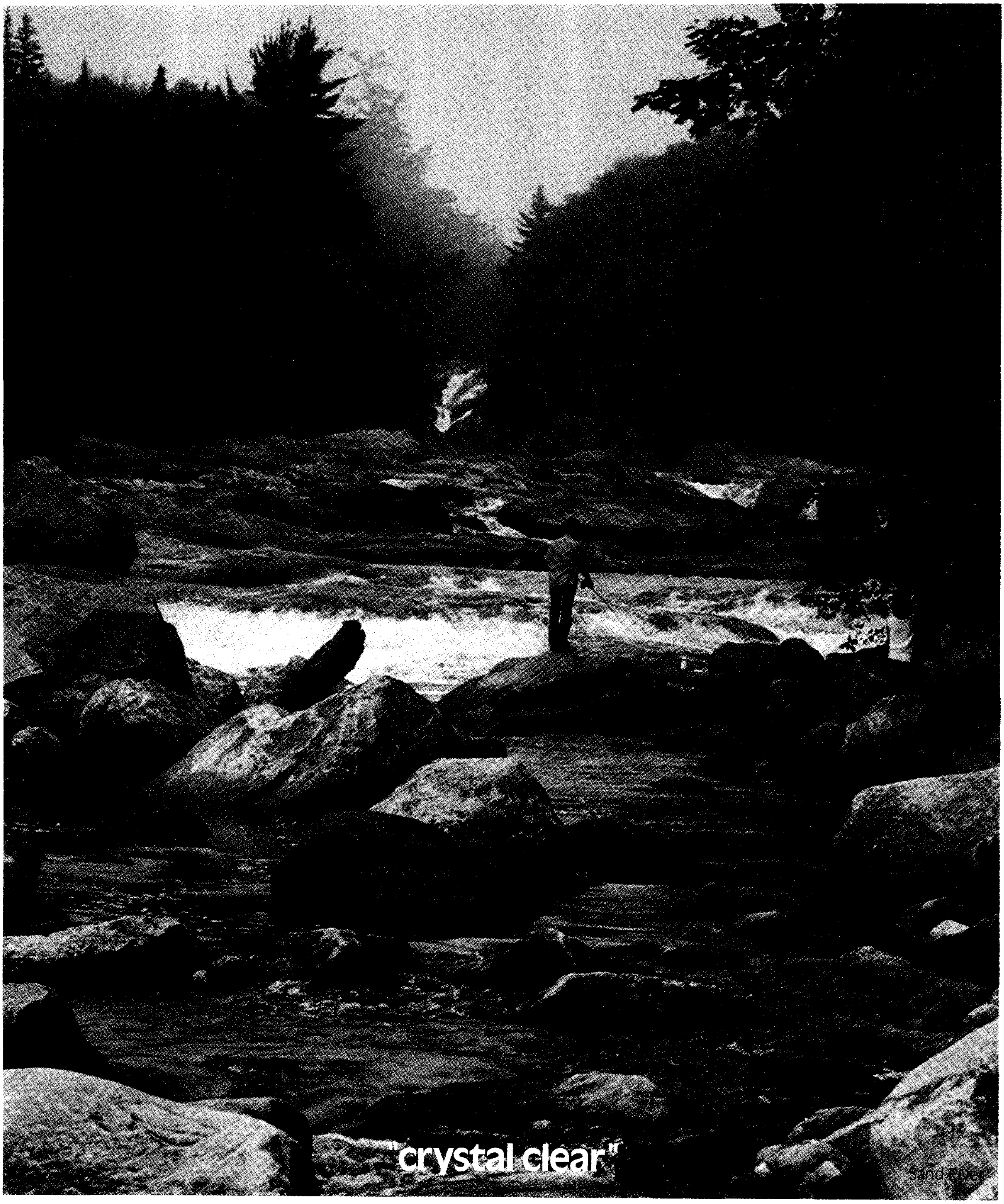
To Forget Venice—Bared breasts, purging floods of tears, a dead canary, a naked man in a bridal veil, a beautiful dying diva, a gaga maidservant, homosexual couples of both sexes, extended flashbacks depicting the joys and pains of childhood—such are the rewards of this overheated, pretentious Italian morality film, which omits nothing except any evidences of spontaneous gesture or human speech. Directed by Franco Brusati; with Mariangela Melato, Erland Josephson, and Hella Petri. In Italian (2/4/80) (Little Carnegie.)

The Trials of Alger Hiss—A documentary, directed by John Lowenthal. (Embassy 72nd St.)

The War at Home—A documentary about the anti-war movement between 1963 and 1973 in the city of Madison, Wisconsin. (New Yorker 2; starting March 19, at 7:30.)

Wise Blood—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. In the end, the picture works, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. Brad Dourif is painfully convincing as the black-hatted, Jesus-haunted prophet Hazel Motes, and Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce are also funny and heartbreaking by turns as they pursue their lonely paths of scam and vision in the back alleys of our gothic South. (2/25/80) (Baronet. No evening performances on Wednesday, March 19.)

A Woman of Paris (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance, benefitting from Chaplin's promise after their long career together that he would one day write a dramatic part for her, plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). Chaplin withdrew the film from circulation in the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. A treasure dredged up from the ocean bed of sunken movies. (4/17/78) (New Yorker 1; March 11, 13-14, 16-17, and 20-22.)



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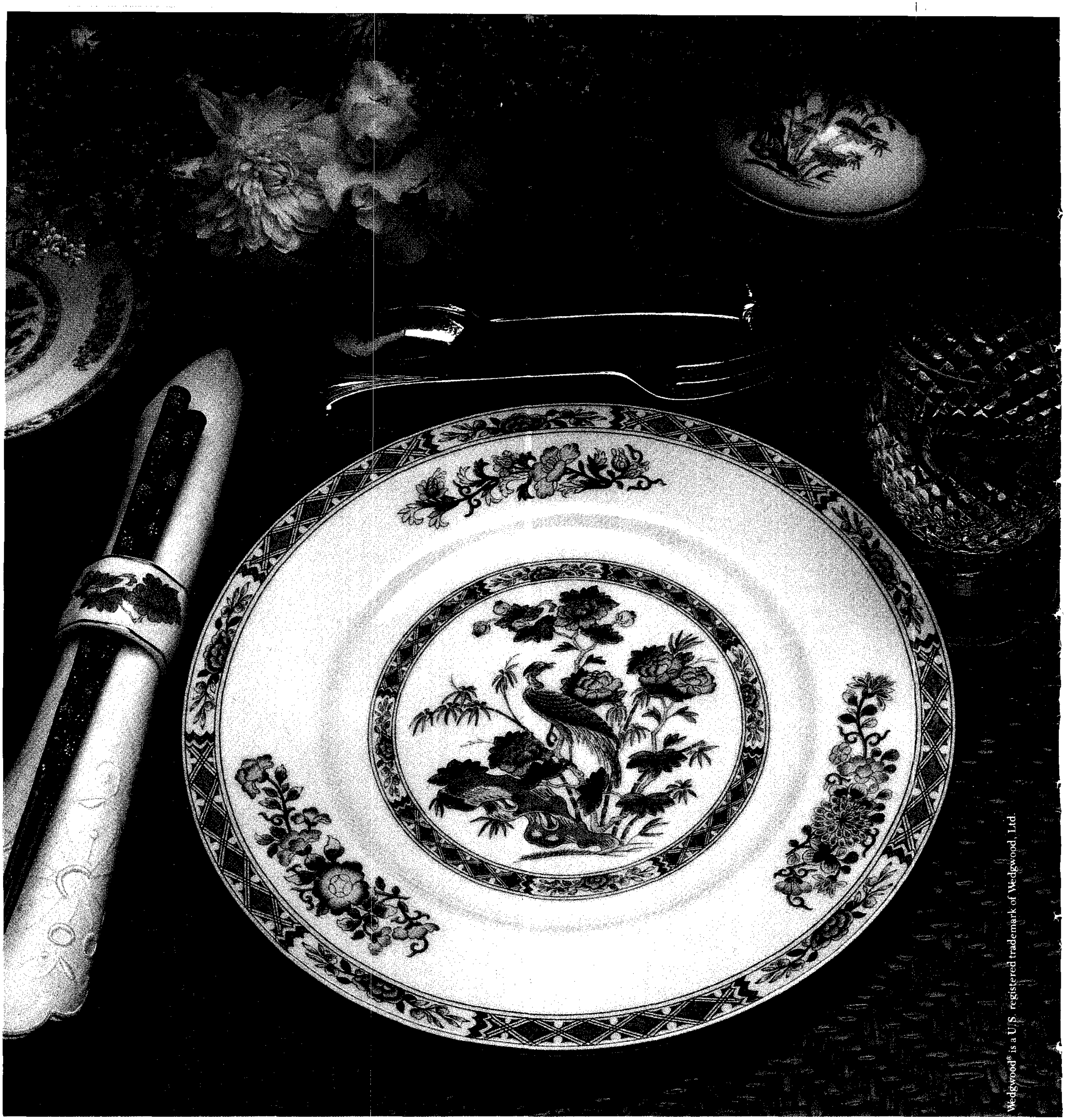

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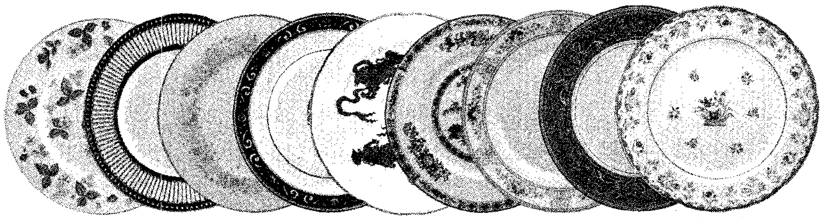

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THE NEW YORKER

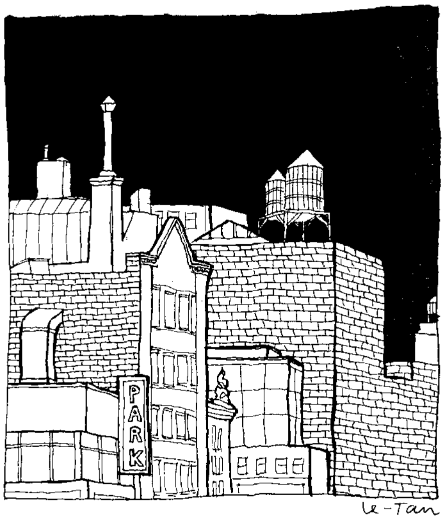
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

EVEN the absurdly frequent name changes it has undergone attest to the confusion and political turbulence that have attended its recent history. For decades, it was known as the British colony of Southern Rhodesia. Then, after its sister territory of Northern Rhodesia became independent and was renamed Zambia, in 1964, and, a year later, its own white leaders illegally declared themselves free of British rule, it was known simply as Rhodesia. In 1979, after seven years of civil war and heavy international pressure forced the whites to bring some moderate black politicians into the government, it went by both its African nationalist name and its colonial name—Zimbabwe Rhodesia (with or without a hyphen). Late last year, at the close of a London conference that produced both a ceasefire in the civil war and a formula for legal independence, the country reverted temporarily to its colonial status and to the name Rhodesia. And now, at last, with the election of a black-majority government, headed by Robert Mugabe, who until a few months ago was in charge of a guerrilla force based in neighboring Mozambique, it is to become the Republic of Zimbabwe.

The transfer of power in Salisbury will leave but two black-majority countries in Africa under white rule: South Africa and the trust territory it still administers, in defiance of the United Nations—Namibia (or South-West Africa). In South Africa itself, a far larger and more powerful white minority than Rhodesia ever had is busy entrenching itself by promulgating an elaborate system of gerrymandering under which blacks become citizens not of South Africa but of a chain of "independent" tribal homelands that are being created within the confines of South Africa—a curious bit of legerdemain that will work for a while. In any case, South Africa is not, strictly speaking, a colonial power. The last of the African colonies, latter-day Rhodesia, will be remembered as an anachronism—a place where a white minority of two hundred and twenty-five thousand people, who in the end constituted only three per cent of the population, managed for a decade and a half to prevent the remaining ninety-seven per cent from attaining political power.

This is the dubious contribution made to African political history by Ian Smith, Rhodesia's former Prime Minister, who is still the leader of the country's white community. On taking office in 1964, Smith asserted that never in his lifetime would Rhodesia have a black Prime Minister. On November 11th of last year, the fourteenth anniversary of his unilateral declaration of independence, he was asked if he had any regrets about making it. He replied, "If we had not resorted to that, then things would have been a lot worse than they are today." The opposite is more nearly true; as late as 1972, Britain offered the white Rhodesians a constitution that would have left them in power for another generation. The price of their intransigence was a seven-year civil war that took somewhere between twenty thousand and twenty-five thousand lives.



The most remarkable aspect of last week's election results was the size of Mugabe's victory. Of a total of eighty seats reserved for blacks in the new House of Assembly (twenty were reserved for whites and had been won earlier by Smith's party, the Rhodesian Front), Mugabe's party won fifty-seven (and carried sixty-three per cent of the black vote). The party of Joshua Nkomo, who was Mugabe's partner in the Patriotic Front guerrilla movement and is the country's oldest black nationalist leader, won twenty seats. The biggest loser was the Methodist Bishop Abel Muzorewa, who had served as Prime Minister in last year's interim government. Muzorewa's party won only three seats and received a mere eight per cent of the vote, compared with sixty-four per cent last year in the "internal-settlement" elections, which were boycotted by the guerrilla groups. Muzorewa evidently suffered from his identification with Smith and the other whites in the interim government, and also from a heavily financed, helicopter-propelled campaign, which made it all too obvious that he was the whites' favorite black candidate. A British election commission did find some evidence of voter intimidation by pro-Mugabe forces, but nowhere near enough to account for the dimensions of the outcome.

Robert Mugabe is not particularly well known, even within Africa, and his reputation—at least among the white Rhodesians—is as lurid as his manner is mild. A schoolteacher who in 1960 became a political organizer, he spent almost eleven years in prison and in detention for "subversive activities." During this time, he earned three correspondence-course advanced degrees from universities in England and South Africa. After his release, in 1974, he began to build his guerrilla force, which in time became an army of about twenty thousand men, and it was this group that did most of the fighting on the rebel side. He has repeatedly been described as "an avowed Marxist," though he sounds more like a European socialist. Senator Harry F. Byrd, of Virginia, for whom white Rhodesia has long been a sort of private charity, dismisses him as "a pro-Russian Marxist" and his election as "the consolidation of the Russian position" in the region. Well, not exactly. Mugabe's principal arms supplier was China. "I have to do my shopping in the East," he used to tell friends. Myths like the ones about Mugabe can be misleading. In the early nineteen-sixties, a British governor of Kenya denounced Jomo Kenyatta as "a leader to darkness and death." Before the decade was out, British settlers who had stayed on in independent Kenya were hoisting their glasses—in the bars of Nairobi—to "the Old Man."

Mugabe, who survived two assassination attempts during the political campaign, was cautious and conciliatory last week. He told his countrymen, "I urge you, whether you are black or white, to join me in a new pledge to forget our grim past." By way of reassuring the country's whites, he asked Lord Soames, the British governor, to stay on during the brief transition period and urged Lieutenant General Peter Walls, a Rhodesian, to remain the commander of the armed forces. He promised a policy of nonalignment, and he said he would not seize private land without compensation—though he is known to think it wrong that three per cent of the country's population should own fifty per cent of its land. He even assured South Africa that he would welcome a mutual pledge of noninterference. All of which moved Ian Smith to remark, "I learned in London [during the peace talks last fall] that Mr. Mugabe is a far different person from the Marxist doctrines that surround his people. He is a pragmatist." Had Mr. Smith made this astounding discovery a few years earlier, a great deal of trouble might have been avoided.

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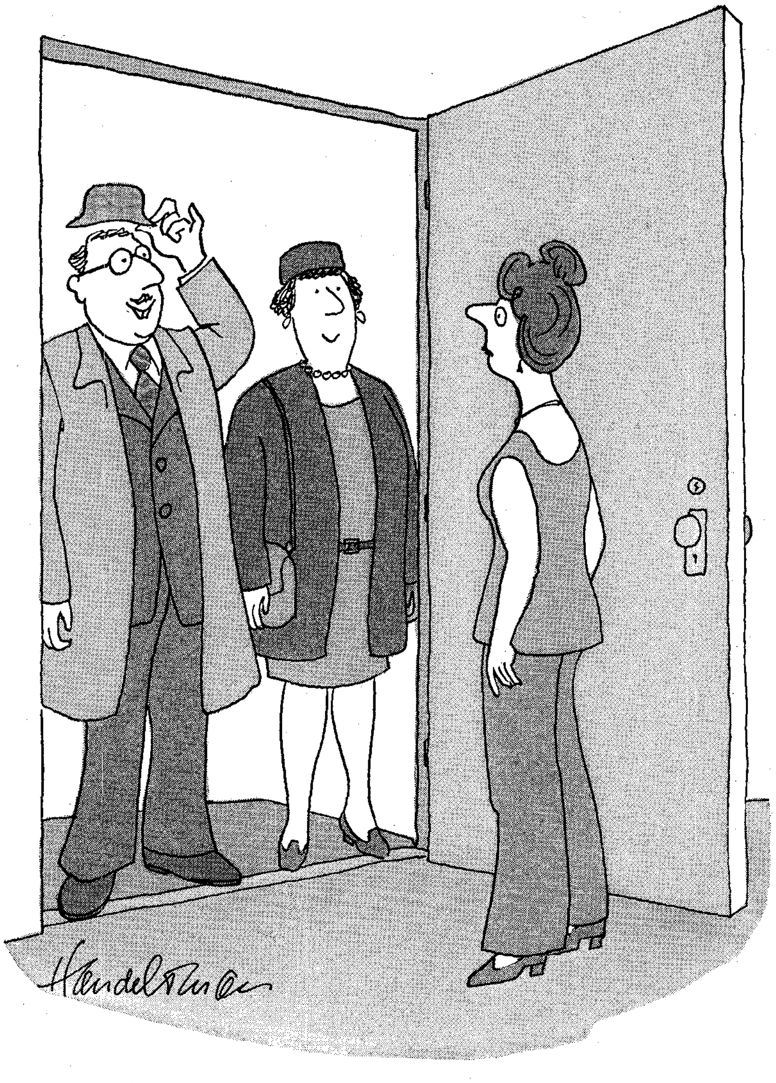
Grosbeaks

A LETTER has arrived from a friend who watches birds:

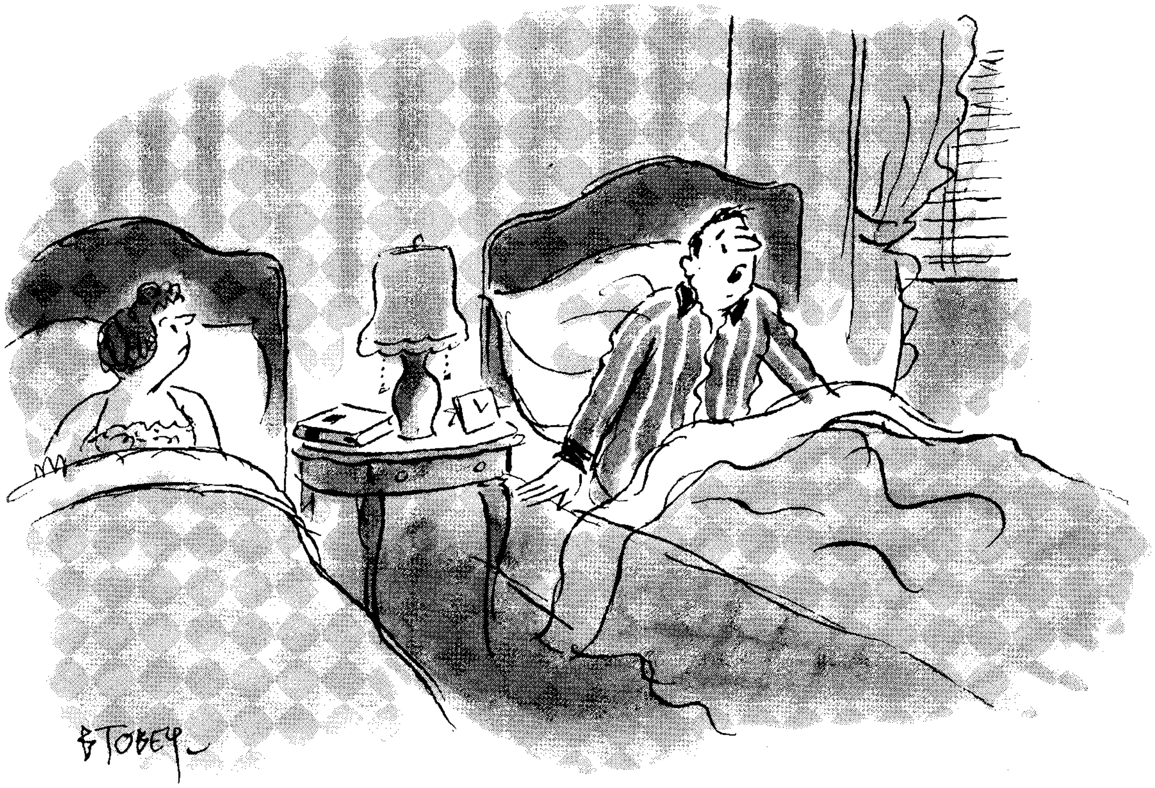
Evening grosbeaks are clownish-looking birds—the males are got up in a motley of black, yellow, and white, with big burlesque noses—and if I ever sell my house in Dobbs Ferry I'll advertise the intermittent appearance of a troupe of grosbeaks as one of its principal attractions. The first time I saw them was five or six years ago on an unseasonably warm day just before Thanksgiving when I had stayed home from work with a cold and was lying on the grass looking up through the bare branches of a box elder. Suddenly, the branches were ornamented with grosbeaks, muttering and elbowing each other aside to get the box-elder seeds, which I have learned they dote upon. Since then, I have always looked for them to show up on warm days in November, and I have often been rewarded. Usually, when the warmth and the box-elder seeds were gone, so were the grosbeaks, and the entertainment was over, at least in my yard, until the following November. But for the last couple of years they have hung on into December, tucking into my sunflower seeds with good appetite. Even after a heavy December snowfall, ten or twelve of them would be at my feeders, bullying the chickadees, the nuthatches and juncos, and the blue jays, too. Word of my grosbeaks got around, and in December, 1978, not long before the Audubon Society's annual Christmas bird count in this area, I had a call from a woman in Hastings asking me to be sure and report the grosbeaks if I saw them.

Somehow, I haven't been invited to go out in the field for the Christmas counts since the year I spent two hours whimpering while the patrol I was assigned to stood around in bitter cold at the river front north of Yonkers counting a couple of hundred scaup out in the river, one by one, through a telescope. But they'll listen if I spot something out of the ordinary: one of the big-shot local birders showed up with his camera a couple of winters ago when I had a red-bellied woodpecker (what's actually red is a helmet over his head) coming for suet that I had pressed into the bark of a locust tree. So I looked forward to a small success with my gang of grosbeaks. Having the luck to see something unusual, I have noticed, is by far the shortest path to fame and respect in birding circles. One summer on Martha's Vineyard, I worked and worked until I could tell a semi-palmated sandpiper from a least sandpiper without even raising my glasses, but what got my phone ringing was a report that I'd had a razor-



"I'm from the Department of Agriculture, and my colleague is from Health, Education, and Welfare. The F.B.I., unfortunately, couldn't make it today."

billed auk diving around a little sailboat off the channel into Lake Tashmoo. Here in Westchester, a neighbor of mine named Berna Weissman spends many hours trying to prevent manufacturers from dumping poisonous effluents into the Hudson and leading any number of other conservation battles, but what she's really known for is that one summer day, after a big storm, she thought she spotted something unusual flying up the Hudson off Croton Point, and she sure did: it was a yellow-nosed albatross.



"What a nightmare! All about Miss Piggy!"

While my grosbeaks were not in a class with Mrs. Weissman's albatross, I still felt considerable pleasure as I anticipated calling them in on the day of the count, December 26th, for a place of some distinction in the official record. As usual, most of the sunflower seed I put out to hold the grosbeaks was going to squirrels. (It's a desperate situation. My late father-in-law, a peaceable Quaker physician, once worked out a scheme to keep marauders away from his feeders by rigging up some electric wire on the ground with enough juice to send a squirrel jumping six feet in the air. The trouble was it could do the same thing to robins.) But my grosbeaks were not starving, and on Christmas, the day before the count, they were around early and late, gobbling up the seed and peering in the kitchen window when it ran low.

What those birds were doing, I now realize, was stoking up for a trip. For although I was at my windows all day on the twenty-sixth, there was not a grosbeak to be seen. A male towhee showed up at about noon, and I knew that that was at least a little out of the ordinary, but I didn't have the heart to phone him in. Once, late in the afternoon, I thought I spotted a grosbeak at a distance, in a cork-bark euonymus bush, but when I got my glasses on it, it turned out to be a fat goldfinch. The colors of a mature male goldfinch are also black, yellow, and white, but the total effect is of a handsome yellow bird with tasteful black and white adornments rather than of a sooty bum who has pulled three or four glaringly mismatched garments out of used-clothing bins in the tropics. And, of course, the goldfinch is much smaller than the grosbeak. I did not see a single grosbeak all day.

This year, it was the same story. Grosbeaks a dime a dozen all through December, but not one on the day of the Audubon count. It rather soured me on ornithology. My binoculars were on a shelf in a closet until late in January, when a Columbia professor who lives on a wooded hillside across the village called to complain—he sounded as if he held me personally accountable—that a huge woodpecker was preparing to fell a sixty-foot oak on his roof. I went around to check, and, sure enough, it was a pileated woodpecker, a wild-eyed brute eighteen inches tall if he was an inch, with a beak like a pointed steel adze. The chips were flying from a demolition site about twenty feet up the trunk, and I had no idea what I could tell the professor to do about his problem.

But the real news from Dobbs Ferry is that suddenly, in late winter, there are grosbeaks at my feeders. It's a small flock. I have counted one mature male, in the brightest colors, with a yellow wreath raking low over his eyes, and seven smaller birds, who may be either females or juveniles. They don't hang about, like the starlings and the house finches, but swoop in for a feed once or twice a day. I assumed that an unprecedented phenomenon was taking place in my yard—perhaps caused by the mild winter we've had hereabouts—but John Bull's "Birds of the New York Area," the book I count on to tell me whether I could actually have seen what I think I've seen, says that the evening grosbeak, a Nearctic species, has been extending its range south and east, and has been showing up around here at feeders in winter since about 1945. My March grosbeaks may be only a small part of changing ecological statistics in the region—I don't know where they have been or where they are going—but if you could see those crazy birds as I see them right now out my window, waddling around under a dogwood in the thawing myrtle bed that has scarcely known snow all winter, I think you'd agree that something remarkable is going on.

Love Among the Ruins

THE great green-and-yellow tug, the Brooklyn III, pride of the New York Dock Railway fleet, heading north up the East River, turned in a wide arc, and nosed cautiously into Newtown Creek, the narrow estuary that divides Brooklyn from Queens. Proceeding east, it passed two ancillary creeks, Dutch Kills and the Whale Creek Canal, and went under two bridges, the Pulaski and the J. J. Byrne Memorial, before coming to a halt alongside a huge barge on which were sitting eight railway tank cars. No railway was visible. We were standing on the upper deck of the Brooklyn III under a green canvas awning alongside our old friend E. M. Frimbo. "What's this all about?" we asked.

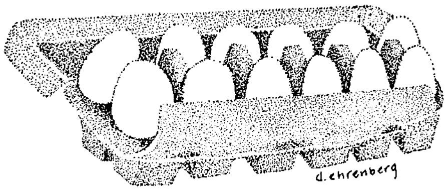
"This is how New York City grew up," Frimbo said. "There's a château ashore, which you can't see. Those tank cars were full of wine when they arrived from California, and they had to be floated across the harbor, all the way from New Jersey, so that the wine could be pumped into the château and bottled there. It's a wonderfully antique way of doing business. I happen to love it, and so does everybody on this towboat. The reason there isn't any railway here is that we built the city on an archipelago surrounded by too much water. It's had to grow up higgledy-piggledy. Maybe we should have put it somewhere else—in Albany, perhaps? And put New Haven here. After all, an archipelago is a haven. With all the interlacing of waterways hereabouts, we could have had a wonderful national park. Think of the fishing, the boating, the wildlife marshes, the oyster beds, the shad runs, the scallop beds. All that room for marinas. The cool ocean breezes. Those magnificent and smogless sunsets, which sustained an entire Hudson River school of painters. And, of course, all those darling little coves and inlets, so suitable in misty weather for smuggling. *They* kept most of us alive during Prohibition."

We could sense that Frimbo was waiting to be asked another question, so we asked one: "What's to be done about it?"

"It's already being done. Decay," Frimbo said, and we began to think about what we had just seen on our journey up Newtown Creek: boarded-up warehouses; dump trucks discharging paving blocks and bits of macadam in any convenient open space; a derelict wooden steam cattle carrier, the Elizabeth, submerging slowly at its moorings. The only sound in this almost abandoned world issued from a fearsome monster of a machine, three stories high, that was devouring whole carcasses of discarded automobiles, which shrieked and groaned and flamed as they perished. "All illegally parked cars, I hope," Frimbo had said. We began to remember, too, what is to be seen from the roof of the World Trade Center: rows of empty piers, a nearly empty harbor.

Turning the Brooklyn III about in a stream the size of Newtown Creek so that she can collect and remove a car float is an extremely deft bit of seamanship, or creekmanship. Captain Simon Holleran, who has been afloat in these parts since the early forties, managed it without fuss. He told us, when we talked to him later on, that at the time he began work, his company, one of a dozen railways that then floated freight cars across the harbor, had forty-eight towboat crews. "You could walk across the Hudson on foot, there were so many boats on it," the Captain said. Now he is one of two car-float-towboat captains still in the trade, and his company, the New York Dock Railway, is the only tug company carrying railway cars across the water. New York Dock is, and always has been, a back-yard railway. Even now that it has sopped up its last remaining rival—another Brooklyn car-float railway, the Brooklyn Eastern District Terminal—it measures its land trackage in inches rather than miles: just four ports of call in Brooklyn, each barely large enough to accommodate a few dozen freight cars. The yardmaster at the New York Dock toy railway yard, in what is left of Bush Terminal, in South Brooklyn, works on the premises in a truly unique Winnebago—a wooden freight-train caboose wearing the house livery of green and yellow and fitted out with telephones, an air-conditioner, a lavatory, a pantry, a refrigerator, and even a few office machines.

It is ten miles, as the New York Dock Railway plies, from the château to the old Pennsylvania Railroad yard at Greenville, in Jersey City, three miles southwest of Battery Park, where the Brooklyn III was to deliver the tank cars and then pick up a car float for Bush Terminal. The towboat's steady and stately nudging of the tank cars in its charge had an irresistible kind of diligence, like the work of a well-trained St. Bernard commanding a small flock of sheep. It was a leisurely journey—a lovable, picturesque, dilatory journey. "So dilatory," said Frimbo, "that when Robert Moses, head of the absolute monarchy called the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, began building pathways for trucks, and not for trains, eager shippers began to switch. And industries began packing up and moving out of town to set themselves up alongside the new highways. That's when the car floats began to disappear. Of course, if Moses or the city or the Port Authority had ever built that railway tunnel that was talked about nearly sixty years ago, from Staten Island under the Narrows to Brooklyn, maybe Trommer's and the other fine Brooklyn breweries and all the other industry that was there then would still be *in situ*. The city and the state are really beginning to worry now about keeping what industry is still around and giving it proper service. As it is, there are two ways for the cargo containers on the railway lines coming into New Jersey to reach Brooklyn without being switched to trucks. They can go a hundred and thirty-five miles up the west bank of the Hudson to Albany, cross the river, and come down the east bank another hundred and thirty-five miles to the city. Or else—and what a nutty idea this is!—the cars can be loaded on a New York Dock Railway float at Greenville and travel three enormous miles to Bush Terminal, in Brooklyn. So it turns out that one of my pet anachronisms, the New York Dock Railway, has willfully and perversely survived to become one of the quickest, least expensive, and quietest innovations of our times."

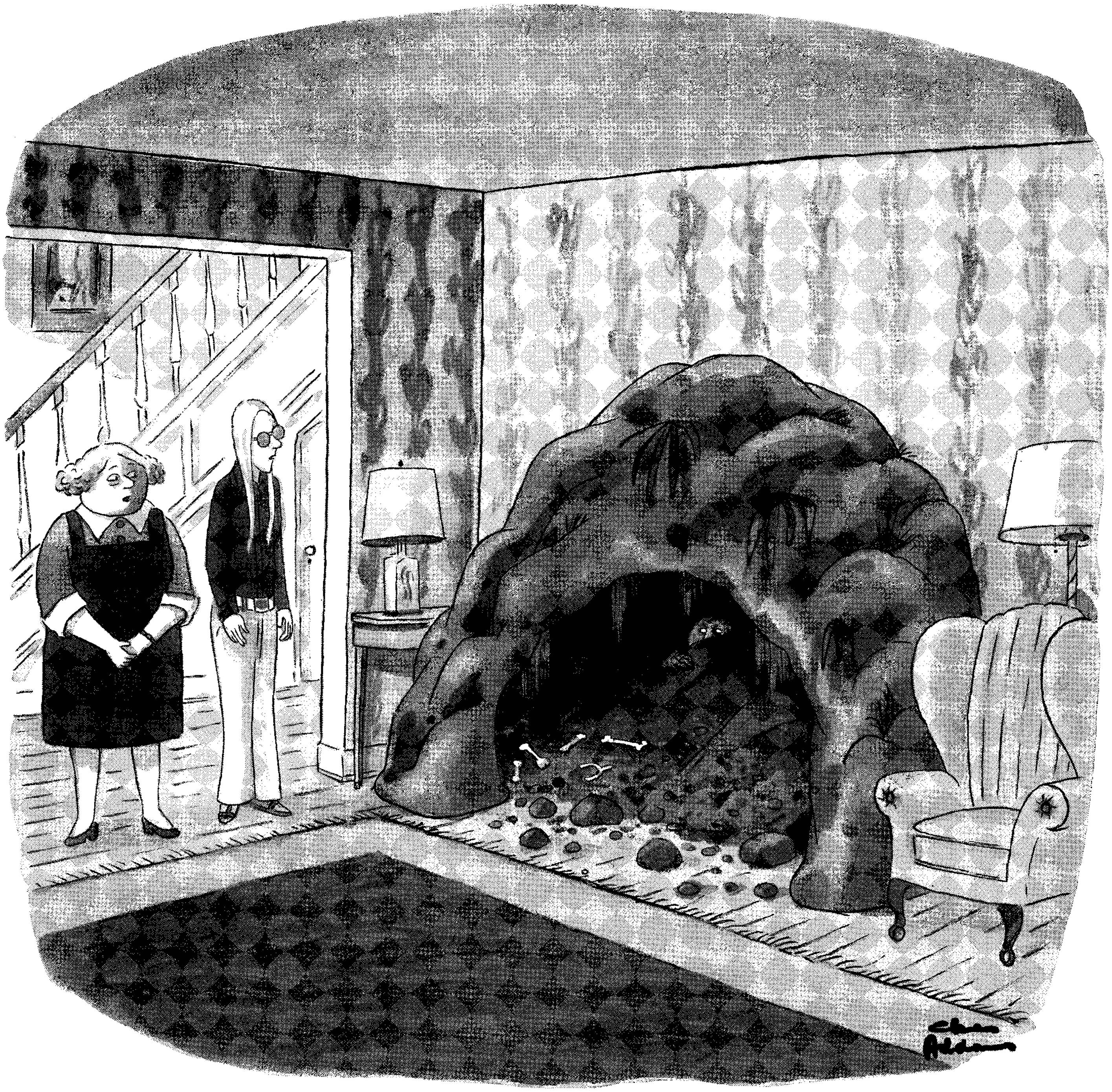


Sara

COMMAND: Find a new Little Miss Marker.

Question: Who is the new Little Miss Marker?

Answer: The new Little Miss Marker is a little girl who is six years old. Her name is Sara Stimson, and she is from Helotes, Texas. She has dark hair and dark eyes, and she has a line of little girls' clothes named after her, a doll that looks more or less like her named after her, and a fruit punch for anybody who wants to drink it also named after her. Her mother, who goes with Sara wherever Sara goes, carries in her pocketbook a can of Band-Aids, a small bottle of Mercurochrome, a jar of baby aspirin, a tube of medicated ointment, and packets of Baby Fresh towellettes. Sara's mother's name is Dana. Dana says, "We are from near San Antone, Texas. I was working as a secretary at the V.A. hospital when a friend of mine came in and said they were interviewing little girls for a movie—a modern remake of the old Shirley Temple movie 'Lit-



"And this is Stephen's den."

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tle Miss Marker.' You know, if you have kids, you like to expose them and you want to see if they have a talent for something. I told Sara to get dressed and comb her hair, and I would take her and see if she wanted to talk to these people. Well, when she got there, she just chatted with them and really opened up. They videotaped her and sent the tape to Universal Studios. Universal liked it and asked us to come for a screen test. It will be a year ago tomorrow that we went out to Hollywood. When they asked us to come out, I thought it would be an adventure for Sara. She had never flown before. Now she has flown a bunch. There were eight little girls tested that day. We went back home and waited, and then they called us one Tuesday and asked us to come back on a Sunday. Of course, you lie in bed and you say, 'What is this going to be? Are you going to end up with a Judy Garland or a Marilyn Monroe?' I would like to see Sara have a normal life. That's what's important to me. The money? I don't care about the money. It took them three months to make the movie. Now comes the big publicity. She has done Dinah Shore, Merv Griffin, Mike Douglas. She is an extremely bright little girl. She has good manners, and she is very unselfish. She is just the furthest thing from self-centered that you can find. She cleans up around the house, makes her bed, plays with the neighbors. She likes applesauce, chocolate ice cream, Twinkies, bubble gum, 'I Love Lucy.' She goes to public school and is in the second grade. She's never had an acting lesson, and she has no problems learning her lines. On the set, she liked everybody. It's as if God said, 'Where can we find a kid who will be just great to play Little Miss Marker?' "

FROM SUNRISE TO DAYBREAK

(A YEAR IN THE LIFE OF AN ÉMIGRÉ REVIEW)

JANUARY

READERS and well-wishers of *Sunrise* will be relieved to hear that the editorial, financial, and circulation offices made the move from Rungis-les-Poires (twelve kilometres from Paris) to Saint-Ronge (eighteen kilometres from Paris, but on the other side) without damage to the handpress. Soon after noticing the departure, former landlord F. S. Abogin registered a claim for fraud and unpaid rent with the local police. But as landlord Abogin had continued to use editorial space for storing unsold bicycle parts, the editors have been neither intimidated nor impressed.

Sunrise's new quarters—a comfortable corner of the loft belonging to A. S. Paptachinsky, of Paptachinsky International Raincoats—have only one drawback. The town hall of Saint-Ronge is next door, and the red flag hoisted after last year's municipal elections can be seen at all times. Efforts are being made to black out the window on that side of the loft.

Subscribers who want to continue receiving this monthly newsletter should send money without delay to the rubber-band fund.

FEBRUARY

Sunrise is dead. *Aurora* is born. Paid-up subscribers to *Sunrise* and its predecessor, *Dawn*, will continue to receive our review and will also be sent, without extra charge, a bonus issue devoted to pointing out the failures of a certain poet, a certain critic, a certain historian, and a certain chess player—all four well known in émigré circles.

Managing Editor and President P. V. Laypunov, Executive Editor and Chairman-Secretary S. A. Konkordiev, and Treasurer, Proofreader, and Poetry Editor I. P. Kulikin maintain their positions, by unanimous vote. The two part-time members of the staff have been called to other duties: P. G. Nadarov, who edited the Nature page, plans a move to the Ruhr Valley, where a post is said to have fallen vacant in a smelting plant, while artist B. Demyanov's cousin in Perth, Scotland, was finally able to get him the right kind of visa for employment on a sheep farm. Good luck to P. G. Nadarov and B. Demyanov. May they never forget their days and nights with *Sunrise*, *Dawn*, and *Dawn's* predecessor, *Morning Light*.

The poem "Birchbark," by Z. Murashkinova, in the August issue of *Sunrise*, should have been called "From a Bed of Moss."

MARCH

Readers and well-wishers who desire to attend *Aurora's* housewarming party should send contributions without delay to the refreshments fund. C. Navagin has volunteered to find a site convenient for everyone. (Mr. Paptachinsky's lease expressly forbids large literary gatherings.) M. Fedyukova will look up train schedules. She suggests that partygoers travelling from Paris meet under the clock at the Gare du Nord, each with enough money for second-class round-trip fare and extra refreshments.

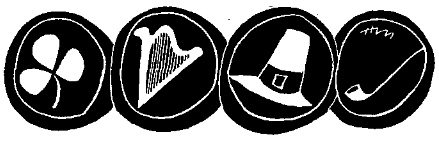
The impulsive behavior of former landlord F. S. Abogin has resulted in the scandalous arrest of Poetry Editor Kulikin. The facts are these: Mr. Abogin, having found three valuable icons (representing St. Serge, St. John the Evangelist, and the Assumption) in Editor Kulikin's suitcase, decided to confiscate them in lieu of back rent. The police have now seized the icons and are having them examined. In a dramatic confrontation with former landlord Abogin, Editor S. A. Konkordiev found him flushed in the face and incoherent. He was not wearing a tie or even a shirt, and seemed totally lacking in culture. Editor Konkordiev expressed some surprise that Editor Kulikin had inherited three icons from a great-uncle in Vienna, Austria. Editor Kulikin had never spoken of his relative before now.

Owing to a backlog of poetry manuscripts and a severe shortage of paper, the editors cannot promise to publish the long-awaited poem "The Last Day in the Old Home," by I. T. Penkov, except by public subscription. Readers wishing to receive a volume from the limited edition (eleven copies) should send contributions to the glue fund without delay.

The poem "From a Bed of Moss," attributed to Z. Murashkinova, was the work of V. Shtutchkin. The editors are not responsible for the mistake.

APRIL

On the third of this month and for half an hour, the red flag flying over the Saint-Ronge town hall was struck, suggesting a takeover of some kind. But the flag was soon hoisted again, along with a second flag the same size and color. This second flag represents the Saint-Ronge Marxist Workers Fellowship, a splinter group led by the night watchman. *Aurora* can only rejoice at this sign of internal power struggles on the Left.



MAY

Poetry Editor Kulikin has come back, cleared of the charge of having received stolen goods. Former landlord Abogin, however, will be standing trial on charges of having stolen the same goods from Mr. Kulikin. The icons are now to be analyzed by X ray.

With the return of Editor Kulikin, work resumes on the first issue of *Aurora*. (Proofreading had ground to a halt because Mr. Kulikin, who owns both dictionaries, had taken them with him to jail.)

V. Shtutchkin writes to say that "From a Bed of Moss" is a stanza lifted from his long poem "The Age of Steam." Our readers probably knew about this.

JUNE

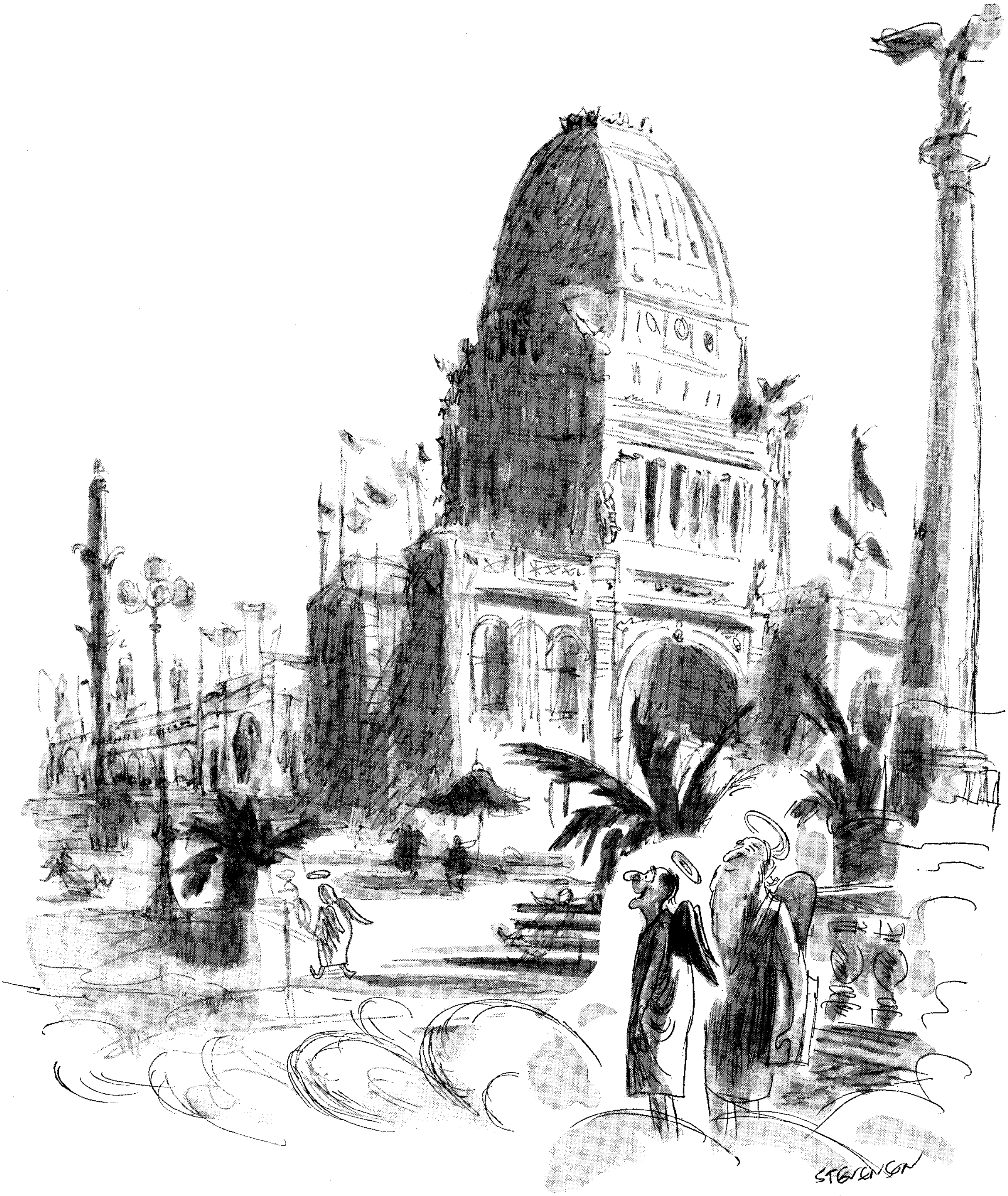
The housewarming scheduled for March took place on the twenty-fourth of this month in the buffet of the railway station at Saint-Ronge. Most of the guests arrived safely, even though extremely tired after the strain of meeting under the clock and getting on the right train. Present were L. P. Frolov, A. Stirn, M. Zavzyatova, and N. Marfutkin with poodle Yo-Yo. P. G. Potrashkov appeared on a later train, explaining that he had been waiting under the clock at the Galeries Lafayette department store. During the evening, L. P. Frolov spoke to A. Stirn but not to N. Marfutkin or M. Zavzyatova. A. Stirn answered a question put to him by N. Marfutkin but refused to pass the little cakes to P. G. Potrashkov. P. G. Potrashkov was seen to turn away from L. P. Frolov.

The editors thank their guests for the generous collection taken up just before closing time for the lump-sugar fund.

I. P. Kulikin has not been reinstated as Poetry Editor, but he will continue as Proofreader.

JULY

Proofreader Kulikin has taken the world by surprise by announcing his engagement to Mlle. Honorine Sucre, high-ranking and trusted employee of



"Oh, goody! It's just like the Columbian Exposition of 1893."

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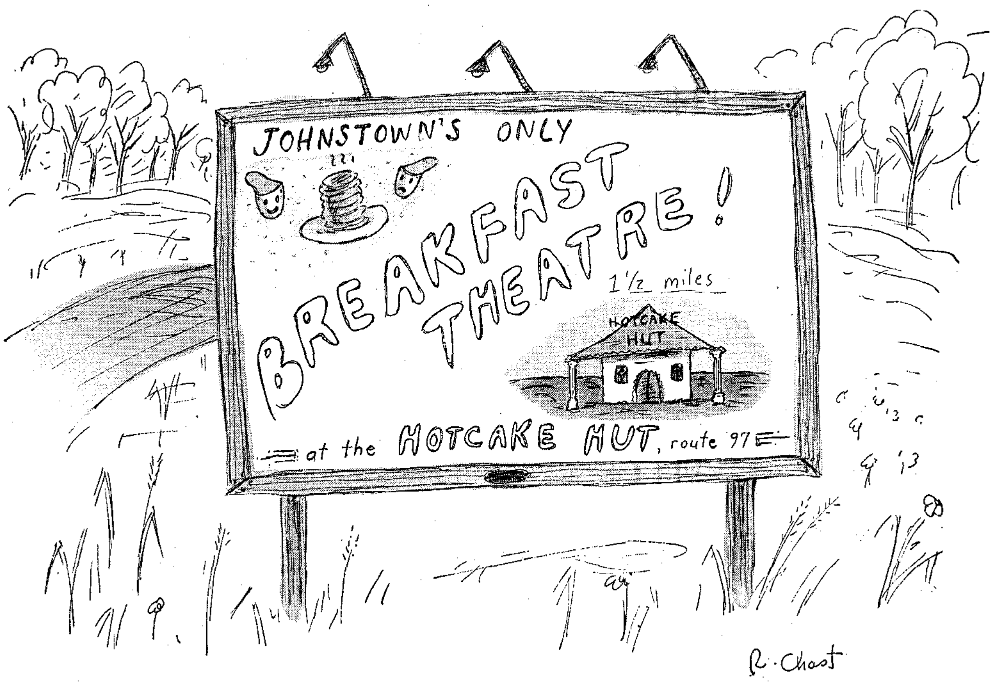
the French Immigration Service. Mlle. Sucre is comely and fair. Her age, an agreeable forty-eight, blends harmoniously with the age of Mr. Kulikin. Our hearty good wishes to I. P. Kulikin, who has been voted President and Executive Editor.

A. O. Murkin writes: "My wife has identified 'The Age of Steam' as the work of V. Krinolinsky. The first line should not read 'If birch leaves can be said . . .' but 'Who can say if birch leaves . . .' "

In a conversation free of pretense or deceit, Editor Kulikin explained how he happened to have the three icons in his suitcase. A stranger ran up to Mr. Kulikin while he was on his way to buy some lemons and thrust the icons into his hands.

AUGUST

News of Editor Kulikin's engagement to a high-ranking official of the Immigration Service has brought a wealth of congratulations and testimonials to the offices of *Aurora.* Pro-



fessor U. E. Gurdin writes: "I had Kulikin in my geography class at Pushkin High School for five years running. When he finally could tell the difference between Poland and Armenia, I thought I would never have to see him again. Now I hope never to lose track of him as long as I live." This and similar tributes are to be pasted in an album well-wishers may sign during the engagement party. The party is to be held after business hours in the Grosprix grocery store, where D. Dvornyagin is a familiar sight behind the cheese counter. Readers and well-wishers wanting to attend should meet at the main entrance to the Gare de l'Est, each bringing eight urban-transportation tickets, a gift for the bride-to-be, a contribution toward refreshments, and a candle and matches in case D. Dvornyagin feels it more prudent not to turn on the store lights. Anyone who misses the general group meeting at the Gare de l'Est should take the Métro to Bastille (one ticket), then the No. 69 bus to Invalides (two tickets), then the Métro to La Motte-Piquet (one ticket). Do not ask strangers the way to the store.

Editor Kulikin tells us that the police have now positively identified the three icons as recent copies (1977) of inferior nineteenth-century Bulgarian religious art. This substantiates Mr. Kulikin's story that a man rushed up to him in the street.

SEPTEMBER

Landlord A. S. Paptachinsky has regretfully informed *Aurora* that his new lease expressly forbids him to have the staff of a literary review on the premises. All suggestions for a new venue will be welcome, as well as contributions to the wrapping-paper fund.

At the party given to celebrate Mr. Kulikin's engagement, Mlle. Sucre was heard by N. Marfutkin to say, "When you marry one Russian, you've married them all." After this was repeated to Editor Kulikin, he became thoughtful.

OCTOBER

Editor Kulikin is retiring from *Aurora*. He has been offered a post in the mineral-water bottling plant where his future brother-in-law, T. Sucre, keeps track of all the plastic stoppers. Mr. Kulikin leaves a reputation for intellectual acumen and personal probity. He takes with him the two dictionaries he paid for out of his own pocket, and the three Bulgarian icons he wants to keep "for old time's sake." Good luck at the bottling plant, I. P. Kulikin.

D. Dvornyagin writes to refute the charge that there were no little cakes at the engagement party. A plate of cakes was placed on the yogurt counter, within easy reach of all. He noticed at one point that the cakes were still on the counter but the plate was gone.

D. Dvornyagin is still employed at the Grosprix grocery store but has been moved from cheese to checkout.

Five readers write: "The poem called 'The Age of Steam' is not a poem. It is a pamphlet, 'When Telegraph Workers Strike,' published in 1910 by V. I. Lenin. Who was behind your sinister hoax? The Kremlin? The undersigned cancel their ten-year subscription and demand return of contributions to the packing-up fund (December), the settling-in fund (January), and the cherry-jam fund (during criminal Kulikin's jail term)." Signed by L. P. Frolov, A. Stirn, M. Zavzyatova, P. G. Potrashkov, and N. Marfutkin.

Contributions are invited to the dictionary fund.

NOVEMBER

The former Honorine Sucre has left the Immigration Service. As for her spouse, Stalinist, K.G.B. agent, spy, and lout Kulikin, when last heard of he was still piling crates at the bottling plant. Soon after convict Kulikin's departure from *Aurora*, a certificate signed by an icon specialist and dealer in Geneva was found in a wastepaper basket. The three icons were painted in 1500. They are from Novgorod. They represent St. Basil, St. George Defeating the Dragon, and the Entry Into Jerusalem. They are of inestimable cultural, historical, artistic, and commercial value. In the opinion of our new poetry editor, I. T. Penkov, author of the long-awaited "The Last Day in the Old Home," who was present during the discovery of the certificate, "Kulikin was a creature living on the level of mankind's basest instincts."

The editors of *Aurora* inform their readers and well-wishers that the handpress is now out in the driveway of Paptachinsky International Raincoats, exposed to rain, snow, and gravel thrown up by trucks backing in and out. Unless conditions improve, the editors may have to cancel the December newsletter.

DECEMBER

Subscribers will be relieved to learn that *Aurora* has made the removal from Saint-Ronge to Mégaptère-les-Lilas, a journey of only six hours by rail, without damage to the handpress. The editors are now comfortably installed in a cubicle of the public bathhouse, where reader E. Yevmeny has been attendant since 1972. At Mégaptère-les-Lilas, the editors are unlikely to be annoyed by the sight of provocative flags flying. Here, in strip-mining country, the view all the way to the horizon is harmoniously uniform. *Aurora* is dead. *Daybreak* is born. Early subscribers to *Daybreak* will be sent a bonus copy of "The Last Day in the Old Home," proofread by author Penkov himself. Contributions to the blanket-and-pillow fund will be welcomed, as well as the gift of any TV set, even black-and-white and only one-channel. —MAVIS GALLANT

GOLD WATCH

IT was in Grafton Street we met, aimlessly strolling on one of the lazy lovely Saturday mornings in spring, the week of work over, the weekend still as fresh as the bunch of anemones that seemed the only purchase in her cane shopping basket.

"What a lovely surprise," I said, and was about to take her hand when a man with an armload of parcels parted us as she was shifting the basket to her other hand, and we withdrew from the pushing crowds into the comparative quiet of Harry Street. We had not met since we had graduated in the same law class from University College five years before. I had heard she'd become engaged to the medical student she used to knock around with, and had gone into private practice down the country, perhaps waiting for him to graduate.

"Are you up for the weekend or on holiday or what?" I asked.

"No. I work here now." She named a big firm that specialized in tax law. "I felt I needed a change."

She was wearing a beautiful oatmeal-colored suit, the narrow skirt slit from the knee. The long gold hair of her student days was drawn tightly into a neat bun at the back.

"You look different but as beautiful as ever," I said. "I thought you'd be married by now."

"And do you still go home every summer?" she countered, perhaps out of confusion.

"It doesn't seem as if I'll ever break that bad habit."

We had coffee in Bewley's—the scent of the roasting beans blowing through the vents out onto Grafton becoming forever mixed through the memory of that morning—and we went on to spend the whole idle day together until she laughingly and firmly returned my first hesitant kiss; and it was she who silenced my even more fumbled offer of marriage several weeks later. "No," she said, "I don't want to be married, but we can move in together and see how it goes. If it doesn't turn out well, we can split and there'll be no bitterness."

And it was she who found the flat in Hume Street, on the top floor of one of those old Georgian houses in off the Green, within walking distance of both our places of work. There was extraordinary peace and loveliness in our first weeks together that I will always link with those high-ceilinged rooms—the eager rush of excitement I felt as I left the office at the end of the day; the lingering in the streets to buy some offering of flowers or fruit or wine or a bowl, and once one copper pan; the rushing up the stairs to call her name; the emptiness of those rooms when I'd find she hadn't got home yet.

"Why are we so happy?" I would ask.

"Don't worry it," she always said, and with a touch sealed my lips.

Early summer, we drove down one weekend to the small town in Kilkenny where she had grown up, and in separate rooms we slept above her father's bakery. That Sunday, a whole stream of relatives—aunts, cousins, two uncles, with trains of children—arrived at the house. Word had gone out, and they had plainly come to look me over. This brought the tension between herself and her schoolteacher mother into open quarrel late that evening after dinner. Her father sat with me in the front room, cautiously kind, sipping whiskey as we measured each careful cliché, listening to the quarrel slow and rise and crack in the far-off kitchen. I had found the sense of comfort and space charming at first, but by Monday morning I, too, was beginning to find the small town claustrophobic.

"Unfortunately, the best part of these visits is always the leaving," she said as we drove away. "After a while on your own, you're lured into thinking that the next time will somehow be different, but it never is."

"Wait—wait until you see my place," I said. "At least, your crowd made an effort. And your father is a nice man."

"And yet you keep going back to the old place?"

"That's true. I'm afraid it's just something in my own nature that I have to face. It's just easier for me to go back than to cut. That way, I don't feel any guilt. I don't feel anything."

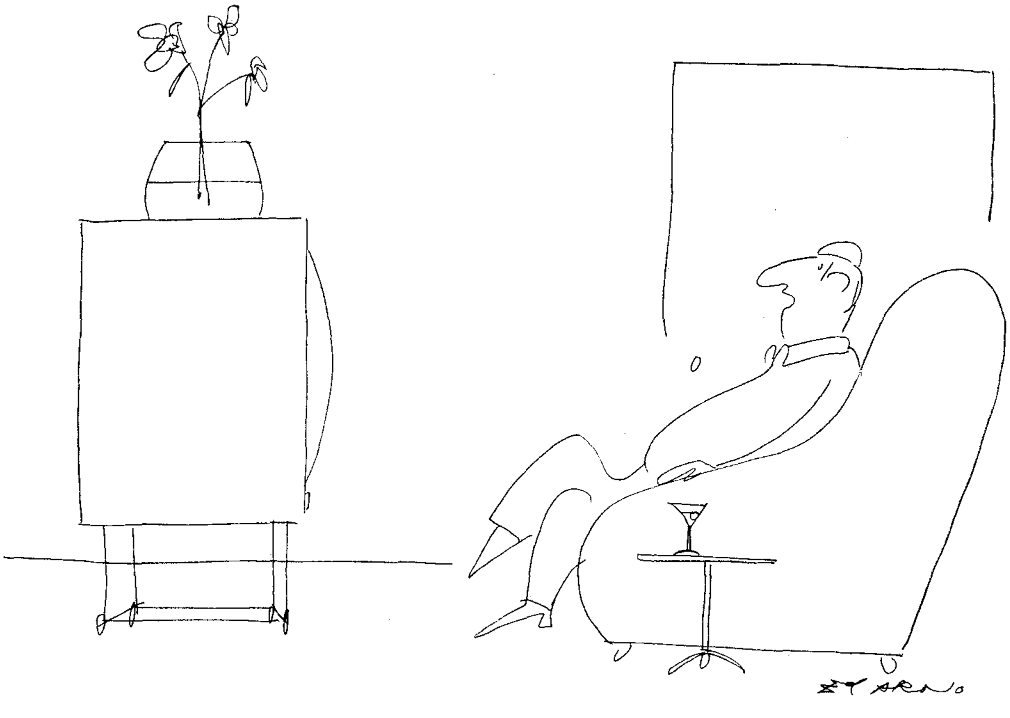
I knew myself too well. There was more caution than any love or charity in my habitual going home. It was unattractive and it had been learned in the bitter school of my ungiving father. I would fall into no guilt, and I was already fast outwearing him. For a time, it seemed, I could outstare the one eye of nature. I had even waited for love, if love this was; for it was happiness such as I had never known.

"You see, I waited long enough for you," I said as we drove away from her Kilkenny town. "I hope I can keep you now."

"If it wasn't me, it would be some other. My mother will never understand that. You might as well say I waited long enough for you."

"You might as well say that, too."

THE visit we made to my father, not long after, quickly turned to disaster far worse than I had at the very worst envisaged. I saw him watch us as I got out of the car to open the iron gate under the yew, but instead of coming out to the road to greet us he withdrew into the shadows of the hallway. It was my stepmother, Rose, who came out to the car when we had both got out and were opening the small garden gate. We had to follow her smiles and trills of speech all the way into the kitchen to find my father, who



"I said that years ago!"

was seated in the cane chair, and he did not rise to take our hands.

After a lunch that was silent in spite of several shuttlecocks of speech Rose tried to keep in the air, he said, as he took his hat from the sill, "I want to ask you about these walnuts." And I followed him out into the fields. The mock orange was in blossom, and it was where the mock orange stood out from the clump of egg bushes that he turned suddenly and said, "What age is your intended? She looks well on her way to forty."

"She's the same age as I am," I said blankly. I could hardly think, caught between the shock and pure amazement.

"I don't believe it," he said.

"You don't have to, but we were in the same class at university." I turned away.

Walking with her in the same field close to the mock orange late that evening, I said, "Do you know what my father said to me?"

"No," she said happily. "But from what I've seen I don't think anything will surprise me."

"We were walking just here," I began, and repeated what he'd said. When I saw her go still and pale, I knew I should not have spoken.

"Close to forty," she repeated. "I have to get out of this place."

"I'm sorry for telling you, but it's so blatantly untrue that I didn't think you'd take it seriously. If anything, you're too beautiful."

"I just want to get out of this place."

"Stay this one night," I begged. "It's late now. We'd have to stay in a hotel. It'd be making it into too big a production. You don't ever have to come back again, if you don't want to, but stay the night. It'll be easier."

"I'll not want to come back," she said as she agreed to see out this one night.

"But why do you think he said it?" I asked her later when we were both quiet, sitting on a wall at the end of the Big Meadow, watching the shadows of the evening deepen between the beeches, putting off the time when we'd have to go into the house, not unlike two grown children.

"Is there any doubt? Out of simple hatred. There's no living with that kind of hatred."

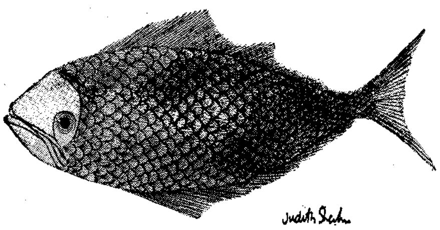
"We'll leave first thing in the morning," I promised.

"And why did you," she asked, teasing my throat with a blade of rye, "say I was, if anything, too beautiful?"

"Because it's true. It makes you public, and it's harder to live naturally. You live in too many eyes—in envy or confusion or even simple admiration, it's all the same. It makes it harder to live luckily."

"But it gives you many advantages."

"If you make use of those advantages, you're drawn in even deeper. And of course I'm afraid it'll attract people who'll try to steal you from me."



"That won't happen." She laughed. She'd recovered all her natural good spirits. "And now I suppose we better go in and face the ogre. We have to do it sooner or later, and it's getting chilly."

My father tried to be very charming at dinner that night, but there was a false heartiness to it that made it clear that it grew out of no well-meaning. He felt he'd lost ground, and was now trying to recover it far too quickly. Using silence and politeness like a single weapon, we refused to be drawn

CAMERON'S SONG: CLOUDLESS SULPHUR

The man I work for hums a partial song,
or constantly clears his throat.
I think I will never forget his face.
It is pink and gray, it falls in folds.
He reads the *Supervisor* magazine at his desk.
He puts it away.
He checks these items under Raw Stock:
KENMIX; KETONE; LITHOPONE—names with no sex—
then: SULPHUR, DEVIL-A; SULPHUR, SPIDER-J.

Outside the Cloudless Sulphur
butterflies meddle with the honeysuckle,
and a burnt taste drifts from the paper mill
or the oyster beds upriver.

The road ends in the factory.
It is schoolhouse brick.
A semi with giant whitewalls parks outside;
it looks like the plant manager in spats.
The morning is blue; it disappears at seven.
His name is Cameron on the laminated badge
he flashes the guard at the gate. He came from the war
in 1946 to Building 5. Shipping and Receiving.
He worked for an old guy, he says.
I think, Young Cameron, to see him in those days
with his smooth cheek.
He fixes the coffee for the other men,
two pots a day.
Around the coffeepot they can't not joke
or whistle; they make trills,
but no tunes.

One song stops outside the warehouse door.
A man comes in. He is black,
in a suit of cracked silver,
his mask lowered and hanging about his neck.
He works behind the yellow danger signs:
WARNING. ASBESTOS DUST. AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL.
But the man tells me that it makes no difference.
For the dust isn't partial; it hovers, waits
for the supple cartilage in the nostrils, the fine hairs;
it settles in the porches of the human ear,
insinuates itself behind the fingernails
where the moon fades in their dark skins.
It sinks down with the breath
and on the staff of the chromosomes
finishes their song.

—Wendy Salinger

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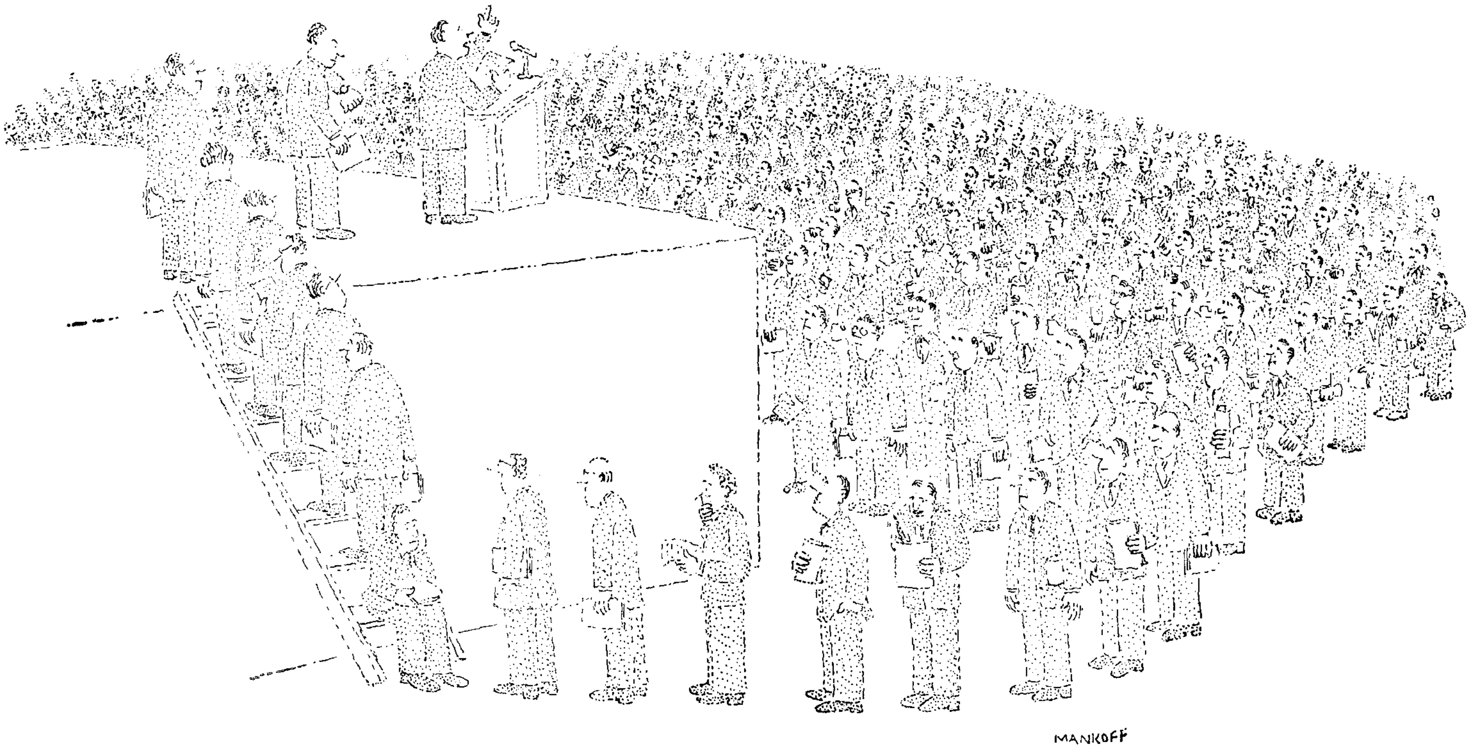

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in; and, when pressed to stay the next morning, we said unequivocally that we had to be back. Except for one summer when I went to work in England, the summer my father married Rose, I had always gone home to help at the hay; and after I entered the Civil Service I was able to arrange holidays so that they fell around haytime. At home they had come to depend on me, and I liked the work. My father had never forgiven me for taking my chance to go to university. He had wanted me to stay and work the land. I had always fought his need to turn my refusal into betrayal. And by going home each summer I felt I was affirming that the great betrayal was not mine but nature's own.

I HAD arranged my holiday to fall at haytime that year, as I had all the years before I met her, but since he'd turned to me at the mock orange I was no longer sure I had to go. I was no longer free, since in everything but name our life together seemed to be growing into marriage. It might even make him happy for a time to call it my betrayal.

"I don't know what to do," I confessed to her a week before I was due to take my holiday. "They've come to depend on me for the hay. Everything else they can manage themselves. I know they'll expect me."

"What do you want to do?"

"I suppose I'd prefer to go home—that's if you don't mind."

"Why do you prefer?"

"I like working at the hay. You come back to the city feeling fit and well."

"Is *that* the real reason?"

"No. It's something that might even be called sinister. I've gone home for so long that I'd like to see it through. I don't want to be blamed for finishing it, though it'll finish soon, with or without me. But this way I don't have to think about it."

"Maybe it would be kinder, then, to do just that, and take the blame."

"It probably would be kinder, but kindness died between us so long ago that it doesn't enter into it."

"So there *was* some kindness?"

"When I was younger." I had to smile. "He looked on it as weakness. I suspect he couldn't deal with it. Anyhow, it always redoubled his fury. He was kind, too, in fits, when he was feeling good about things. That was even more unacceptable. And that thing from the Old Bible is true. After enough suffering, a kind of iron enters the soul. It's very far from commendable, but now I do want to see it through."

"Well, then, go," she said.

We had pasta and two bottles of red wine at the flat the evening before I was to leave for the hay, and with talking we were almost late for our usual walk in the Green. We liked to walk there every good evening before turning home for the night.

The bells were fairly clamoring from all corners, rooting vagrants and lovers from the shrubbery, as we passed through a half-closed gate. Two women at the pond's edge were hurriedly feeding the ducks bread from a plastic bag. We crossed the bridge where the Japanese cherry leaned, down among the empty benches round the paths and flower beds within their low railings. The deck chairs had been gathered in, the sprinklers turned off. There was about the Green always at this hour some of the melancholy of the beach at the close of holiday. The gate we had entered was already locked. The attendant was rattling an enormous bunch of keys at the one through which we had to leave.

"You know," she said, "I'd like to be *married* before long. I hadn't thought it would make much difference to me, but, oddly, now I want to be married."

"I hope it's to me," I said.

"You haven't asked me." I could feel her laughter as she held my arm close.

"I'm asking now." I made a flourish of removing a nonexistent hat. "Will you marry me?"

"I will."

"When?"

"Before the year is out."

"Would you like to go for a drink to celebrate, then?"

"I always like any excuse to celebrate." She was biting her lip. "Where will you take me?"

"The Shelbourne. It's our local, and it'll be quiet."

I thought of the aggressive boot thrown after the bridal car, the marbles suddenly rattling in the hubcaps of the honeymoon car, their metal smeared with oil so that the thrown confetti would stick, the legs of the comic pajamas hilariously sewn up. We would avoid all that. We had promised one another the simplest wedding.

"We live in a lucky time," she said and raised her glass, her calm gray intelligent eyes shining. "We wouldn't have been allowed to do it this way even a decade ago. Will you tell your father that we're to be married?"

"I don't know. Probably not unless it comes up. And you?"

"I better. As it is, Mother will probably be furious that it is not going to be a big splash."

"I'm so grateful for this time together. That we were able to drift into marriage without that drowning plunge when you see your whole life in the flash. What will you do while I'm away?"

"I'll pine," she said, and laughed. "I might even try to decorate the flat out of simple desperation. There's a play at the Abbey that I want to see. There are some good restaurants in the city if I get too depressed. And, in the meantime, have a wonderful time with your father and poor Rose in the nineteenth century at the bloody hay."

"Oh, for the Lord's sake," I said as I paid the bill. Outside, she was still laughing so provocatively that I drew her toward me.

THE next morning, on the train home, I heard the weather forecast from a transistor far down the carriage. A prolonged spell of good weather was promised. Meadows were being mowed all along the line, and I saw men testing handfuls of hay in the breeze as they waited for the sun to burn the dew off the fallen swards. It was weather people prayed for.

I walked the three miles from the station. Meadows were down all along the road, some already saved, in stacked bales. The scent of cut grass was everywhere. As I drew close to the stone house in its trees, I could hardly wait to see if the Big Meadow, beyond the row of beech trees, was down. When I'd lived here, I'd felt this same excitement as the train rattled across the bridges into the city or when I approached the first sight of the ocean. Now that I lived in a city on the sea, the excitement had been gradually transferred home.

As I turned in at the gate, I could tell by the emptiness beyond the beeches that the Big Meadow had been cut. At the house, Rose and my father were waiting in a high state.

"Everything's ready for you," Rose said as she shook my hand, and through the window I saw my old clothes outside in the sun, draped across the back of a chair.

"As soon as you get a bite, you can jump in your old duds," my father said. "I knocked the Big Meadow yesterday. All's ready for go."

Rose had washed my old clothes before hanging them outside to air. When I changed into them, they were still warm from the sun, and they had that lovely clean feel that worn clothes after washing have. Within an hour, we were working the machines.

The machines had taken much of the uncertainty and slavery from haymaking, but there was still the anxiety of rain. Each cloud that drifted into the blue above us we watched as apprehensively across the sky as if it were an enemy ship, and we seemed as tired at the end of every day as we were before we had the machines, eating late in silence, waking from a listless watching of the television only when the weather forecast showed; and afterward it was an effort to drag feet to our rooms, where the beds lit with moonlight showed like heaven and sleep was as instant as it was dreamless.

It was into the stupor of such an evening that the gold watch fell. We were slumped in front of the television set. Rose, who had been working outside in the front garden, came in and put the tea kettle on the ring, and started to take folded sheets from the linen closet. Without warning, the gold watch spilled out onto the floor. She'd pulled it from the closet with one of the sheets. The pale face was upward in the poor light. I bent to pick it up. The glass had not broken. "It's lucky it no longer goes," Rose said under her breath.

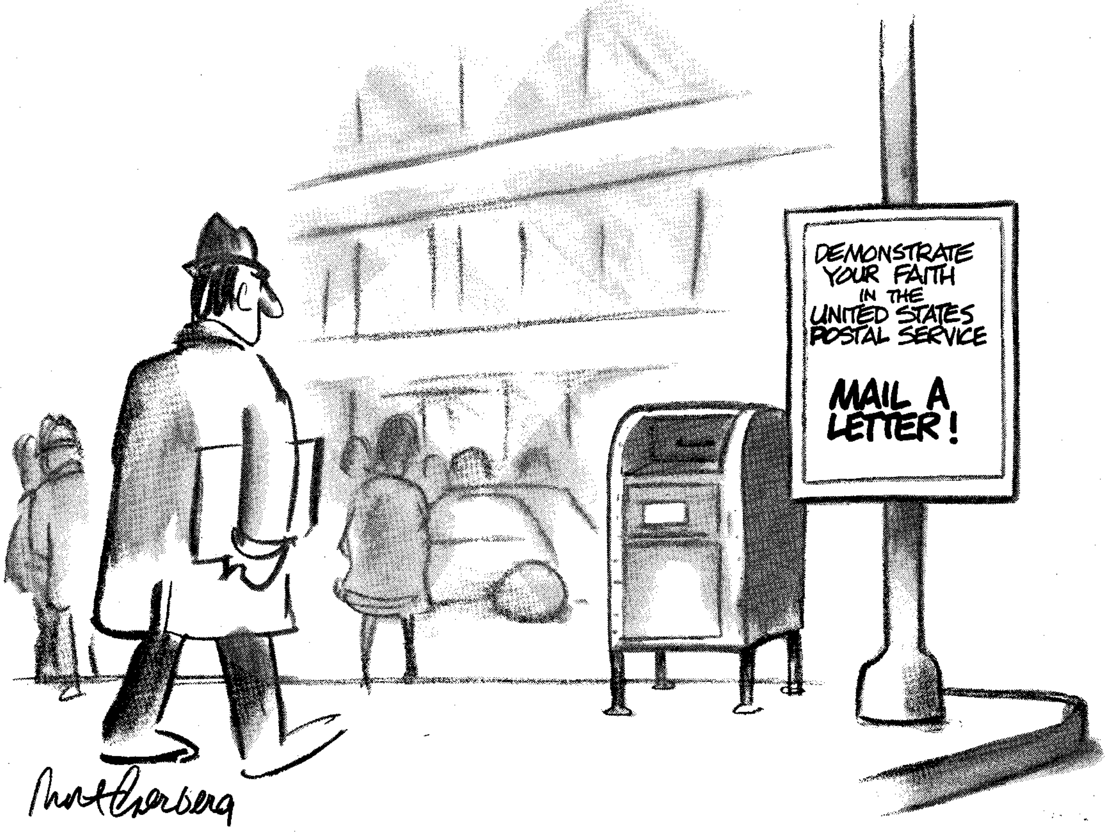
"Well, if it did, you'd soon take good care of that," my father said.

"It just pulled out with the sheets," Rose said. "I was running into it everywhere round the house, and I put it in with the sheets so that it'd be out of the way."

"I'm sure you had it well planned. Give us this day our daily crash. Tell me this: Would you sleep at night if you didn't manage to smash or break something during the day?" He'd been frightened out of a light sleep. He was intent on avenging his fright.

"Why did the watch stop?" I asked. I turned the cold gold in my hand. "Elgin" was the one word on the white face. The delicate hands were of blue steel. All through my childhood, it had shone.

"Can there be two rea-


DEMONSTRATE YOUR FAITH IN THE UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE
MAIL A LETTER!
Mort Gerberg

sons why it stopped?" His anger veered toward me now. "It stopped because it got broke."

"Why can't it be fixed?" I ignored the anger.

"Poor Taylor in the town doesn't take in watches anymore," Rose said. "And the last time it stopped we sent it to Sligo. Sligo even sent it to Dublin, but it was sent back. A part that holds the balance wheel is broke. What they told us is, they've stopped making parts for those watches. They have to be specially handmade. They said that the quality of the gold wasn't high enough to justify that expense. That it was only gold-plated. I don't suppose it'll ever go again. I put it in with the sheets to have it out of the way. I was running into it everywhere."

"Well, if it wasn't fixed before, you must certainly have fixed it for good and forever this time," my father said. He would not let go. His hand trembled on the arm of the rocking chair—the same hand that would draw out the gold watch long ago as the first strokes of the Angelus came to us over the heather and pale wheaten sedge of Gloria Bog: "Twenty minutes late, no more than usual. . . . One of these years, Jimmy Lynch will startle himself and the whole countryside by ringing the Angelus at exactly twelve. . . . Only in Ireland is there right time and wrong time. In other countries there is just time." We would stand and stretch our backs, aching from scattering the turf, and wait for him to lift his straw hat.

Waiting with him under the yew, suitcases round our feet, we would look for the bus that took us each year to the sea at Strandhill after the hay was in and the turf home, and to quiet us he'd take out the watch and let it lie in his open palm, where we'd follow the small second hand low down on the face endlessly circling until the bus came into sight at the top of Doherty's Hill. How clearly everything sang now, set free by the distance of the years; with what heaviness the actual scenes and days had weighed.

"If the watch isn't going to be fixed, then, I might as well have it," I said. I was amazed at the calm sound of my own words. The watch had come to him from his father. Through all the long years of childhood, I had assumed that one day he would pass it on to me. Then I would possess its power. Once, in a generous fit, he'd even promised it to me, but he did not keep that promise. Unfairly, perhaps, I expected him to give it to me when I graduated, when I passed into the Civil Service, when I won my first promotion, but he did not. I had forgotten about it until it had fallen out of the folded sheets.

I saw a look pass between my father and my stepmother before he said, "What good would it be to you?"

"No good," I said. "Just a keepsake. I'll get you a good new watch in its place. I often see watches in the duty-free airports." My work often took me outside the country.

"I don't need a watch," he said, and he pulled himself up from his chair.

Rose cast me a furtive look—much the same look that had passed a few moments before between her and my father. "Maybe your father wants to keep the watch," it pleaded, but I ignored it.

"Didn't the watch once belong to your father?" I asked, but the only answer he made was to turn and yawn before starting the slow, exaggerated shuffle toward his room.

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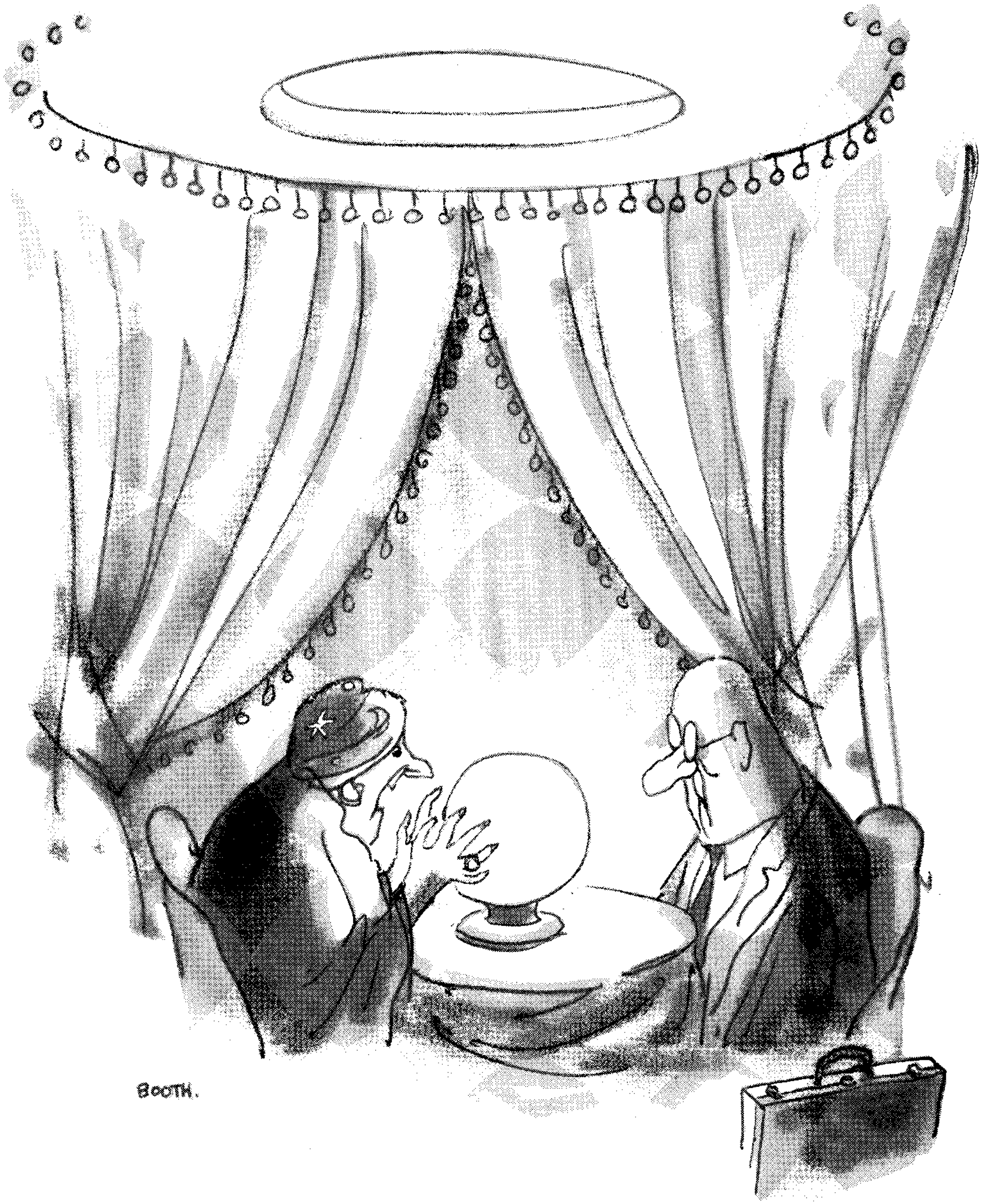
TO my delight, when the train pulled into Amiens Street Station, I saw her outside the ticket barrier, in the same tweed suit she'd worn the Saturday morning we met in Grafton Street. I could tell that she'd been to the hairdresser, but there were specks of white paint on her hands.

"Did you tell them that we're to be



"I see a vague figure of someone groping . . . groping . . . groping . . . Yes, yes, it's coming in more clearly now! It seems to be—yes, it is a man! The man has a briefcase! And some papers! The man is an economist!"

married?" she asked as we left the station.

"No," I said.

"Why not?"

"It never came up. And you, did you write home?"

"No. In fact, I drove down last weekend and told them."

"How did they take it?"

"They seemed glad. You seem to have made a good impression." She smiled. "As I guessed, Mother is quite annoyed that it's not going to be a big do."

"You won't change our plans because of that?"

"Of course not. She's not much given to change herself, except to changing other people so that they fit in with her ideas."

"This fell my way at last," I said, and I showed her the silent watch. "I've always wanted it. If we believed in signs, it would seem life is falling into our hands at last."

"And not before our time, I think I can risk adding."

We were married in October by a Franciscan priest in their church on the quays, with two vergers as witnesses, and we drank far too much wine at the lunch afterward in a new restaurant that had opened in Lincoln Court. Staggering home in the late afternoon, I saw some people on our street smile at my attempt to lift her across the threshold. We did not even hear the bells closing the Green.

It was dark when we woke, and she said, "I have something for you," taking a small, wrapped package from the bedside table.

"You know we promised not to give presents," I said.

"I know, but this is different. Open it. Anyhow, you said you didn't believe in signs."

It was the gold watch. I held it to my ear. It was running perfectly. The small second hand was circling endlessly low down on the face. The blue hands pointed past midnight.

"Did it cost much?" I asked.

"No. Very little, but that's not your business."

"I thought the parts had to be specially made."

"That wasn't true. They probably never even asked."

"You shouldn't have bothered."

"Now I'm hoping to see you wear it," she said, laughing.

I did not wear it. I left it on the mantel. The gold and white face and delicate blue hands looked very beautiful to me on the white marble. It gave me a curious pleasure mixed with guilt to wind it and watch it run; and the following spring, coming from a conference in Ottawa, I bought an expensive modern wristwatch in the duty-free shop of Montreal Airport. It was guaranteed for five years, and was shockproof, dustproof, waterproof.

"What do you think of it?" I asked her when I returned to Dublin. "I bought it for my father."

"Well, it's no beauty," she said, "but my mother would certainly approve of it. It's what she'd describe as 'serviceable.' "

"It was expensive enough."

"It looks expensive. You'll take it when you go down for the hay?"

"It'll probably be my last summer with them at the hay," I said apologetically. "Won't you change your mind and come down with me?"

She shook her head. "He'd probably say I look fifty now." She was as strong-willed as the schoolteacher mother she disliked, and I did not press. She was with child and looked calm and lovely.

"What'll they do about the hay when they no longer have you to help them?" she asked.

"What does anybody do? Stop. Do without me. Get it done by contract. They have plenty of money. It'll just be the end of something that has gone on for a very long time."

"That it certainly has."

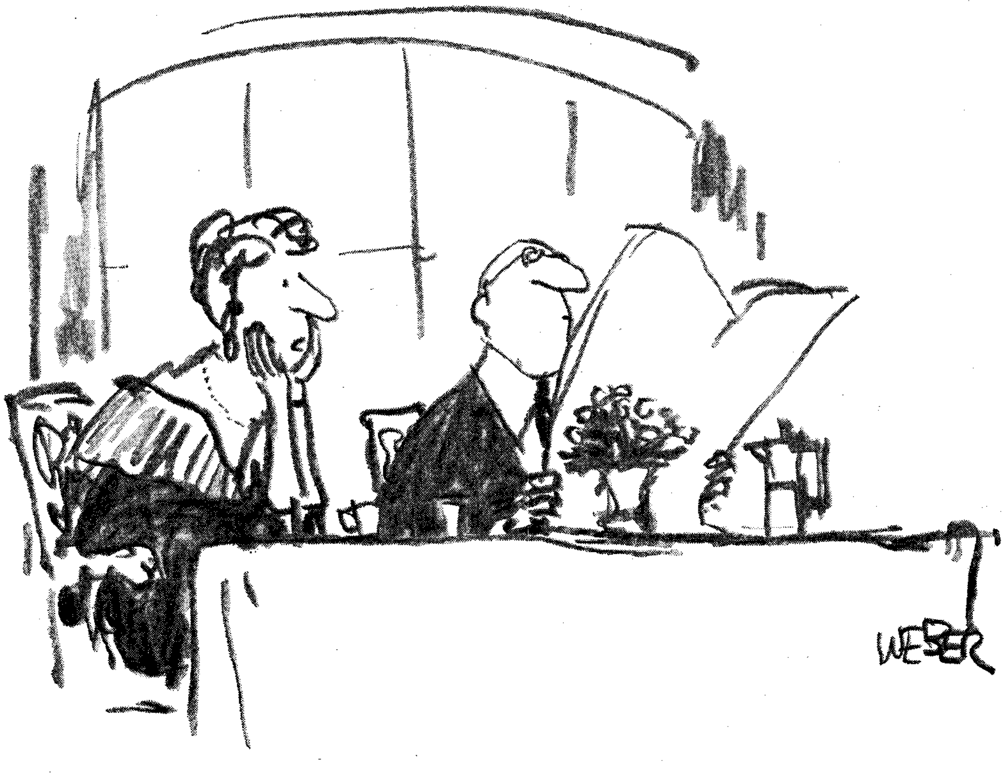
I CAME by train at the same time in July as I'd come every summer, the excitement I'd always felt tainted with melancholy that it would probably be the last summer I would come. I had not even a wish to see it to its natural end anymore. I had come because it seemed less violent to come than to stay away, and I had the good new modern watch to hand over in place of the old gold. The night before, at dinner, we had talked about buying a house with a garden out near the strand in Sandymount. Any melancholy I was feeling lasted only until I came in sight of the house. All the meadows had been cut and saved, the bales stacked in groups of five or six and roofed with green grass. The Big Meadow, beyond the beeches, was completely clean, the bales having been taken in. Though I had come intending to make it my last summer at the hay, I now felt a keen outrage that it had been ended without me. Rose and my father were nowhere to be seen.

"What happened?" I asked when I found them at last.

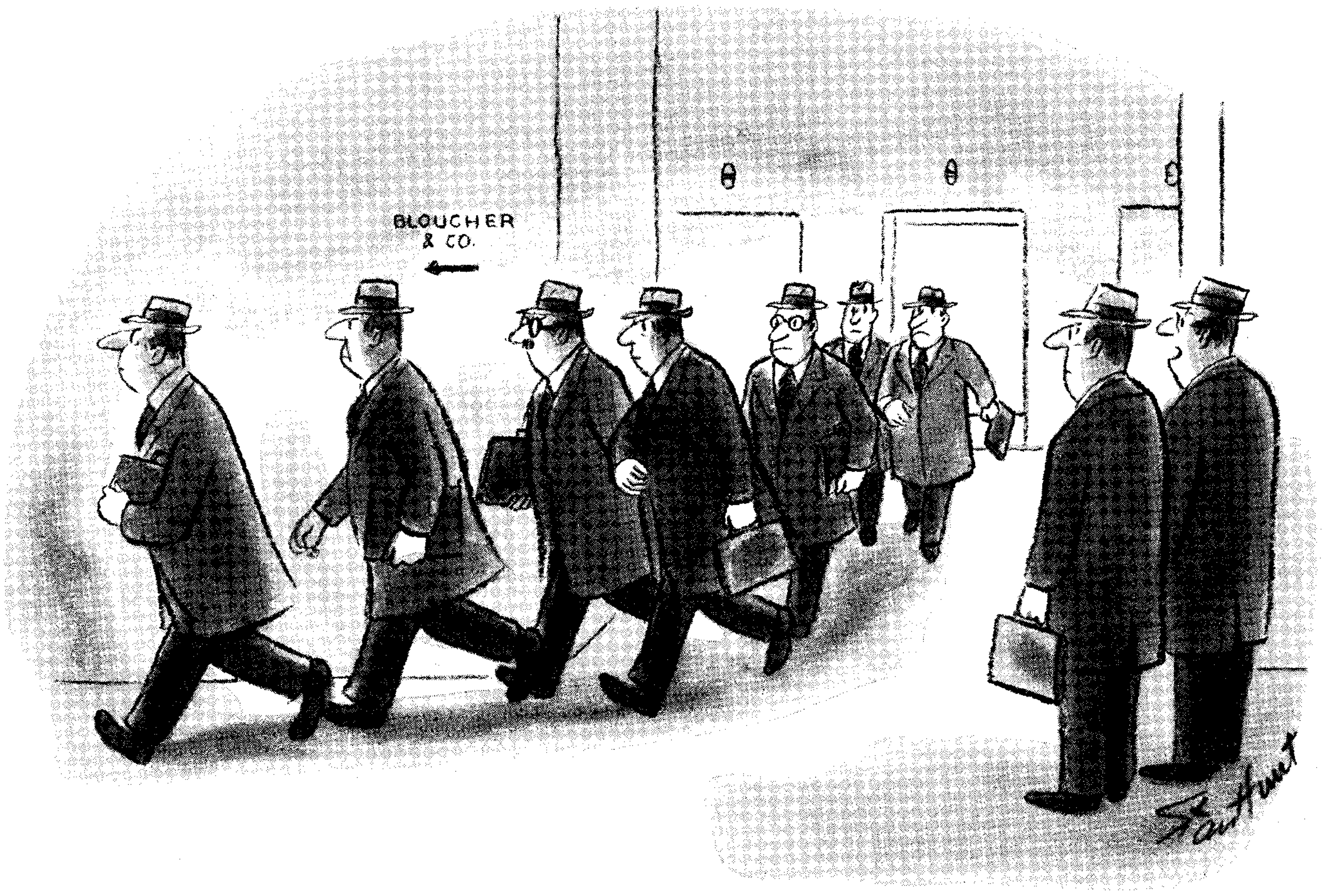
"The winter feeding got too much for us," my father said, as if it were a matter of little concern. "We decided to let the meadows. Gillespie took them. He cut early—two weeks ago."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

My father and Rose exchanged looks, and my father spoke as if he were delivering a prepared statement. "We didn't like to. And we thought you'd want to come, hay or no hay. It's more normal to come for a rest instead of to kill yourself at the old hay. And indeed there's plenty else for you to do if you have a mind to do it.



"Maynard, what would you do if I suddenly went cuckoo?"



"Something must be up. That's Bloucher & Company's seven-man secondary."

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I've taken up the garden again myself."

"I've brought these," I said, and I handed Rose a box of chocolates and a bottle of scent, and gave my father the watch.

"What's this for?" He had always disliked receiving presents.

"It's the watch I told you I'd get in place of the old watch."

"I don't need a watch."

"I got it anyhow. What do you think of it?"

"It's ugly," he said, turning it over.

"It was expensive enough." I named the price. "And that was duty-free."

"They must have seen you coming, then."

"No. It's guaranteed for five years. It's dustproof, shockproof, waterproof."

"The old gold watch—do you still have that?" he asked after a time.

"Of course."

"Did you ever get it working?"

"No," I lied. "But it's sort of nice to have."

"That doesn't make much sense to me."

"Well, you'll find that the new watch is working well, anyway."

"What use have I for time here anymore?" he said. But I saw him start to wind and examine the new watch, and he was wearing it at breakfast the next morning. He seemed to want it to be seen as he buttered toast and reached across for milk and sugar.

"What did you want to get up so early for?" he said to me. "You should have lain in and taken a good rest when you had the chance."

"What will you be doing today?" I asked.

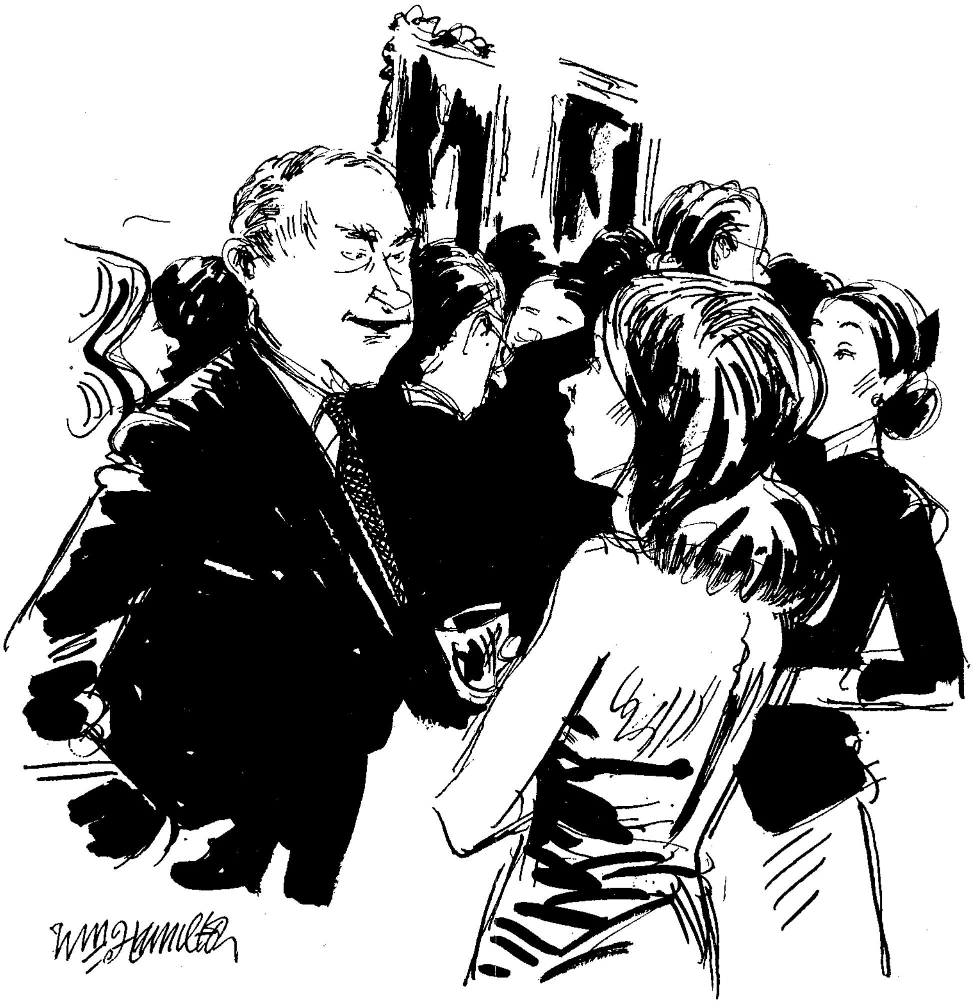
"Not much. A bit of fooling around. I might get spray ready for the potatoes."

"It'd be an ideal day for hay," I said, looking out the window on the fields. The morning was as blue and cool as the plums still touched with dew down by the hayshed. There was white spider webbing over the grass. I took a book and headed toward the shelter of the beeches edging the Big Meadow, for, when the sun eventually beat through, the day would be uncomfortably hot.

It was a poor attempt at reading. Halfway down each page, I'd find I had lost every thread and was staring blankly at the words. I thought at first that the trees and green and those few wisps of cloud, hazy and calm in the emerging blue, brought the tension of past exams and summers too close to the book I held in my hand, but then I found myself stirring uncomfortably in my suit—missing my old loose clothes, the smell of diesel in the meadow, the blades of grass shivering as they fell, the long teeth of the raker kicking the hay into rows, all the jangle and bustle and busyness of the meadows.

Suddenly I heard the clear blows of a hammer on stone. My father was sledging stones that had fallen from the archway where once the workmen's bell had hung. Some of the stones were quite beautiful, and there seemed no point in breaking them up. I moved closer, taking care to stay hidden in the shade of the beeches.

As the sledge rose, the watch glittered on my father's wrist. I followed it down, saw the shudder that ran through his arms as the metal met the stone. A watch was always removed from the wrist before such violent work. I waited. In this heat he could not keep up such work for long. He brought the sledge down again and again, the watch glittering, the shock shuddering through his arm. When he stopped, before he wiped the sweat away, he put the watch to his ear and listened intently. What I'd guessed was certain now. From the irritable way he threw the sledge aside, it was



"Of course, in those days there was a status quo worth fighting for."

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clear that the watch was still running.

That afternoon, I helped him fill the tar barrel with water for spraying the potatoes, though he made it known that he didn't want help. In an old piece of sacking he poured the small blue pebbles needed to make the spray, and he tied the sacking into a bag. By morning the pebbles would have dissolved in the water. When he put the bag of blue stone into the barrel to steep, he thrust the watch deep into the water before my eyes.

"I'm going back to Dublin tomorrow," I said.

"I thought you were coming for two weeks," he said. "You always stayed two weeks before."

"There's no need for me now."

"It's your holidays now. You're as well off here as by the sea. It's as much of a change and far cheaper."

"I meant to tell you before, and should have but didn't. I am married now."

"Tell me more news," he said, with an attempt at cool surprise, but I saw by his eyes that he already knew. "It's a bit late in the day for formal announcements, never mind invitations. I suppose we weren't important enough to be invited."

"There was no one at the wedding but ourselves. We invited no one—neither her people nor mine."

"Well, I suppose it was cheaper that way," he agreed sarcastically.

"When will you spray?"

"I'll spray tomorrow," he said. And we left the blue stone to steep in the barrel of water.

With relief, I noticed he was no longer wearing the watch, but the feeling of unease was so great in the house that after dinner I went outside. It was a perfect moonlit night, the empty fields and beech trees and walls in clear yellow outline. The night seemed so full of serenity that it brought the very ache of longing for all of life to reflect its moonlit calm. Yet I knew too well such calm neither was nor could be but was a dream of death.

I went idly toward the orchard, and as I passed the tar barrel I saw a thin fishing line hanging from a part of the low yew branch down into the water. I seemed to hear the ticking even before the wristwatch came up tied to the end of the line. What dismayed me was that I felt no surprise.

I felt the bag that we'd left to steep earlier in the water. The blue stone had all melted down. It was a barrel of pure poison, ready for spraying.

I listened to the ticking of the watch on the end of the line in silence before letting it drop back into the barrel. The poison had already eaten into the casing of the watch. The shining rim and back were no longer smooth. It could hardly run much past morning.

The night was so still that the shadows of the beeches did not waver on the moonlit grass but seemed fixed like a leaf in rock. On the white marble, the gold watch must now be lying face upward in this same light, silent or running. The ticking of the watch down in the barrel was so completely muffled by the spray that only by imagination could it be heard. A bird moved in a high branch, but afterward the silence was so deep it began to hurt, and the longing grew for the bird or anything to stir again.

I stood in that moonlit silence, as if waiting for some word or truth, but none came, none ever came; and I grew amused at that part of myself that still expected something, standing like a fool out there in all that moonlit silence, when only what *was* increased or diminished as it changed, became only what is, becoming again what *was* even faster than the small second hand endlessly circling in the poison.

Suddenly the lights in the house went out. Rose had gone to join my father in bed. Before going in this last night to my room, I drew the watch up again out of the barrel by the line and listened to it tick, now purely amused by the expectation it renewed that if I continued to listen to the ticking some word or truth might come. And when I finally lowered the watch back down into the poison I lowered it so carefully that no ripple or splash disturbed the quiet, and time, hardly surprisingly, was still running; time that did not have to run to any conclusion. —JOHN MCGAHERN

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"The best thing going for John Anderson," says Mrs. Hager, "is that our telephone and door-to-door canvassers are beginning to report back some strong negative feelings about him. That's what we want. He's different. That's our message. And he's different in ways that should stir up negative hostility."—*Wall Street Journal.*

But will they hate him in November as they did in March?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE WORLD'S RESOURCES

I—THE LEAN YEARS

THE promise of the industrial age has been accompanied by many disappointments, but none so devastating as the growing belief that our civilization is out of control. By every conventional measure, the postwar world born in 1945 has been a huge success. More goods have been produced and sold than ever before. More people have been working. The standard of living has never been higher. Yet as the suspicion increases that the era may be ending, there is a pervasive sense that something is deeply wrong. The new mood is no conventional pessimism but, rather, a loss of faith rooted in a sense of betrayal. We worked hard. We educated our children. We believed in the future. We followed all the rules of success. And somehow things haven't turned out right. As the postwar era began, economists promised managed prosperity through "fine-tuning" of the economy, and as it is ending they throw up their hands. The remedy for galloping inflation and nagging unemployment has yet to be discovered.

Scientists promised to break the bonds of human finitude, to open the secrets of the cell, and to unveil the mystery of the planets. Instead of these boundless horizons, however, limits have popped up everywhere. The symbol of the new world without options is the energy crisis. Burn gasoline and cities choke in fumes. Burn coal and the delicate ecological balance of the earth is jeopardized. Take the nuclear route and you court catastrophe. Mechanize agriculture to make it efficient and forty calories of energy are required to produce and deliver one calorie of food. Develop miracle pesticides and you produce miracle pests that seem to thrive on them. Such limits are rooted in a misfit between politics and the natural order which neither economists nor scientists nor corporate executives nor government bureaucrats quite understand.

Twenty years ago, it was fashionable—in the United States, at least—to worry about being rich. Liberals and conservatives had different notions about the perils of abundance. Liberals worried about "public squalor" and "pockets of poverty" in the midst of affluence. Conservatives took heart at the thought that any moral or political problems associated with private wealth could be solved by having more of it. For both, the answer was increased growth and indiscriminate consumption. In the thirty-five years following the surrender of Germany and Japan, the industrial world has used more petroleum and non-fuel minerals than had been consumed in all previous human history. The United States has bent, burned, or melted about forty per cent of the world's non-renewable materials in those years. During the nineteen-seventies, however, a rapid succession of shocks ushered in the politics of austerity. Suddenly, the word on everyone's lips was "scarcity." The world monetary system designed at Bretton Woods at the end of the war collapsed, and with it America's unique role as world banker. American forces withdrew in defeat from Vietnam. From nowhere, it seemed, faraway people acquired the power to produce panic in the industrial world. The oil producers raised the price of oil fourfold within six months, and the affluent society found itself with cold houses and gasoline lines. Nothing could have more effectively dramatized the dependence of industrial society on the world resource systems, or the fact that control over those systems was shifting.

Whoever controls world resources controls the world in a way that mere occupation of territory cannot match. When vital materials are in heavy demand and short supply, that circumstance alone gives certain people power over other people. Even the illusion of scarcity creates power. Indeed, the market operates almost totally on illusion. As materials become scarcer and more expensive, estimating their future availability becomes a political act. Every estimate published by a government or a corporation has a purpose. Figuring out the purpose may be a good starting point for solving the puzzle. Is the world really running out of everything? Are the gloomy predictions that the Club of Rome put forth in its 1974 book "The Limits to Growth" to be taken seriously? Is the world ignoring the swelling chorus of Cassandras at its peril? Or are the baleful prophecies themselves merely symptoms of the gathering pessimism—cries of anguish couched in the language of science? *Are* we running out? On the answer to that question hangs the future of politics. A world of scarcity is a world of inevitable struggle.

a. ehrenberg

Beyond the question of scarcity, there is the matter of the control over resources. Who decides what resources are developed, what they will cost, where they go? Clearly, the two questions are related. Whether there is a scarcity or an abundance of particular materials at particular times and places depends on human decisions. The planet is indeed finite. There is only so much copper, phosphate, zinc, and petroleum buried in the earth, and only so much land on which to grow food. Five critical resource systems—food, water, human energy, non-human energy, and non-fuel minerals—have all become increasingly integrated into global systems of control. How these systems of control operate determines which people in which parts of the world are hungry, cold, or out of work.

The five systems are tightly interrelated. Food to produce human energy cannot be grown without water; electrical energy cannot be generated without wire of copper, aluminum, or some other metal, which human energy must mine. To understand scarcity, we need to see how the systems fit together. The most crucial resource is, of course, non-human energy, for it is the key to all the others. If such energy were unlimited, it could be used to produce limitless quantities of drinkable water from the sea, to synthesize food for billions of people, and to excavate rich mineral deposits in the very depths of the earth or in outer space. It is the resource for gaining access to all the other resources.

Every generation is one of transition, but our own time portends bigger changes in the organization of the planet than we have had in at least five hundred years. A crisis of values has swept across both the capitalist and the socialist world; the rapid process of decolonization following four hundred years of imperial conquest in Asia, Africa, and Latin America is far from completed; profound struggles are tak-

TEPOZTLÁN

The Aztecs, conquering, brought Huitzilopochtli
and ceremonial slitting the heart out; Cortes,
a.k.a. Son of the Sun, along with new weapons,
El Señor, and the Virgin of the Remedies,
introduced Heaven and Hell (which the Tepoztecans
never quite took hold of); the gringos
arrived with sanitary arrangements
and a great many questions.
Autonomy
climbed down from the plane empty-handed,
carrying only introspection and a few
self-cancelling tropisms, innocent
of history as any peasant, to travel,
all in a day, from upland maguey fields'
clumped pewter prongs through treetop regions
where songbirds bright as parrots flashed
uncaged, living free as fishes; alongside
churches of ice-cream-tinted stone
carved like a barbed music, and venders
of a poisoned rainbow—*helados*, *refrescos*,
nopals, papayas, mangoes, melons all swarming
with warned-against amoebas—down
through villages smelling of pulque,
jasmine, and dysentery; past haciendas
torpid with dust, the dogs owned by nobody,
the burros, whether led or tethered, all
long-suffering rancor, the stacked coffins
waiting, mainly child-size (fatality—
part jaguar, part hummingbird, part
Gila monster—alive and well here,
clearly needs children); through the daily
dust-laying, late-afternoon rainstorm,
in cadenced indigenous place-names
the drip of a slow waterfall,
or of foliage when the rain stops—
arriving, just after sundown,
at the town of Tepoztlán.
Autonomy,
unaware that in some quarters
the place was famous, saw hanging
cliffs dyed a terrible heart-color
in the gloaming light; a marketplace
empty of people; a big double-towered
church whose doors stood open. No one
inside but a sexton in white *calzones*,
sweeping up a litter that appeared
to be mainly jasmine: so much fragrance,
so much death, such miracles—El Señor,
glitter-skirted, casketed upright in glass—
such silence . . . until, for no known reason,
overhead the towered bells broke out
into such a pounding that bats, shaken
from their hooked-accordion sleep
by the tumult, poured onto the dark,
a river of scorched harbingers
from an underworld the Tepoztecans
don't altogether believe in.
They speak
on occasion of Los Aires, or, in their
musical Nahuatl, of Huehuetzintzin,
the Old Ones. Who knows what ultimately
is, and what's mere invention? Autonomy,
encapsuled and enmembraned hitherto
by a deaf anxiety, left Tepoztlán
marked, for the first time ever,
by the totally unlooked-for—by a
halfway belief that from out there,
astoundingly, there might be,
now and then, some message.

—Amy Clampitt

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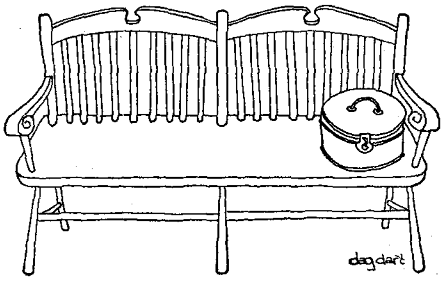
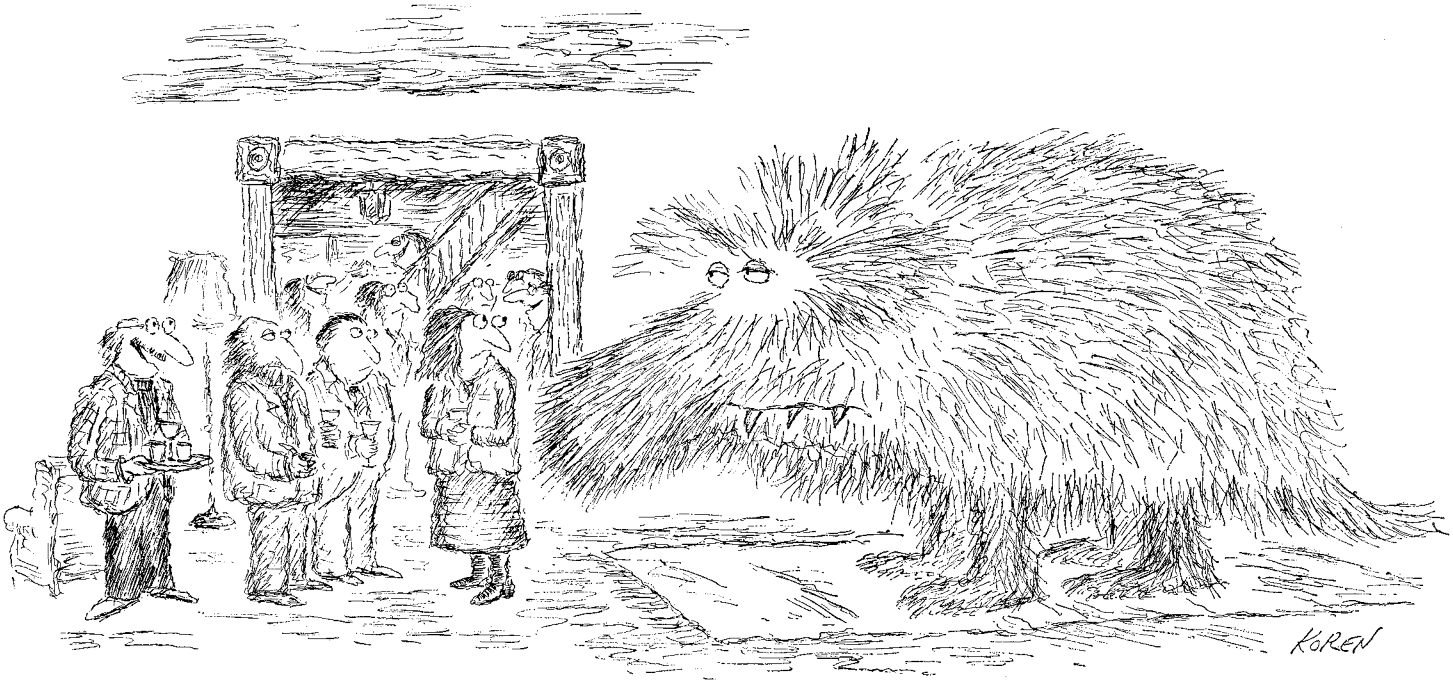
ing place or are in the offing—between rich and poor nations over their shares of the world product, within the industrial world over *their* shares of resources and markets, and between cities and regions within nations over access to food, fuel, minerals, and water. The world is already in the midst of a transition to a post-petroleum civilization.

We do not yet know what the material base of that civilization is to be or whether the alternative materials to sustain the present industrial order can be developed in time to avert catastrophe. A global struggle over resource distribution is currently under way. A key political question is whether the holders of power over the present resource systems will control the next. War has been a favorite way for great nations to meet their resource needs, and if there is another world war the conflict will most likely be over what the industrial states have come to regard as the elements of survival—oil, of course, and also iron, copper, uranium, cobalt, wheat, and water.

The age of scarcity has speeded up the global division of labor, and the rise of the multinational corporation has created the global factory. These changes in world production have transformed the nature of power itself, including military power. The world continues to spend over four hundred billion dollars a year on armaments; statesmen still make a religion of "national security." The headlines read like a travelogue of horror—Afghanistan, Iran, Angola, Chad, Nicaragua, Zaire, Lebanon, Vietnam, and other distant battlefields. But meanwhile the riches of the earth are being bought up, milled, melted, canned, shipped, dammed, and piped. More than diplomatic talk or chronic warfare, these activities are shaping our civilization and our future.



THE current debate about energy confuses three crucial questions: Is industrial civilization running out? Who or what is responsible? What can be done about it? For affluent societies, "running out" is so new an idea that it is easier to deny it than to understand it. Adjusting to a chronic energy shortage is especially difficult, because oil, the blood of industrial civilization, has always been cheap. It still costs less than a penny to drill and pump a gallon of Saudi Arabian oil and transport it to a Persian Gulf port. At that point, the markup—over ten thousand per cent—begins. Among the people of the affluent societies, suspicion runs high, since governments and oil companies have regularly used panic to persuade the public to support all sorts of disagreeable ideas, such as rationing, high prices, and subsidies to giant energy corporations, and the side effects of panic have been treated with doses of complacency. But now panic,



"He loves to be petted."

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having been used so long as a marketing aid, has lost the power to shock. Instead of inducing people to curb the suicidal impulses of modern civilization, the hysteria about energy has caused cynicism and emotional paralysis.

The world uses thirty thousand gallons of petroleum every second; about ten thousand gallons a second are consumed in the United States. Multinational companies still control almost forty per cent of the world's oil flow, and they act as world rationers, distributing oil to various parts of the world as profits and politics dictate. They are, by default, energy planners for the United States. In most free-enterprise economies, the state has at least some limited administrative powers to control consumption, to develop energy sources, and to choose sources of supply. But such governmental planning powers are primitive in the United States. The government is not in the energy business. It makes concessions available to private companies on its own oil lands, much as the sheikhs of Kuwait once did. It cannot determine where its imported oil will come from. The market's invisible hand—a complex network of executives of major oil companies, traders making spot sales by telephone, tanker-fleet owners, pipeline companies, independents, jobbers, and others—determines the fate and the route of particular barrels of oil. The President can cajole, the Secretary of Energy can establish regulations, but oil entrepreneurs, in collaboration with oil sheikhs and oil technocrats, determine the petroleum traffic.

As John Blair, a former chief economist for the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, has shown in his 1976 study "The Control of Oil," the industry is concentrated. Indeed, oil has been a way to keep private wealth concentrated, not only in the same corporate enterprises but in the same families. The peculiar characteristics of oil—its mobility and, as geologists say, its fugacity—made it a substance easy to monopolize and to control, from oil well to gas station. Exercising such control required huge amounts of capital but relatively few people, and this happy circumstance produced extraordinary profits. In the last century, large landowners joined the new oil-rich, because the gushers were on their property. The petroleum industry, dominated by a few families, took a lease on a fourth of all the privately owned land in this country. The descendants of the nineteenth-century oil barons have for the most part consolidated their family wealth by diversifying their holdings into the greater petroleum economy. The Rockefeller family still owns about one per cent of Exxon but has expanded its economic power by investing heavily in various products made possible by oil: petrochemicals, automobiles, aerospace, resorts, computers, banks. Rockefeller partners and employees, such as Charles Pratt and Edward Harkness, of Jersey Standard, and Henry Clay Folger, of Socony (now Mobil), became the social arbiters and philanthropists of the early decades of the twentieth century, as the railroad, shipping, and cotton kings had done seventy-five years before. The Mellons, who still own about sixteen per cent of Gulf, have kept their fortune intact in much the same way as the Rockefellers. The names of all these families are engraved on such monuments of American civilization as Rockefeller University and Pratt House, in New York City (Pratt House is where the Council on Foreign Relations meets); Harkness Tower, at Yale; and the Folger Shakespeare Library and the Mellon collection, in Washington. The great oil companies that the families founded became the pioneer multinationals and the models of the modern conglomerate.

The power of the oil companies would be quite sufficient in itself to arouse public suspicion, even if they were all run by saints. But then when prices go up and lines form at the service station, suspicion gives way to fury. Exxon is spending fourteen million dollars (seventy-eight per cent of its annual advertising budget) to promote itself—institutionally, rather than its products—and it is doing so because sixty-nine per cent of the public, according to a 1979 CBS-New York *Times* poll, thinks that the companies are using the energy crisis for profiteering. Gulf's profits in the first quarter of 1979 jumped sixty-one per cent, Texaco's and Mobil's profits jumped more than eighty per cent, and the profits of Standard Oil of Ohio, which has a large share of the Alaska North Slope, increased three hundred and three per cent. In 1978, the Seven Sisters—Exxon, Mobil, Texaco, Shell, Gulf, Standard Oil of California, and British Petroleum—were selling about thirty-eight per cent of all the oil moving in world trade. The return on investment capital was for the most part higher than it had been in the years before the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, or OPEC, engineered an increase of four hundred per cent in the price of oil in 1973-74.

Some of the giants are, of course, doing better than others. Mobil increased its profits sixteen per cent in the first half of 1978, mostly from its non-energy business and through phenomenal luck in bringing in wells in the Gulf of Mexico, while Texaco's fell twenty-eight per cent, because it was heavily dependent upon domestic wells and owned an excess of expensive antiquated gasoline stations. Annual statements can be somewhat misleading. Exxon's profits in 1977 were two billion four hundred million dollars—a decline of eight per cent from the year before—but most of the decline was due to the weakness of the dollar, which made paying off foreign debts more expensive. In the first quarter of 1979, Exxon's profit was almost a billion dollars—thirty-seven and four-tenths per cent more than the previous year. The company is in the midst of a capital-expansion program of twenty-four billion dollars, virtually all of it to be financed over four years with its own cash.

FLOUR
FLOUR
Koren

Ever since the energy crisis began, in 1973, when the Arab members of OPEC placed an embargo on the export of oil to the United States and the Netherlands, the tide of anger against the oil companies has ebbed and flowed. For a brief political interval in 1974, the public fury was so intense that the oil companies became populist targets. In 1975, forty-five senators voted to break up the oil companies. Senator Henry Jackson launched his 1976 Presidential campaign by treating the country's leading oil-company executives to the sort of television scourging formerly reserved for Hollywood Communists and labor racketeers. It was folk wisdom that the crisis was exaggerated, that the fifty-per-cent rise in heating bills and the doubling of gasoline prices were making the companies rich, and that the companies were in league with the sheikhs against the consumer—and it was all true. At one point, according to Mobil's chairman, Rawleigh Warner, "there were three thousand bills in the hopper in the Congress, all of them aimed directly at doing something dreadful to the oil industry." But by 1979 nothing more dreadful than deregulation and profitable price increases had occurred. Indeed, during this period the oil companies' problem was neither nationalization nor divestiture but what to do with their spare cash. To be sure, after the fall of the Shah of Iran there was a fresh surge of anger. The new Iranian government cut oil exports, and gasoline prices rose to more than a dollar a gallon. American officials accused the companies of raising the price well above what was warranted by the increase in the cost of a barrel of crude oil. The companies had overcharged the public almost two billion dollars, the Department of Energy declared. Howard Baker, the Senate Republican leader, warned the companies that they were in danger of being nationalized. But so far the vehicle for expressing public anger has not been legislation. How are we to explain this? Is anger simply a result of time spent waiting in gas-station lines? The 1979 shortage witnessed the same hysterical behavior as that of the 1973-74 crisis—screams, threats, assaults—but, beyond the anger and the hysteria, the crisis still hasn't been taken seriously.

The principal reason the United States and the other nations of the industrial world have not developed a serious response to the energy crisis is that the public still seems to believe there is actually plenty of oil—that the companies have been creating an artificial shortage in order to keep control of supplies and to keep prices and profits high. And these suspicions are still not completely groundless. In the wake of the Iranian crisis, companies did hold back sup-

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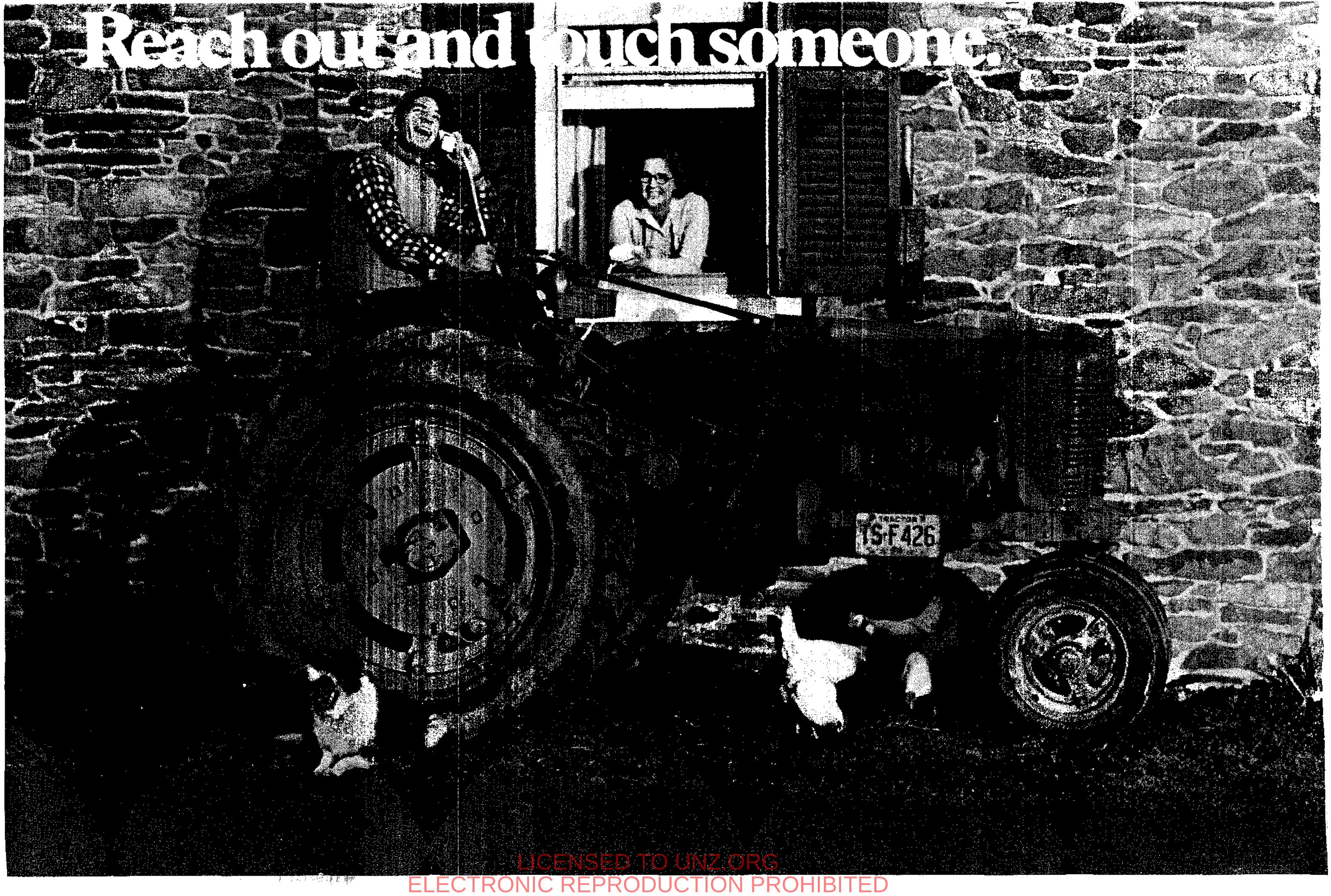
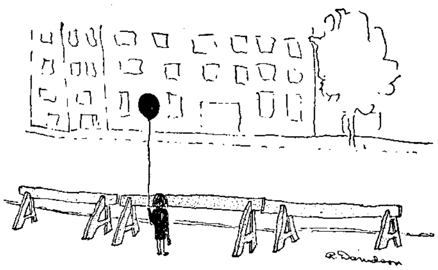
Bell System


Reach out and touch someone.
TS-T 426

plies "to build up our reserves," and they sold on the spot market, for double the OPEC price, oil from Caribbean refineries that was normally destined for the United States. All this raised prices at the service station even higher. But is there plenty of oil? The real question is: Plenty for what? There are trillions of barrels of oil in the ground—perhaps as many as six trillion—but unless oil is actually produced and made available on a schedule that meets the demands of industrial civilization a crisis cannot be averted. There are technical, economic, and, above all, political reasons that oil in the ground cannot be automatically translated into fuel for vehicles, hot showers, and air-cooled offices.

Professional oil estimators distinguish between "proven reserves," or pools of oil "recoverable at current prices and with current technology," and "ultimately recoverable reserves," or oil that could be extracted from the earth with new technologies and higher prices. Pessimists talk about the one and optimists emphasize the other. The World Energy Conference, an organization of international energy committees that met in Instanbul in September of 1977 and included twenty-nine specialists, a number of them employed by major oil companies, estimated that the ultimately recoverable reserves were somewhere between one trillion eight hundred billion and two trillion two hundred billion barrels—or enough, at the current rate of consumption, to last the world almost a hundred more years. About three-fifths of all this oil has been found, but less than one-fifth of it has been produced. Steven A. Schneider, a graduate student at the Institute of International Studies, in Berkeley, pointed out in the journal *Working Papers for a New Society* that "for every barrel of oil consumed during the 118-year oil era, there are four barrels of oil—discovered and undiscovered—still in the ground." Since one barrel of oil—forty-two gallons—will run a car about five hundred miles or keep a house in the Boston area at seventy degrees for three or four winter days, and since the whole world in 1977 used only twenty-two billion two hundred million barrels, it may seem that reports of the impending death of the petroleum era are premature. Moreover, recent surveys in Austria, France, and the Soviet Union suggest that the ultimately recoverable reserves may in fact considerably exceed the consensus. Mexico, which in 1971 was credited with three billion six hundred million barrels, now turns out to have perhaps more than a hundred billion. The estimate of Iraq's oil reserves has been more than doubled since the embargo of 1973. Peter Odell, an energy consultant to the British government, thinks that the petroleum era has at least two generations, perhaps sixty years, to go. "The so-called 'generally accepted oil shortage' is the outcome of commercially oriented interests rather than a statement of the essential realities of the oil resources of the world," he has said.

The information on proven reserves is largely in the control of the oil companies. Reserves increase whenever and wherever companies choose to drill and are lucky. Oil may be known to exist in great abundance in particular beds of porous rock deep in the ground, but if no company thinks that it can make a satisfactory profit recovering that oil it never becomes part of the world's proven reserves. A return of eighteen to twenty per cent on investment is the key to unlocking oil. In other words, the state of world reserves is far more a matter of economics and politics than of geology. Proven reserves are created only when companies actually recover oil. Where drilling is done has no relationship to the level of ultimately recoverable reserves. Thus, according to a study by John D. Moody, a geologist with Mobil, Latin America has a hundred and sixty-six billion barrels of oil, three-quarters of which is still in the ground. Africa has a hundred and sixty billion, Asia and the Pacific a hundred and thirty-one billion, and the Middle East six hundred and sixty-three billion; in each case, ninety per cent or more is waiting for the drill. Two-thirds of the active oil rigs in the world operate in the United States; there are twice as many oil wells in Kansas as on the entire continent of South America, and three times as many in Arkansas as in all of Africa. The digging of the United States is well advanced. Half of its ultimately recoverable reserves are already gone. Since the nineteen-fifties, American companies have shifted their investment from the United States to the Middle East. Since they were backed by American military might and America's controlling voice in the world economy, the case for their putting their capital into cheap Middle East oil instead of into tired oil fields back home was obvious. In 1956, sixteen thousand wells were drilled in the United States; by 1971, the annual total was only seven thousand. Because of the abundance and cheapness of Middle East oil and the willingness of the sheikhs to make only modest demands for a share of the profits, the expenditures per barrel of oil had fallen twenty-five per cent.

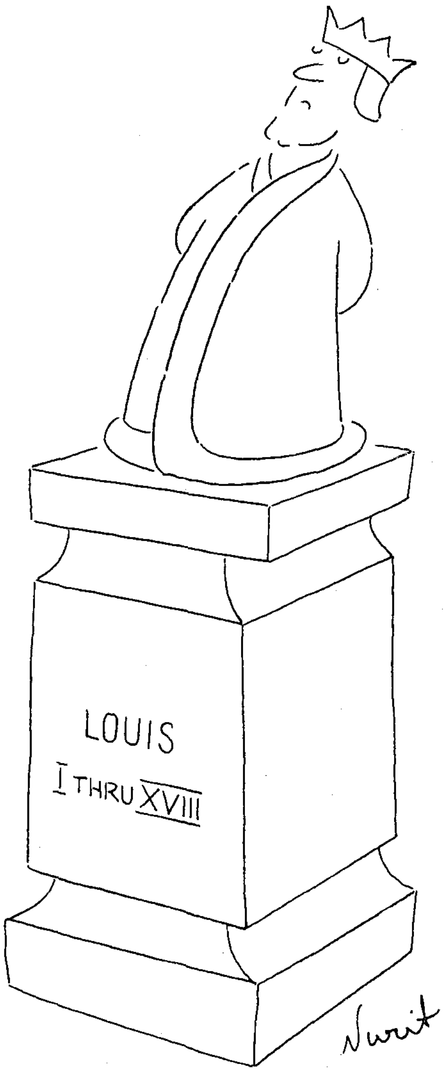


There are two kinds of oil fields, Steven Schneider has said—"subsistence fields, which you get along on, and bonanza fields, which make you rich." Only one per cent of the world's oil fields, he calculates, are in the bonanza category, but those "account for three-quarters of the world's resources." The bonanza fields in Texas and Oklahoma were discovered in the nineteen-twenties and thirties. Over twenty years ago, M. King Hubbert, then a leading oil geologist for Shell, warned that the United States was about to run out of oil, because new oil was becoming harder and harder to recover. The "continuously diminishing returns in the amount of oil discovered," Hubbert argued, means that "the inference can hardly be avoided that the pond is fished out." Barry Commoner, reviewing other estimates—most notably a 1970 report of a study committee of the National Petroleum Council—attributes falling production and reserves in the United States to a lack of effort by the oil companies rather than to the accelerating stinginess of nature. In truth, both factors are involved—increasingly unfavorable geological conditions for finding new oil as the bonanza fields are depleted, and deliberate choices about where the companies want to spend their money drilling or whether they want to drill at all. The issues are these: Given the national energy emergency, why aren't the oil companies doing more to cope with it? What would it take to induce them to fulfill the national need, and is that price one Americans should pay? It is risky to dig new holes. Exxon, Mobil, and Champlin, for example, spent almost a billion dollars drilling off the Florida coast in 1974, and five companies spent a hundred and fifty million dollars drilling in the Gulf of Alaska in 1977. Most of this drilling has now been abandoned. Oil companies prefer to pump oil from old wells that suddenly become economic because of higher prices, but when they do this instead of drilling new wells they are depleting reserves, not increasing them. They are using up what has already been counted, not adding to the over-all supply.

Whether drilling is economically attractive thus depends upon the cost of finding oil in a particular place, the chances of keeping it if it is found, and the allure of alternative investments. Whether there is an oil scarcity or an oil glut at any moment or in any place depends more upon what wells are drilled, where pipelines are situated, and which customers are preferred than upon what any maps or photographs of the earth's crust may show about the actual oil in the ground. Some countries are surveyed and some are not. Such choices are rather more likely to be made because of the political leanings of the regime than because of the qualities of the local rock formations. A number of Third World countries that import oil are believed to have enough petroleum to meet a substantial part of their needs. Jamaica, for example, which is one of many poor countries that are close to bankruptcy because of the high cost of importing all their oil, is thought to have enough to meet fifty per cent of its requirements. But oil companies avoid "unstable" regimes, and no regime is considered more unstable than one that might nationalize foreign-owned wells—a category that includes most countries of the Third World. Only recently has the World Bank begun a major program to finance the development of Third World oil fields. Clifton C. Garvin, Jr., Exxon's chairman, while his public-relations department was warning Americans of the worldwide energy crisis, tried to stop the program by urging then Secretary of the Treasury Michael Blumenthal to persuade the World Bank to leave such financing to the private sector. The development of new sources outside company control threatened to weaken further the domination of the world oil supply by the Seven Sisters.

Ultimately, then, the determining of future oil prospects hinges on predictions about the behavior of companies and governments rather than on guesses about the contents of the earth. Will the Russians have to import oil and thus cut into the world supply, as the Central Intelligence Agency has warned? Will the OPEC nations produce enough oil to meet the growing dependence of the West upon their sources? Companies control the immense global pipeline through which more than forty-five million barrels of oil flows every day from producer to consumer. At any of a number of points, business decisions and political decisions can intervene to slow down or speed up the flow or to divert it from one place to another. These business and political decisions affect the estimating process itself. John Blair argued in "The Control of Oil" that the oil giants engaged in planned and systematic restriction of output at home and abroad in order to maintain control of supply and to keep prices high. The estimating process is part of the strategy of control.

Estimates rise and fall depending upon what it is in the interests of the companies to disclose. No dependable evaluation of the estimates' accuracy exists. In general, companies have had an interest in understating reserves to keep prices up. After the Second World War, for example, Christopher Rand, a former executive of Standard Oil of California, says in his book "Making Democracy Safe for Oil," the industry not only refused to follow up on promising geological leads in Iraq but "kept the information it had acquired regarding the nation's oil potential very largely secret from the Iraqi government." In 1950, *Oil & Gas Journal* estimated the world's proven reserves (outside the socialist countries) at seventy-two billion barrels; we now know that two hundred and thirty billion barrels of oil discovered before 1950 did not find their way into the 1950 estimate. Part of the explanation is a complex calculating procedure under which new discoveries in an existing field are recorded as having been made in the year when the field was initially drilled. The Workshop on Alternative Energy Strategies, a study group of oilmen and economists at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has pointed out that there was a surplus in oil-production capacity in the nineteen-fifties and so there was "little incentive for oil explorers to speed the evaluation of new reserves."



Much of the public misunderstanding about energy scarcity arises from a failure to distinguish between the problem of temporary shortages and the historical prospect of petroleum exhaustion. The former is a function of a world market that is neither free nor perfectly controlled and often operates in jerky and disruptive ways. If oil does not get where it is needed, the reason may be that jobbers are stockpiling it, waiting for higher prices. Resales of shipments of crude oil from one part of a corporate enterprise to another to increase profits or to shelter profits from taxes are, according to a staff report of the House Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations, an area of real abuse. Oil companies reduce refinery runs when, as happened in 1978, world oil prices weaken, and the consequences are exaggerated shortages, such as occurred a year later. The United States government diverts large amounts of oil to the Strategic Petroleum Reserve, the federal stockpiles, and that increases the shortage. When Iran cut its exports by ninety per cent in early 1979, the companies held on to their stocks, claiming that "prudent management" required them to do so. Despite the sharp drop in Iranian production, however, world production in 1979 was up four and seven-tenths per cent over the previous year, and American imports and domestic production were up more than six per cent. In the oil business, various interests try to maximize their profits or to assure long-term supplies, and the consequences are disastrous for everyone except those interests. The world oil system does operate according to plan, but the planning system works for the companies, not for the public. The issue is not whether oil-company profits

"Here's to the truth as perceived by you."

• •

are too high. In a multinational corporation, the opportunities for transfer pricing, tax havens, and other accounting miracles are so rich that profit-and-loss statements are impressionistic at best. An argument about what a just profit is has the aura of a medieval debate. The important point about profits is that, whatever their level, they do not seem to get oil delivered where it is needed at prices that people can afford.

In 1975, the M.I.T. group concluded, on the strength of figures for proven reserves and production up to that time, that "the supply of oil will fail to meet increasing demand before the year 2000, most probably between 1975 and 1995." Predictions of blackouts and brownouts all across North America in the early nineteen-eighties are becoming commonplace. These pessimistic judgments are arrived at through comparisons of the rate at which oil from proven reserves can be produced with the rate of projected demand. Such figures show that demand is outrunning supply—that, within the existing political framework, it does not appear possible for the industrial world to turn the trillions of barrels of oil in the earth into kilowatts and gallons of gasoline fast enough. A bonanza field such as Mexico's is barely sufficient to keep the industrial world going for ten years. And there is no reason whatever to believe that the huge oil deposits in Third World countries are going to be developed on a schedule to suit the nations hungry for gasoline. Because of the enormous increase in demand, we have come near—in the so-called developed world, at least—to the end of the era of oil. As much oil was produced and consumed in the nineteen-sixties as had been produced and consumed in the hundred years before that decade.

In 1976, the United States, with six per cent of the world's total population, consumed twenty-nine per cent of all the petroleum. Between 1975 and 1978, the annual increase in American consumption ranged between two and seven per cent, though in 1979 it declined somewhat. The millions of inhabitants of Asia, Africa, and Latin America took very little of the world supply, even when their leaders made heroic efforts to industrialize. China, for example, increased its petroleum consumption thirty per cent from 1975 to 1976 and still, with almost a billion people, or twenty-five per cent of the world population, managed to take only two and a half per cent of the world supply. Energy consumption in the United States is no longer growing exponentially, as it did in the early years of the century, but it is still growing fast. In 1974, as a result of the recession, energy consumption declined in the United States, as it did elsewhere in the industrial world. When recovery came, the United States slowed its rate of increase somewhat. The gross national product increased faster than the rate of energy consumption—a fact that economists make much of, but one that did not keep the United States from importing forty-five billion dollars' worth of oil in 1978 and sixty-two billion dollars' worth in 1979. Thus, while it is fair to say that in the years since the "oil shock" the United States has not done significantly worse than other countries in improving its conservation efforts, it started from a plateau of profligate energy use unmatched by any society. By some measures—per-capita income, hourly wages, education level—the Swedes have a higher standard of living, but they are much less extravagant in energy use.

In the United States, most of the reduced energy demand in the years immediately following the energy crisis of 1973-74 was attributable to the reduced demand for goods in the recession. Insulation and holding thermostats down caused home consumption of energy to fall about two per cent each year. (Still, according to a study by the American Institute of Architects, between twenty-five and fifty per cent of the energy consumed in old buildings is wasted, and the figure for new buildings goes as high as eighty per cent. The A.I.A. estimates that the United States could save a third of its entire energy consumption by installing energy-efficient heating and cooling systems.) The increased use of hydroelectric power and natural gas and a sixteen-per-cent cut in energy use in the energy industry itself are among the principal reasons that the rate of increased consumption was kept relatively low once recovery began, in 1976. But, for all the talk of small cars and speed limits, the consumption of gasoline soared well over twelve per cent in the mid-nineteen-seventies and began to decline only after the second round of price increases at the end of the decade.

At some point in this generation—possibly in this decade—the oil era will come to an end. That means not that oil will disappear but, rather, that the demand for it will exceed the available supply. A crisis of industrial civilization may well occur long before global supplies are exhausted, or even before the day when consumption overtakes production. The key to the problem is timing. Reserves may still be high, but a situation in which oil cannot be delivered to ultimate users in time to keep factories running, cars moving, and homes heated is the definition of a true crisis. In such a crisis, the issue is not the number of barrels in the earth or how much oil can be produced in five years but who gets the oil that is available at the moment.

"IT is difficult for people living now, who have become accustomed to the steady exponential growth in the consumption of energy from the fossil fuels, to realize how transitory the fossil-fuel epoch will eventually prove to be when it is viewed over a longer span of human history," the oil geologist M. King Hubbert noted. The era of fossil fuels—which he defined as the period in which human beings burned up eighty per cent of the total supply of oil, gas, and coal—would turn out to last, he calculated, about three hundred years. Some coal was burned over two thousand years ago, and some oil may still be burned two thousand years hence, but in infinitesimal quantities, given the energy requirements of the present and the projected industrial civilization.

What, then, is to be done? There is wide agreement that the post-petroleum civilization should be run on renewable energy resources. Whether the principal source is to be nuclear energy or solar energy is a matter of controversy in every industrial country. The choice of a strategy of transition—how to convert an oil-based energy system into one or the other—is becoming one of the major political struggles of the century. Whether a society chooses coal, natural gas, or something else, like shale oil, as its principal transition fuel will make and unmake fortunes and change the face of nations.

Barry Commoner, one of the leading advocates of solar energy in the United States, argues that natural gas is the best "bridging fuel" to a solar-power system—which, he has said, can be fully in place in fifty years. Natural gas, the closest cousin to oil, is a mixture of methane, ethane, propane, and butane gases. About one-third of proven natural-gas reserves are found together with crude oil, in the same reservoirs. Until around 1920, the gas was regarded as a dangerous impurity, to be burned off to keep the oil pristine, although it was piped from local oil wells in the West and Southwest for the heating of a few homes. For the most part, it was too expensive to produce and transport as a commercial fuel. Today, natural gas accounts for more than a quarter of America's total energy consumption and for more than half of the energy used in running factories and heating homes. In the last several years, it has quadrupled in price despite government regulation. By the end of 1975, natural gas in an amount equivalent to five hundred and twenty billion barrels of oil had been discovered around the world, and a hundred and twenty-three billion barrels had been consumed. These proven reserves are estimated to be about a quarter to a half of the ultimately recoverable reserves. The United States Bureau of Mines report "Mineral Facts and Problems" estimates world resources of natural gas to be "at least 10 times current proven reserves." Of the almost four hundred billion barrels that were estimated to be available shortly after the embargo of 1973, a hundred and thirty-seven billion were in the OPEC countries, forty-six billion in the United States and Canada, thirty-one billion in Western Europe, twenty-eight billion in Mexico and elsewhere in the Western Hemisphere, Asia, and Africa, and a hundred and forty-four billion in the Soviet Union, China, and the rest of the socialist world. Estimates of ultimately recoverable reserves have been dramatically increased in recent years.

As the historian Carl Solberg points out in his book "Oil Power," by the mid-nineteen-twenties big oil companies were using natural gas to run their Gulf Coast refineries. Then methane, the primary ingredient of natural gas, turned out to be the key to the huge petrochemical industry, because it could be used to produce miraculous transformations: by one process it could become a solvent, by another a fibre or an adhesive, by another a rubbery substance. Petrochemicals that are derived principally from natural gas are now used in more than three thousand products, including plastic-coated aluminum siding, synthetic rubber, lacquers, aerosol propellants, anesthetics, detergents, and fertilizers. By the early nineteen-seventies, about five per cent of the natural gas produced was being used in petrochemicals.

But the biggest use in the United States was for heating, cooling, and cooking, and this use depends on an underground network of pipelines bigger than our railroad system. Though less visible, it has had a comparable impact upon the country. In the nineteen-thirties, the development of welded pipe that could withstand high pressure made long-distance gas pipelines possible. Within a decade, pipelines from the gas fields of the Southwest reached as far as St. Louis, Chicago, and Minneapolis, and after the Second World War they reached the Northeast. Handsome profits were now flowing to distributors who bought Texas gas for five or ten cents per thousand cubic feet and sold it in New Jersey for thirty cents. The distributors competed fiercely for the most profitable lines, bugging each other's telephones from time to time and bribing local politicians for franchises where that was necessary. The face of suburbia changed. Gone were the early-morning furnace stokings, the fumes, the ashcans dragged down icy walkways, and the grime that were the hallmarks of coal civilization. "Gas Heats Best" became the slogan of the utilities, and millions of new customers agreed. The new boom fuel also invaded the lair of its competitors. Machinery for strip mining in Appalachia now operated on natural gas instead of coal. Half of all the natural gas produced went to industry, most of it to fire boilers. Industrial use was heavily concentrated in the Far West. Interstate natural-gas traffic was regulated; the Federal Power Commission guaranteed producing companies a twelve-per-cent return on investment. But gas that was sold locally could fetch much higher prices, and by 1971 forty per cent of all the gas produced was sold in a market that had been developed to escape federal regulations. Indeed, ninety per cent of the gas from new wells was "intrastate" gas, and much of it was being used, instead of coal, by electric utilities. Making electricity is a particularly inefficient use of gas—a waste, for profit, of a versatile energy resource which Lee White, the former F.P.C. chairman, termed a "national scandal."

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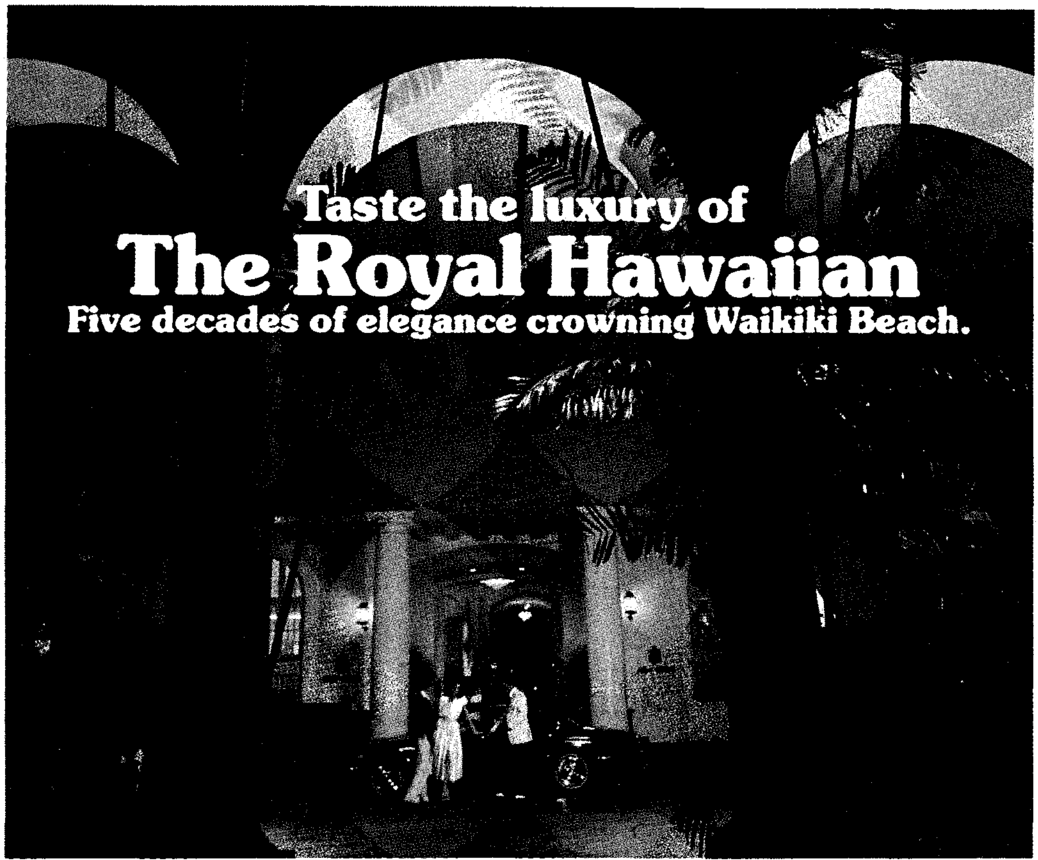

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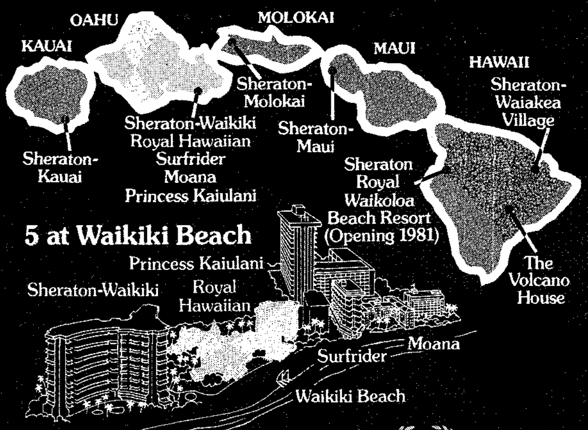

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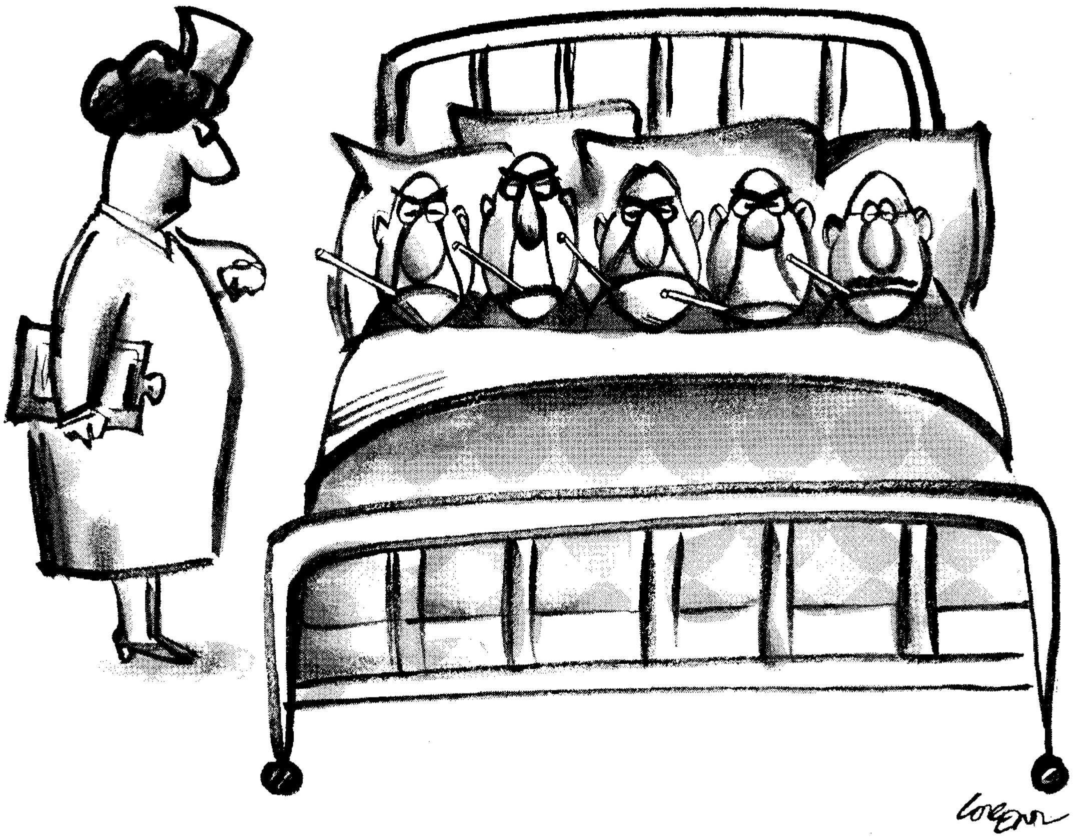

The Twenty-four-Hour Flu Strikes the Investment Firm of Benedict, Korngold, Halsey, Bromer & Strull

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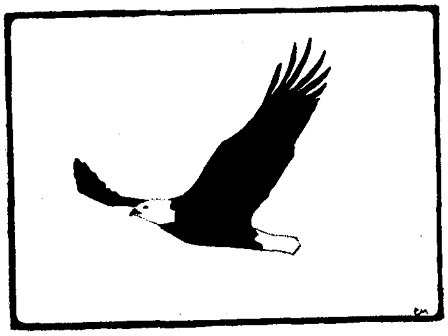
producers of natural gas, but eighty of them control about two-thirds of the interstate market. The perennial argument of the gas companies is that federal regulation discourages the search for gas. The nineteen-sixties were the boom years when the utilities and suburban households converted to gas, but between 1956 and 1971 the number of natural-gas wells dropped by half, exploratory drilling declined fifty per cent, and between 1957 and 1963 more than four hundred and fifty drilling firms went out of business. No new bonanza fields had been found, and the costs of deep drilling to find new gas rose to between three and a half million and fifteen million dollars per well. (Conventional wells, of the sort drilled when gas was more accessible, cost about three hundred thousand dollars.) Much of the new gas was offshore—risky as well as costly to produce. By 1985, because of the passage of the bitterly contested natural-gas bill in 1978, the industry will be free of federal price controls altogether. For that matter, controls on gas from especially deep and expensive wells have already been lifted. But recent history does not lend much support to the predictions that high gas prices will produce enough gas to reduce imports of OPEC oil significantly. Between 1969 and 1976, the price of "new" gas rose from eighteen cents per thousand cubic feet to a dollar and forty-two cents, and progressively less gas was being produced. The companies say, of course, that the price wasn't high enough, but a Congressional Budget Office study estimates that total deregulation—the industry panacea that will send the price up to between four and five dollars by 1985—will result in a production increase of only five per cent. Complete deregulation will cost consumers ten billion dollars more a year. A disproportionate share of that amount is being paid by the working poor and the middle class, to whom the furnace or the stove is more essential than the car.

In the winter of 1973-74, there was an acute natural-gas shortage. In twenty-two states, companies refused to accept new customers. In California, Pacific Lighting curtailed its gas shipments to such major employers as Kaiser Steel, Lockheed, and fertilizer and canning companies, forcing those users to switch to alternative fuels—usually the more expensive propane or diesel. A California canning company called Tri-Valley Growers, for example, estimated the cost of converting its seven canneries to diesel at three and a half million dollars. The gas companies insisted that only deregulation and higher prices would solve the problem. Joseph Rensch, the president of Pacific Lighting, predicted—as part of a three-million-dollar public-relations campaign—that without a new pricing policy thirty-eight thousand small businesses in California would face cutoffs. The Stanford Research Institute concluded that the gas shortage would cost California eight hundred thousand jobs by 1981. Two years later, the Federal Power Commission estimated a national "shortfall" of one trillion six hundred billion cubic feet. In mid-1978, however, immediately after the deregulation bill was passed, the prospect of natural gas in great abundance suddenly materialized. "The gas industry is entering an entirely new era," said George Lawrence, the president of the American Gas Association, which is the industry trade association. With prices headed for four dollars per thousand cubic feet—up from twenty-nine cents for "old," regulated gas—a dramatic upsurge in drilling loomed. Plans for new rigs in the Tuscaloosa Trend, a gas-rich geological formation in southeastern Louisiana, were announced. For years, industry spokesmen had been warning of falling reserves, but once the deregulation bill had passed, the world looked completely different. "It wouldn't surprise me if new deep production in the U.S. reached 8 trillion cubic feet by the year 2000," Robert A. Hefner III, an Oklahoma City deep driller, told *Newsweek.* The estimates by gas men of unconventional sources of natural gas were dizzying. In the Northeast, there were perhaps six hundred trillion cubic feet locked in shale deposits dating back to the Devonian period. All it would take to get it was huge amounts of capital and new technology. There were perhaps six hundred trillion feet more in beds of sandstone in the West, but figuring out how to release it was a problem. (One government-sponsored experiment tried breaking up the sandstone with nuclear explosions, but they melted the rock formation and sealed the gas in even more tightly.) There were huge amounts of methane gas in coal mines. A Russian scientist said he thought that world reserves of methane below the ocean floor amount to thirty-five million trillion cubic feet.

Like the oil companies, the natural-gas companies are in almost exclusive possession of information on reserves. They make available to the American Gas Association what information they wish to, and the A.G.A. assembles the data for use by federal regulators, who make those data the basis of the official natural-gas inventory. Professor Philip Areeda, of the Harvard Law School, who served as staff director for a Cabinet task force on energy in the Nixon Administration, has reported that a high company official told him how much he regretted having given out "the optimistic-pessimistic data as distinct from the pessimistic-pessimistic data." Actually, according to the Federal Trade Commission, the gas companies keep three estimates of reserves—one for the Internal Revenue Service, one for the American Gas Association, and one that is held within the company for management and planning purposes. In March of 1975, the Bureau of Competition of the Federal Trade Commission charged that "A.G.A. reserve reporting procedures are tantamount to price rigging," and in 1975 the House Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations found enormous discrepancies between the reserves on company books and what the companies had reported to the A.G.A. The United States Geological Survey, after subpoenaing A.G.A. records, found that for federal lands, where the Survey can get accurate data (in contrast to the data it gets on reserves held on private lands), the A.G.A. reported eight trillion eight hundred billion cubic feet less than the government estimate. An F.P.C. staff investigation found that during the bitter winter of 1976 the companies could have made available three hundred billion cubic feet more—enough, as Bethany Weidner, an aide to Senator James Abourzek, of South Dakota, noted in an article in *The Progressive*, "to reduce by one-third the curtailment suffered by consumers, schools, and factories." Weidner concluded that there was "little doubt that the industry has delayed production and withheld available gas." In 1974, Shell had a reserve of more than two trillion cubic feet kept out of production, and defended its action by claiming that more gas couldn't be produced, because additional production facilities, more drilling, and new pipelines were needed. Yet those bottlenecks were not natural disasters but the result of previous company decisions not to invest. "It's easy to look at raw statistics and jump to erroneous conclusions," G. C. Bankston, the Shell vice-president for production, told *Business Week*. One wonders how much the prospect of deregulation and higher prices might have influenced their decisions.

COAL, because it is dirty, hard to mine, and inconvenient to transport, is everyone's least favorite fuel. But, because it is incredibly abundant, it keeps making a comeback after the convenient fuels appear to be heading for exhaustion. About three-fourths of all fossil-fuel reserves in the United States are coal, and that three-fourths constitutes perhaps a quarter of the world's coal supply. Coal was first produced in America at the beginning of the eighteenth century, but the age of coal in this country did not really begin until the latter half of the nineteenth century. As late as 1850, the United States was burning ten times as much firewood as coal. With the advent of the railroads and the steel industry, coal became the country's dominant fuel. The steam turbine, developed in the eighteen-eighties to make electricity, devoured a great quantity, and an enormous new market was born. By the end of the First World War, about six hundred and sixty million tons were being produced annually.

The coal age in America was short—or so it seemed until recently. From the time of Woodrow Wilson to the time of Richard Nixon, the use of coal declined from seventy per cent of the nation's total energy consumption to about seventeen per cent. An even more precipitous decline occurred with respect to anthracite—the hard coal that was used widely a generation ago for heating homes. A hundred million tons were produced in 1917, and only six million in 1975. The abandonment of coal was not difficult to understand. Oil and natural gas became more available, and they were more easily transportable. The environmental hazards, the risks to miners, the dirt, the recurring tragedy of collapsing mines, the threat of strikes, and the memories of labor violence all contributed to the image of coal as a primitive commodity, to be transcended as quickly as possible. In his article for the journal *Working Papers for a New Society*, Steven Schneider summarized the danger:



> Deep mining is the nation's most hazardous occupation. Since 1970, 125,000 miners have been injured and 216 killed in major mine disasters. Each miner has a one in eight chance of suffering an injury each year, and 17 out of every 100 miners contract black lung disease. If the true cost of deep-mined coal were to be calculated, it would include at least the $1.50 for every $20 ton of coal that the government currently pays to miners incapacitated by black lung disease.... Coal burned in U.S. utilities currently accounts for about a sixth of all fine-particulate air pollution.

Nevertheless, as far back as the Second World War coal production began increasing again, and while production has fluctuated in recent years, the increase has continued at a steady rate. Starting in 1963, the major oil companies began buying up coal fields and mines in Appalachia and the Midwest. A few years later, they began to lease coal reserves on government territory and on Indian lands. Gulf bought the Pittsburg & Midway Coal Company. Continental took over Consolidation Coal (the nation's largest independent) and became the second-largest holder of coal leases on federal lands. Exxon is the leading holder of such leases on state and federal land, with reserves of about nine billion tons of coal. Standard Oil of Ohio took over Old Ben, and Occidental bought Island Creek. Today, seven of the fifteen largest coal producers are oil companies, and a quarter of all coal reserves is in the hands of the petroleum industry.

By 1975, production levels in the bituminous-coal industry had reached an all-time high. "America has more coal than the Middle East has oil. Let's dig it"—so ran a familiar advertisement in the aftermath of the oil embargo. Coal fascinates government energy planners as "the energy bridge to the future," which is what the Exxon Corporation calls it in ads. The reason is that the United States sits on an enormous bed of coal. (The reason coal fascinates Exxon is that the corporation owns a good piece of that bed through the Monterey Coal Company and the Carter Mining Company.) Anyone who dreams of making the United States "self-sufficient" in energy cannot help being enthusiastic about coal. The Geological Survey has identified over seventeen hundred billion tons of coal, all of it available at a depth of less than three

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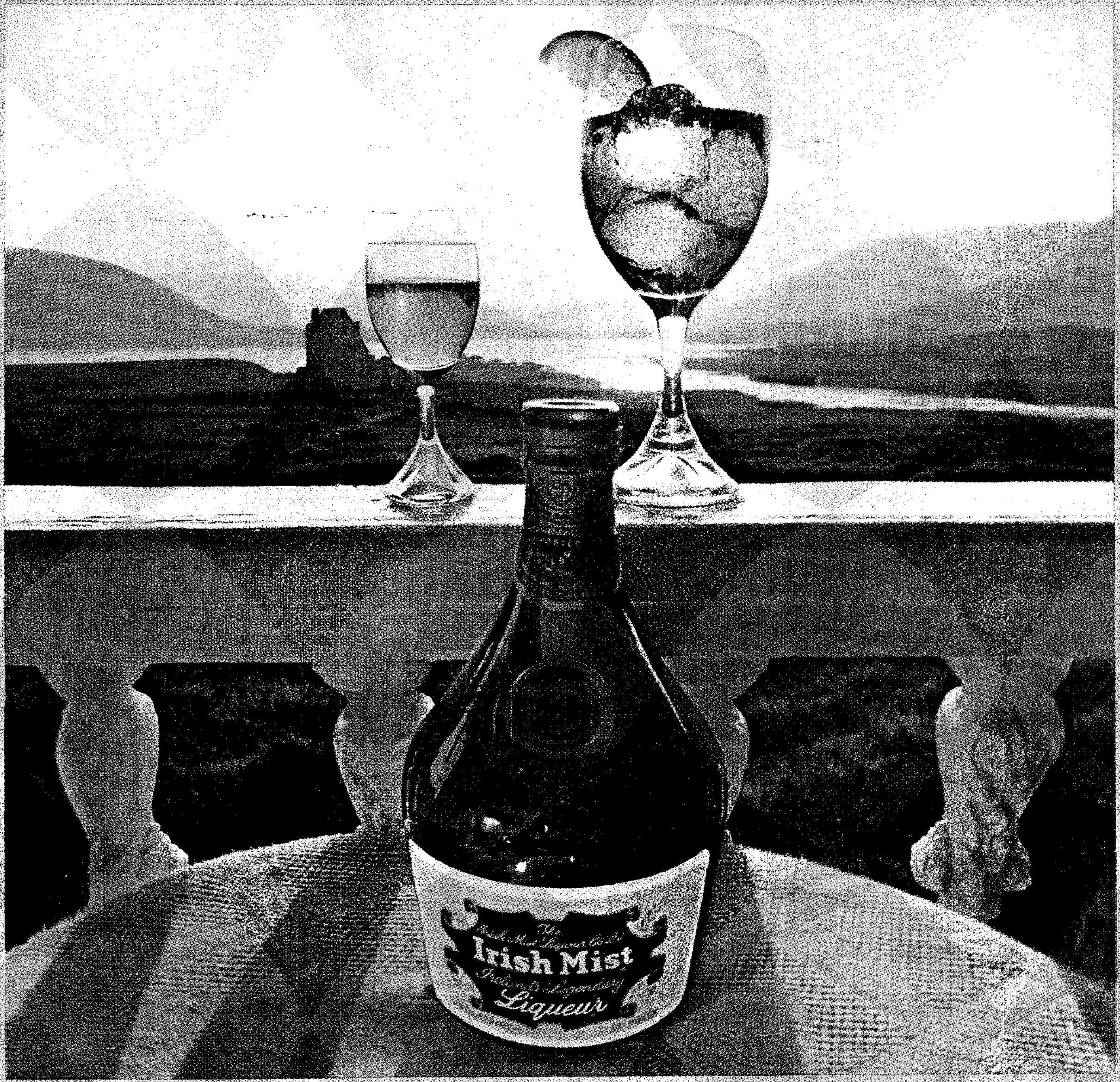
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thousand feet. Four hundred and thirty-four billion tons of this are available using present mining technology and assuming today's prices. President Carter's original proposals for taxing utilities and industries that are heavy consumers of oil and natural gas and offering incentives for conversion to coal, put forth in April, 1977, called for an increase in coal use of sixty-nine per cent by 1985; at that point, coal would produce more than half of all the nation's electricity. The idea was that as oil imports were reduced the coal would be substituted to meet industrial needs. Tax incentives would be used to persuade industry to convert to coal burners, with higher taxes being imposed on those who chose to stay with oil or natural gas. Congress chopped away at the proposals, and the rush back to coal has been something less than a stampede. By the middle of 1977, coal contributed only about one per cent more to the nation's total energy consumption than it had five years earlier. Forty-eight per cent of our electricity is now produced with coal, as opposed to forty-four per cent in 1971. The federal Office of Technology Assessment predicts that by 1985 the amount of coal used to generate electric power will have increased by between sixty-seven and ninety per cent. The amount of coal used in the future depends, of course, on total energy demand and what happens to nuclear power. The direct use of coal by industry has been modest (sixty-two million tons in 1975), but the amount used is expected to double by 1985.

Although a 1979 study by the Office of Technology Assessment states that "tripling of coal production and use by 2000 appears to be possible without either substantial regulatory relaxation or major technological innovations," a coal-based energy system presents many problems. One is money. According to estimates made by the Bankers Trust Company, about twenty billion dollars in new capital for mine development alone is needed in the next few years. That is a manageable sum for the big energy companies, but they are reluctant to commit it until the economics of coal become clearer. The costs of producing coal, and hence the profits from mining it, depend in part upon a variety of political choices: government policy on Western coal leases; subsidies; the permissiveness of the pollution controllers; the development of new transportation technology; and the enforcement of mine safety. How profitable it is for the energy companies to mine their newly acquired coal depends critically upon transportation costs. Railroads are antiquated, and huge shipments of coal in either raw or processed form can cause accidents. An alternative mode of transporting coal is to reduce it to slurry, a sort of carboniferous liquid, which is then propelled through pipelines to its final destination. In recent years, the Bechtel Corporation, which has been the principal contractor for this new coal technology, has engaged in a continuing skirmish with the railroads to acquire rights-of-way for slurry pipelines. The railroads successfully blocked the acquisition, and also blocked legislation that would have subsidized the system. But Bechtel, Fluor (an engineering-and-construction firm), and a consortium of associated companies outflanked the railroads by getting condemnation orders from state courts for the land under railroad rights-of-way.

The fight between the railroads and the construction giants is a good example of a persistent problem in alternative-energy planning. The choice of technology can mean the rise or fall of an industry. Moving slurry by pipeline may be more convenient, more efficient, and safer than moving coal by rail, but if national welfare dictates rebuilding the railroads, as many people believe that it does, diverting the coal traffic, a traditional mainstay of the railroad business, does not make sense. Whether old technology like the railroads is redeveloped or new technology is introduced can determine the fate of millions of people—whether they will have jobs or find themselves in a ghost town.

Another question that coal poses—both in the East, where eighty per cent of production now takes place, and in the West, where sixty per cent of the reserves are to be found—is how to mine it. The companies are attracted by the idea of scratching coal from the surface with huge bulldozers and power shovels in the West instead of employing increasingly angry miners in much larger numbers to dig for it underground in the East. The proliferation of wildcat strikes has made the coal fields the most tempestuous arena of labor-management relations in the country. Moreover, in one hour a man can produce three times as much coal by strip mining as he can by digging, and the return on investment for strip-mined coal is almost double that of deep-mined coal. The sociology of underground mining is completely different from that of strip mining. The traditional mining family, in which a new generation descended into the pits as the last one reached retirement, is becoming a relic; subterranean life, with all its hazards, is losing its attraction for young people. Strip mining, on the other hand, attracts construction workers and a host of other workers looking for relatively high wages. The trouble with strip mining is that the bulldozers leave the twisted and churned earth looking like the surface of the moon. To reclaim such land is expensive. Estimates range from a thousand dollars an acre to eight thousand—a figure that makes the reclaimed land cost more than the best corn-belt farmland—and in some areas proper reclamation is impossible at any price, because of insufficient rainfall. Proper reclamation where it is possible, though, would add about a dollar a ton to the cost of strip-mined coal, and so far the companies have stoutly, and to a large extent successfully, resisted paying that cost. Industry pressure "watered down" a strip-mine bill in 1977, as President Carter noted when he signed it.

In addition to damaging the landscape, all forms of mining involve health and environmental costs that, under social pressure, are translated into economic costs. Compensatory payments to miners whose lungs have been damaged by black-lung disease are likely to reach eight billion dollars in 1980. New systems for controlling respirable dust, rescue systems for trapped miners which use seismic detectors, and better lighting are being introduced as a result of increasing protests against the deplorable safety conditions in underground mines, but mining is still dangerous, and burning coal is still toxic. According to a National Academy of Sciences study, the sulphur dioxide emitted by a typical coal-fired electric plant causes about twenty-five fatalities, sixty thousand cases of respiratory disease, and twelve million dollars in property damage each year. Large-scale reliance on coal, this study warned, could exacerbate the "greenhouse effect"—a global warming trend triggered by the release of carbon dioxide, which theoretically could change the wind patterns and make the weather in vast areas too capricious for farming. Coal burning also produces dangerous carcinogens in the atmosphere which can affect everybody. A recent study by the National

Institutes of Health concluded that at least twenty per cent of all cancers are caused by industrial pollution. Under recent amendments to the Clean Air Act, utilities must install "scrubbers" to render the sulphur dioxide harmless. But scrubbers, according to the Environmental Protection Agency, increase the cost of producing electricity anywhere from six to fifteen per cent. The devices are far from perfected, and carry only a ninety-day warranty. And the ones now on the market do not purify nitrogen oxides, which cause diseases of the lower respiratory tract, particularly in children; under present plans to burn more coal, nitrogen-oxide levels would increase eighteen per cent by 1985, according to a federal Energy Research and Development Administration study.

Mining could be made substantially safer. Years of extra life for miners can be gained by investing hundreds of millions in safer mines. This has been done in the nationalized coal-production systems of the Soviet Union, China, and Great Britain, and in privately owned mines in Australia. Health care now takes about eight and a half per cent of our gross national product—about as much as the military. Whether the United States can safely rely on coal for a major share of its energy needs depends upon our understanding the true environmental costs and our ability to devise a political strategy for sharing these costs in an equitable way. The critical factor in determining the cost and safety of coal compared with that of, say, nuclear energy is technology. How much safer and cheaper and more transportable can new technology make an ancient geological deposit? How much will the new technology cost, and who will pay for it?

In the early nineteen-fifties, when petroleum replaced coal as America's major energy source, coal science could no longer compete for the best innovative minds, and the state of technology in the industry declined. In the last few years, however, a great deal of attention and investment have gone into developing new processes for making synthetic fuels from coal. The Department of Energy is sponsoring a number of pilot projects testing alternative processes for converting coal into gas. The first commercial plants are not expected to be ready until the mid-nineteen-eighties, and even then the conversion of coal to gas may not be cost-competitive with oil. Also, it requires enormous quantities of water—from thirty to two hundred gallons—to produce a million BTU's of coal-gas energy, the equivalent of one-fifth of a barrel of crude oil. Since the conversion plants are to be situated near the Western coal fields available for strip mining—already an area of severe water shortage—this presents a serious problem for the development of coal-conversion technology.

Major attention is also turning to processes for converting coal into liquid fuel. During the Second World War, the Germans produced synthetic petroleum from coal in commercial quantities by a process known as Fischer-Tropsch. South Africa, which has no domestic crude oil, has greatly improved the technology and is now dependent on it. The state-owned South African Coal, Oil & Gas Corporation supplies about eighty per cent of the nation's energy needs from coal and coal-related fuels. For the United States, resorting to synthetic fuels involves great risks. The capital costs of building a coal-based synthetic-crude plant are estimated conservatively at three to four billion dollars. Some bankers believe that these estimates should be doubled. Where all this money will come from is a big question. The government cannot simply print it without feeding a crippling inflation, nor can federal bureaucrats find it without cutting spending elsewhere more than they dare. Private bankers are likely to be reluctant to supply the capital on the scale needed, even with government guarantees, because the investment is risky. Whether expensive fuel alternatives are competitive depends upon the price of oil. If OPEC were to lower the price of a barrel of oil after major investments in synthetics were made, the consequences would be disastrous.

For these reasons, the search is on for technologies that could make coal safer to transport, more efficient to burn, and less polluting. One promising technology is "fluidized-bed" combustion. The process begins with the feeding of crushed coal into a bed of inert ash mixed with limestone or some similar material. The bed is "fluidized," or held in suspension, by the injection of air through the bottom of the bed at a controlled rate great enough to produce a boiling effect. The coal burns within the bed in such a way as to maintain high combustion efficiency, high heat-transfer rates, and reduced emission of pollutants. A pilot plant will begin operation in 1980 at Wood-Ridge, New Jersey. In addition, the United States has joined Britain and Germany in building a test facility in Grimethorpe, England, under the auspices of the International Energy Agency, which is an organization of the principal energy-consuming countries. Fluidized-bed devices are now being made in Sweden. According to the energy expert Amory Lovins, this technology can produce the same energy as a gasification plant using only two-fifths the coal.

The years in which the world discovered the oil shortage have been kind to the owners of coal. Between 1969 and 1977, the price per ton jumped to twenty-one dollars and fifty cents from four dollars and ninety-nine cents. In the mid-seventies, profits went from thirty-nine cents a ton to three dollars and twenty-five cents a ton. The question of whether profits are "excessive" cannot be answered any better than it can in the case of oil. The energy companies defend their enormous profits, and even their enormous profit increases, by noting that their return on investment since 1974 has averaged twelve and a half per cent, or slightly less than the average return for all

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manufacturing companies. Jeffrey A. Nichols, the vice-president of a corporation doing economic research for oil companies, is not disturbed by his clients' profits; they are not, he says, "excessive, abnormal, or unfair."

DESPITE the accident last March 28th at the Three Mile Island power plant, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, government and industry officials who are committed to nuclear power have continued to paint an optimistic picture of the nuclear future. In the end, it is asserted, no one was hurt by Three Mile Island. According to Dixy Lee Ray, a former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, being killed in a nuclear accident is as likely as being bitten by a poisonous snake while crossing the street in Washington, D.C. Perhaps so, but no private insurance companies will insure fully against a nuclear accident, and Congress has taken the risk seriously enough to provide insurance of five hundred and sixty million dollars per nuclear accident—a figure that the Supreme Court has noted is a good "starting point" for calculating costs of such an accident.

The risks of a catastrophic meltdown—an accident in which a reactor's fuel core burns its way out of the reactor building and into the earth—are no easier to calculate after Three Mile Island than they were before. That fact represents one of the strongest arguments against basing the American economy on nuclear power: the costs and consequences of a catastrophic accident are literally incalculable. Proponents of nuclear power make the telling point that life is dangerous however one moves: coal dust kills; coal cars crash; mines explode; oil fields burn; the "greenhouse effect" brought on by the increased burning of coal could theoretically cripple agriculture. No doubt the casualties to date from two hundred years of the fossil-fuel economy exceed those of the nuclear economy. One government-sponsored study that is often cited by proponents of nuclear power estimates that between two thousand and twenty thousand deaths a year, and as many as fifty thousand injuries, are traceable in one way or another to the use of fossil fuel for the generation of electric power. But a single catastrophe in the nuclear economy, in contrast to any accident in the fossil-fuel economy, could unleash a chain reaction of disasters that would threaten the very life-support systems themselves—water, air, and soil. The magnitude of a catastrophe flowing from the sort of human and technical errors that have already been made is potentially enormous. In 1978, the economist Hazel Henderson put it this way:

> In calculating probabilities [of a nuclear accident] for insurance purposes, equilibrium conditions are assumed, leading to the assumption that the greater the accident, the less likely its occurrence. In real life, we are now dealing with a disequilibrium economy that piles risk on risk. You could just as easily assume the greater the accident, the greater the probability of its occurrence. We don't know how to model probability under these conditions; the underlying logic of insurance breaks down, and we merely socialize more and more risks. This in itself would be a good rationale for being very conservative about energy technologies—underwriting conservation and renewable energy where the risks are in the knowable range, rather than technologies where the multiplication of risks is totally unmodelable.

The catastrophic accident is, of course, the most dramatic battleground in the fight over nuclear power, but it is not the most urgent. The majority of critics still rate the probability of such an accident low—though not as low as the industry does. Closer at hand are the deaths from low-level radiation that have already occurred and are now occurring. From 1946 to 1960, according to a study by three Public Health Service scientists, V. E. Archer, J. P. Gilliam, and J. K. Wagoner, six thousand underground uranium miners were "significantly and needlessly exposed to radioactive gases present in the air of uranium mines," and they estimate that six hundred to eleven hundred deaths from lung cancer will result. Better control of radiation levels in the mines was introduced in the nineteen-sixties, but the degree of radiation exposure that is "acceptable" for miners is still a matter of controversy. Workers in processing plants, and particularly those who work with plutonium, also face hazards that are arousing increasing controversy, and a number of studies now suggest that the incidence of cancer deaths is six to seven per cent higher among workers in nuclear plants than among the general population. Thomas Mancuso, a professor of industrial epidemiology at the University of Pittsburgh, conducted a ten-year study of the causes of death of three thousand seven hundred and ten former atomic-power workers and found that the radiation dose at which the likelihood of getting bone cancer or leukemia doubles is far smaller than was previously estimated. And the incidence of leukemia among employees at the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, in Maine, who were exposed to radiation between 1959 and 1977 as a result of maintenance work on nuclear submarines increased sixfold.

Proponents of nuclear power attack the conclusions drawn from such studies as "going way beyond the data." The problem with the studies is that the latency period for cancer induced by low-level radiation may be as much as thirty or forty years. The data may not be "complete" until a high percentage of the study population actually shows cancer symptoms. It is impossible for an ordinary confused citizen to follow the dispute over the methodology of radiation studies. Anyone can reflect, however, that in every case of radiation exposure over the past thirty-five years—from the victims of Hiroshima (including American soldiers who were sent in weeks after the explosion) and the natives of the Bikini Atoll, where bombs were tested, to exposed workers in the testing areas of Nevada and X-rayed patients—the dangers of radiation and the persistence of those dangers have been significantly, and in some cases knowingly, underestimated by those in control of the technology.

The fuel-reprocessing plant of Nuclear Fuel Services, at West Valley, New York, near Buffalo, which from 1966 to 1972 reprocessed spent nuclear fuel into reusable plutonium and unused uranium, has been used as a case study of low-level radiation risk. According to Sheldon Novick, the editor of the magazine *Environment*, it released more radioactivity into the environment and exposed more workers to radiation than all the other then operating nuclear power plants taken together. In his book "The Electric War," Novick describes a casual recruitment process employed by the company:

> Whenever a dirty clean-up job had to be done directly by hand or a repair job was needed in intensely radioactive surroundings, the company would recruit

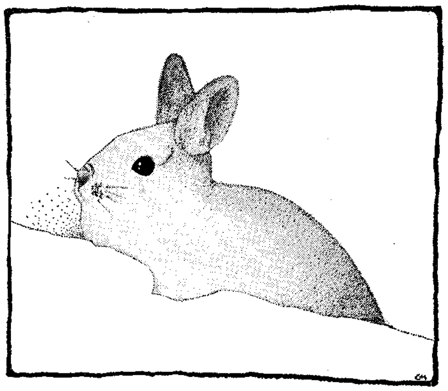
hundreds of unskilled workers. These men (apparently few or no women were employed) were given a few minutes of instruction, dressed in protective clothing, and then sent to do their job—washing a wall, perhaps, or loosening a bolt on a highly radioactive bit of machinery.

Within a few minutes, or perhaps a few hours, each worker received the maximum radiation exposure permitted, even if he had followed all of the safety procedures necessary in dressing and undressing; after the allotted time, therefore, each group of unskilled workers was pulled off the job and replaced with a fresh group. The pay was three dollars an hour, and a worker was paid for a minimum of four hours, even though he might be able to work only a few minutes in the radioactive setting. It was the possibility of receiving a half-day's pay for a few minutes work which attracted employees; it was popular work, and the company had no trouble recruiting temporary laborers, although there have been some accusations that some of the recruiting was done in bars and in the local skid row.

The radiological impact of West Valley on streams, plant life, and the human population has been examined in detail by scientists. In each of these areas, the "safe" levels are controversial. Experts differ by factors of as much as a hundred thousand in their estimates of the cancer-causing effects of a given dose of plutonium. Nonetheless, specialists in various phases of the nuclear cycle are becoming increasingly conservative about what an acceptable level of radiation is. In the past, government standards have been found consistently too lax, and in many cases they have been tightened—but too late for perhaps thousands of people who have been doomed to cancer. Every tightening of standards and increase of safety precautions involves extra costs. Since the matter of relative cost is a crucial issue—the issue that will decide what the energy base for the United States and much of the rest of the world is to be—the industry resists "unnecessary precautions" and tends to be complacent about what is necessary.

Waste disposal is a peculiar hazard, and one that has evoked intense sparring between the industry and environmental critics, along with a number of bizarre suggestions about how to arrange our affairs in the era of plutonium. A typical billion-watt nuclear power plant produces about five to eight tons of waste annually—enough to kill a hundred times the population of any nearby city if all the waste were released into the atmosphere. About eighty million gallons of radioactive waste from the nation's military programs are stored in steel tanks in Hanford, Washington, and Aiken, South Carolina. Hundreds of thousands of gallons of radioactive waste have leaked from the Hanford tanks. Government inspectors believe that the leakage poses no hazard, and no clear history of serious environmental damage or of injuries to human beings has been established. Nevertheless, the vulnerability of the tanks to corrosion and to the ceaseless bombardment of radioactive particles from the wastes has prompted a search for better solutions. None of those suggested are particularly reassuring. They include storing the wastes deep in basalt or shale; reprocessing the wastes into storage rocks that are much less toxic; developing new reprocessing techniques that would reduce the danger period to a mere three hundred years; digging storage facilities under the Antarctic ice cap; storing huge quantities in salt mines (a proposition that did not sell in Kansas when it was offered there); and—an idea once put forward by Energy Secretary James Schlesinger—shooting the wastes into outer space, where they would eventually be absorbed by the sun. The favored solution now is to ceramicize the wastes and store them in huge stainless-steel containers underground. Some specialists on waste disposal, such as Rustum Roy, director of the Materials Research Laboratory at Pennsylvania State University, believe that improved ceramic-and-concrete technology that will be available in a few years will provide much cheaper and more efficient means of disposal. But, because the waste-disposal issue has become the focus of antinuclear activity, neither the government nor the industry wishes to wait.

The so-called breeder reactor manufactures more fissionable fuel than it uses, and it has been advocated by the nuclear industry as the answer to the energy crisis. If the breeder reactor is built, the safety issues are likely to become more urgent. Its product is usually plutonium 239, which is much more toxic than uranium—is, indeed, one of the most poisonous and persistent known substances. A substantial nuclear-energy system based on the breeder reactor would require large amounts of plutonium. Plutonium has a half-life of twenty-four thousand years—and that means, in effect, that dangerous poisons would remain on earth for aeons. If even a little escaped into the atmosphere, it could trigger perhaps as many as six hundred thousand new cases of cancer a year in the United States, according to Dr. J. W. Gofman, a former biophysicist for the A.E.C. If even one ten-millionth of the plutonium supply for a major breeder-reactor program were stolen, it is conceivable that the thieves could construct a weapon capable of blowing up a medium-sized city.



Safety has been the most widely publicized battleground for attacking nuclear power. But the issue that has stopped the industry in its tracks—for the present, at least—is not safety but economics. Since the early nineteen-seventies, the price of a pound of uranium has soared from six dollars to around forty dollars. Orders for new reactors have fallen precipitously. The nuclear industry is in crisis not only because of mounting concern over the safety issue but also because the costs of nuclear plants themselves, the price of uranium, and the costs of waste disposal and environmental preservation have risen wildly.

The non-renewable mineral source of the nuclear-fuel cycle is uranium. The United States is self-sufficient in uranium and, according to a study by the Congressional Research Service, will continue to be so until 1990. Eighty-seven per cent of the world reserves that can be cheaply mined are in four countries—the United States, Canada, Australia, and South Africa. These countries also have seventy per cent of the reserves that could be exploited with more expensive technology. The United States Bureau of Mines estimates that total world resources are around a million eight hundred and sixty-four thousand tons, about one-third of which are in North America. (Other countries that have significant reserves include Sweden, Niger, Gabon, France, and India. The oceans contain, according to United States government estimates, about five billion tons of uranium, but five and a half million cubic feet of seawater would have to be processed to recover a single pound.) Whether these reserves are adequate depends upon the demand. For many years, the United States banned imports of uranium to

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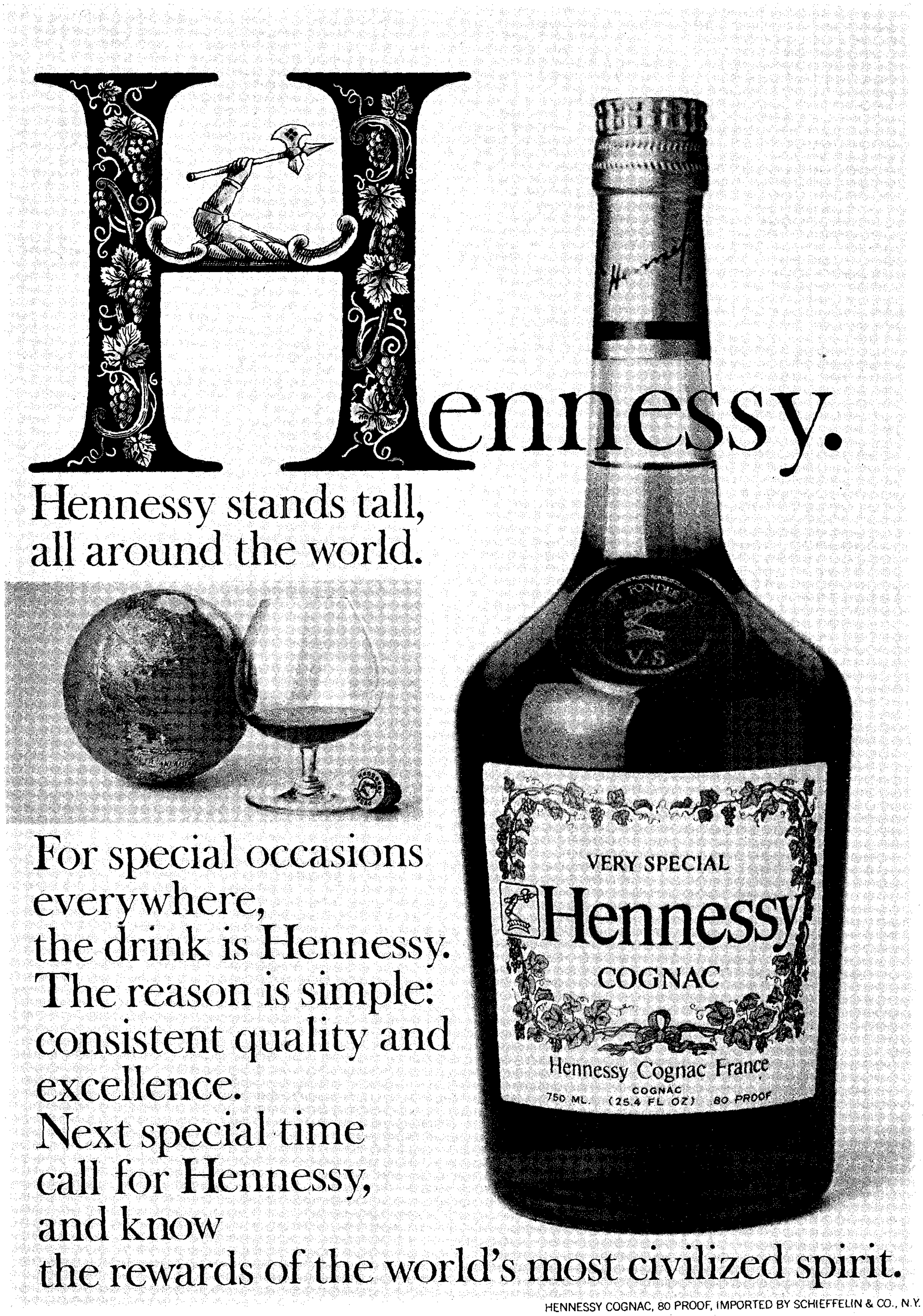
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protect the domestic industry, but in 1975 it started importing uranium. The demand for uranium in 1973 was sixty-nine hundred tons of ore, but, assuming the continuation of the American nuclear-power program, the demand for the year 2000 is expected to be between thirty-nine thousand seven hundred tons and eighty-nine thousand three hundred. In 1974, Frank Baranowski, the director of materials and production for the Atomic Energy Commission, testified that demand would race ahead of domestic supply by almost a million tons over the next twenty-five years.

The oil companies have invested two billion four hundred million dollars in uranium exploration, mining, and processing since the nineteen-sixties. Thirteen oil companies control almost half of the nation's uranium reserves. Gulf owns the deepest uranium mine in the country—in New Mexico—and plans to invest about eight hundred million dollars to develop it. Kerr-McGee controls a quarter of the nation's uranium-milling capacity. The familiar pattern of audacious acquisition and cautious development which has been followed with respect to other energy sources is also present in the nuclear-fuel area.

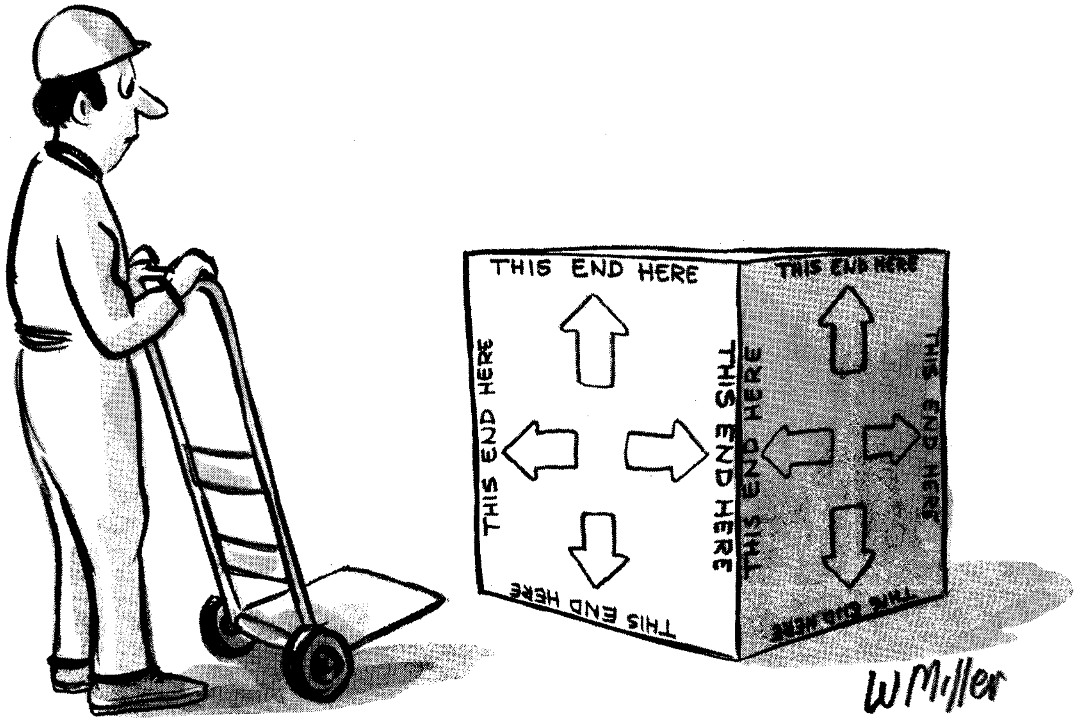
In 1973, the all-time boom year for nuclear power, the nuclear industry received orders for forty-one reactors. Four years later, orders had fallen to four and the industry was, as the magazine *Nucleonics Week* put it, "slowly, very slowly, bleeding to death." Gulf, struggling to recover respectability after bribery scandals had compelled the Mellon family to oust the company's chairman—a rare public rite in an economy supposedly run by managers—was too closely tied to nuclear power to disengage so easily. Involved in nuclear energy more than any other oil company, Gulf has participated in virtually all phases of the industry—mining, enriching, and reactor building. Now, though, it is getting out of the reactor business.

In 1972, a worldwide uranium cartel was formed to control the excess supplies in international commerce, in the interest of "price stability." It succeeded handsomely. Within twenty months, the price of uranium went from six dollars a pound to twenty-six. Gulf participated in the cartel through its Canadian subsidiary—on orders from the Canadian government, it claims—and for this misdemeanor it was fined forty thousand dollars in a federal district court. Still, the discovery of the cartel, which all the participants say has now been disbanded, set off a flurry of lawsuits. When the price of uranium rose, Westinghouse and other suppliers reneged on their contracts, and when the wickedness of the uranium owners was revealed the legal justification for extrication from disastrous contracts was at hand. Westinghouse sued Gulf. Gulf sued Westinghouse. The uranium producers sued Gulf. Twenty-seven utilities sued Westinghouse. Gulf paid its lawyers several million dollars in 1977, hoping thereby to recover three hundred million to four hundred million dollars from its countersuits and to avoid losing a roughly equivalent sum.

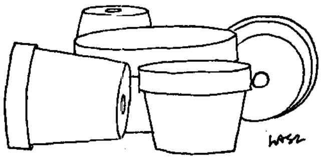
If the United States follows President Carter's original energy proposals and uses nuclear fuel to produce twenty-three per cent of its electric power by 1985—nuclear fuel supplies about thirteen per cent of the nation's electricity today—and uranium is no more plentiful and no cheaper to produce than it appears to be, then the economic argument for breeder reactors becomes almost irresistible. According to the Atomic Industrial Forum, in 1978 it cost a cent and a half to produce a kilowatt-hour of electricity with nuclear fuel, two and three-tenths cents with coal, and four cents with oil. But these figures may not represent the true costs involved. The government subsidizes the production of uranium by making enrichment, processing, research, and other facilities available to private industry at prices that do not reflect the huge capital outlays. The government has financed nuclear power plants that otherwise would have been prohibitively costly by buying plutonium for its weapons program from utilities. Thus, the fuel may be relatively cheap to the consumer, but only because in his role as taxpayer he is footing the bill.

In making fuel-cost comparisons, there are hundreds of assumptions to be taken into account, and studies can be cited to suit almost any argument or purpose. Nevertheless, a study done for the Commerce Department in 1975 by the economic consulting firm Richard J. Barber Associates concludes, "There is a distinct tendency in the nuclear energy literature to underestimate nuclear power costs." There has also been a distinct tendency to exaggerate nuclear-power-plant performance. In 1976, the energy economist Charles Komanoff prepared a study of the performance of nuclear power plants for the Council on Economic Priorities and found that commercial power plants were operating at an average of fifty-nine per cent of capacity; they are cost-efficient, however, only when they operate at seventy to eighty per cent of capacity. In 1978, the House Committee on Government Operations issued a report stating that nuclear power "is no longer a cheap energy source."

In the last two years, capital costs for private industry have skyrocketed. Although the cost of uranium fuel has



increased rapidly in the last few years, fuel has become a progressively less significant factor in the over-all cost. The reason is that the costs of construction have risen even faster—a demonstration breeder that was supposed to cost two billion dollars when it was proposed a few years ago is now estimated to cost eleven billion—mostly because of the heavy expense involved in redesigning reactors to meet new safety standards. The industry argues that anti-nuclear activists are responsible for delaying the construction of nuclear power plants and for adding significantly to their cost. Environmentalists are blamed for pushing through unreasonable safety standards. (Why, industry spokesmen ask, should a reactor have to be fitted with a concrete covering sufficient to withstand the force of a crashing 747 jet?) But a report of the House Committee on Government Operations released in 1978 puts the blame for rising costs on industry mismanagement. The economic problems of the industry seem to be inherent in the industry itself. As society learns more about the hazards of nuclear energy, citizens demand more precautions, and these cost money—particularly in a time of high interest rates.



The health and safety risks of nuclear energy are serious but hard to evaluate, especially in the light of the competing risks of the obvious alternatives. Coal plants in large cities, Christoph Hohenemser and his associates report in *Science*, expose the surrounding population to more radioactivity than normally operating reactors of equivalent power. Nuclear power plants could become safer. Nuclear energy could theoretically become cheaper, and even competitive with coal. But there is a third issue—the least discussed but the most serious: a plutonium economy offers an unavoidable choice between nuclear anarchy and nuclear despotism. The problem starts with the stubborn fact that nuclear power came into the world as a by-product of nuclear weapons. Public concern over nuclear power is in part, the psychiatrist Robert Lifton and others have suggested, displaced anxiety over nuclear war. A society in which nuclear materials are plentiful lives in danger, for the same fissionable materials that light cities can also explode nuclear bombs. Sabotage of nuclear power plants and the diversion of fissionable materials are not academic problems. Both have happened. According to a House subcommittee staff report, "more than 50 tons of nuclear material cannot be accounted for by the 34 uranium and plutonium processing plants in the country"—including three tons of weapons-grade material. How much of this has been diverted we do not know. Declassified files of the Atomic Energy Commission reveal that the agency was concerned that "uranium could theoretically have been diverted by a mechanism of overshipping and understating the true quantities on the transfer document." In 1965, official concern that weapons-grade material might have been diverted to Israel prompted a long but inconclusive investigation.

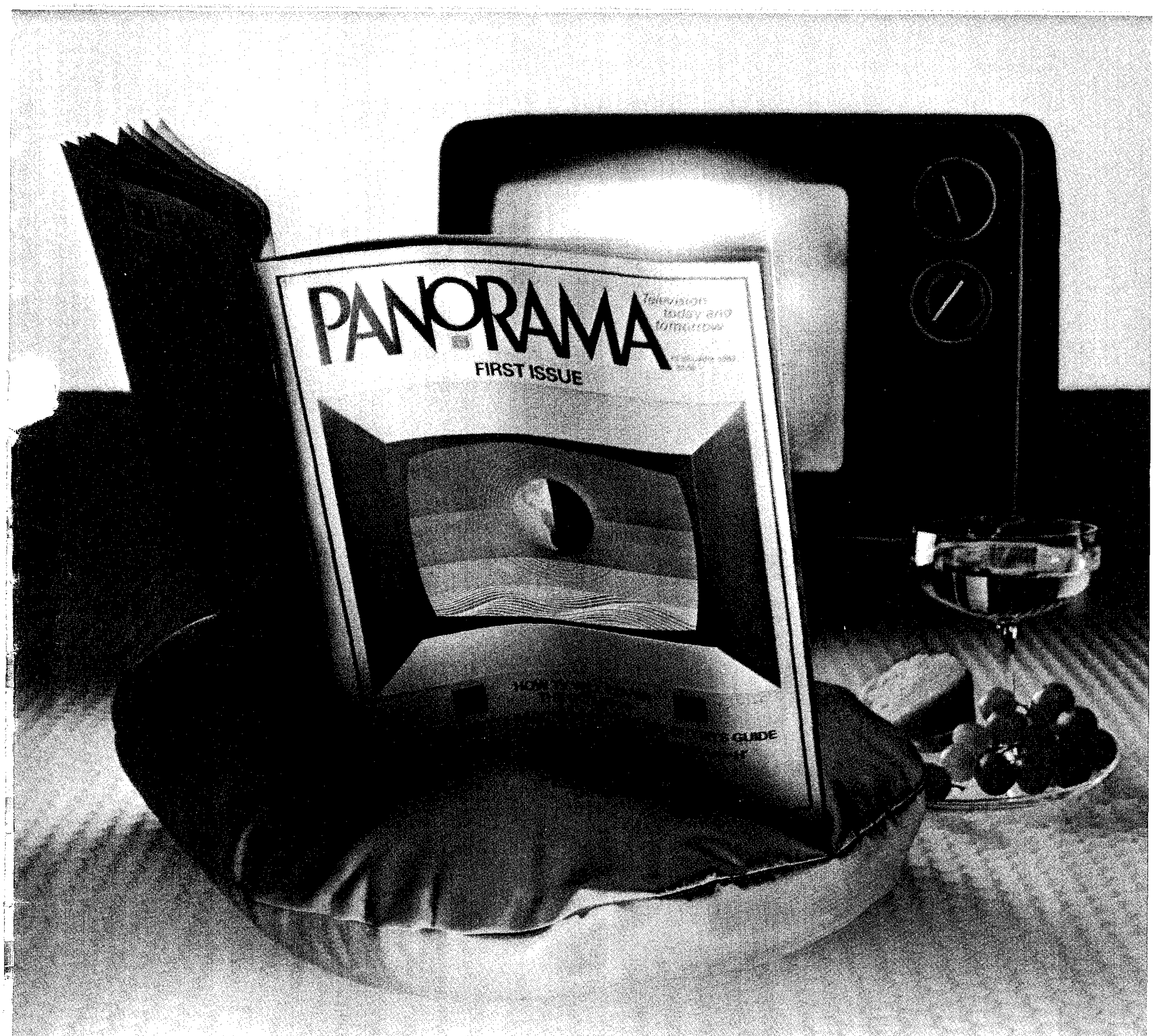
If the United States does ultimately come to rely on nuclear power, there will be no way of avoiding what Alvin Weinberg, the director of the Energy Laboratory, at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, has called "the Faustian bargain." An inexhaustible supply of energy is available, but only at the price of "a vigilance and a longevity of our social institutions that we are quite unaccustomed to." That is a gentle way of putting it. Society will be completely dependent on "the nuclear people," as Weinberg calls the priests and guardians of the brave new world. The problem of nuclear power has involved recent Presidents in some form of public deception. President Eisenhower ordered a coverup of the disastrous effects of radiation on soldiers at nuclear-weapons tests, for example, and President Carter gave the nuclear industry private support for the building of the breeder reactor while he was taking a public position against it. In the plutonium economy, there can be no hope of safety and peace of mind without confidence that the government has its eye on all potential terrorists and troublemakers. The result could be a degree of surveillance, centralization, and governmental intrusion which would cause us to remember America of the nineteen-seventies as a laissez-faire paradise.

WHEN a society buys an energy system, it is also buying a particular path of development. In choosing whether to burn up imported fossil fuels, to develop new coal technologies, to take the nuclear option, or to develop new alternatives—solar energy, harnessing of the winds—leaders are also making decisions about how dependent the society will be on scarce minerals, how much water it will use, how many jobs will be created, which cities and regions will rise and which will fall, and who will hold political power. Some energy sources, such as solar or biomass conversion (the burning of refuse and vegetable products), though they can be put to centralized use, are particularly well adapted to use in decentralized ways. Decentralized energy sources encourage the self-reliance of local communities. If the Northeast has its own solar or wind-based energy sources, for example, it is less dependent upon the Southwest for natural gas. If local communities control their energy sources, they can determine energy prices for their citizens, so that the question of how much of each dollar earned will go to drive the car or heat the house need no longer be decided by oil companies, the Arab sheikhs, or the federal government. The decisions that oil companies, electric utilities, and OPEC suppliers made between 1973 and 1977 caused gas and electric rates to increase ninety-nine per cent in those years.

Thus, energy choices are not merely technical choices. They directly determine who will feel the effects of inflation and who will pass inflated costs on to others. (In 1978, according to a survey, one out of every five older Americans had to choose between buying groceries and paying the utility bill.) Energy choices involve the most basic decisions about values: What is efficiency, and what do we sacrifice for it? Is interdependence good or bad? Is it avoidable? Is simplicity better than complexity? Is it important to protect individuals? Is democracy something worth rearranging the economy to preserve? Is the economy made for the people, or are people servants of the economy? Which people? How one answers these and related questions ought to determine energy policy. In reality, however, energy choices are made explicitly on other grounds—comparative-cost projections prepared on the basis of incomplete information; energy-company plans and power; bureaucratic inertia; and the like—and the value questions are decided implicitly without public discussion, or even public notice.

The crucial value questions about the goals of development are embedded in three fundamental choices: How much energy is enough? What kind of energy technology is appropriate? Who should control it?

The first question is not asked by public officials in the United States. They start with the assumption that an



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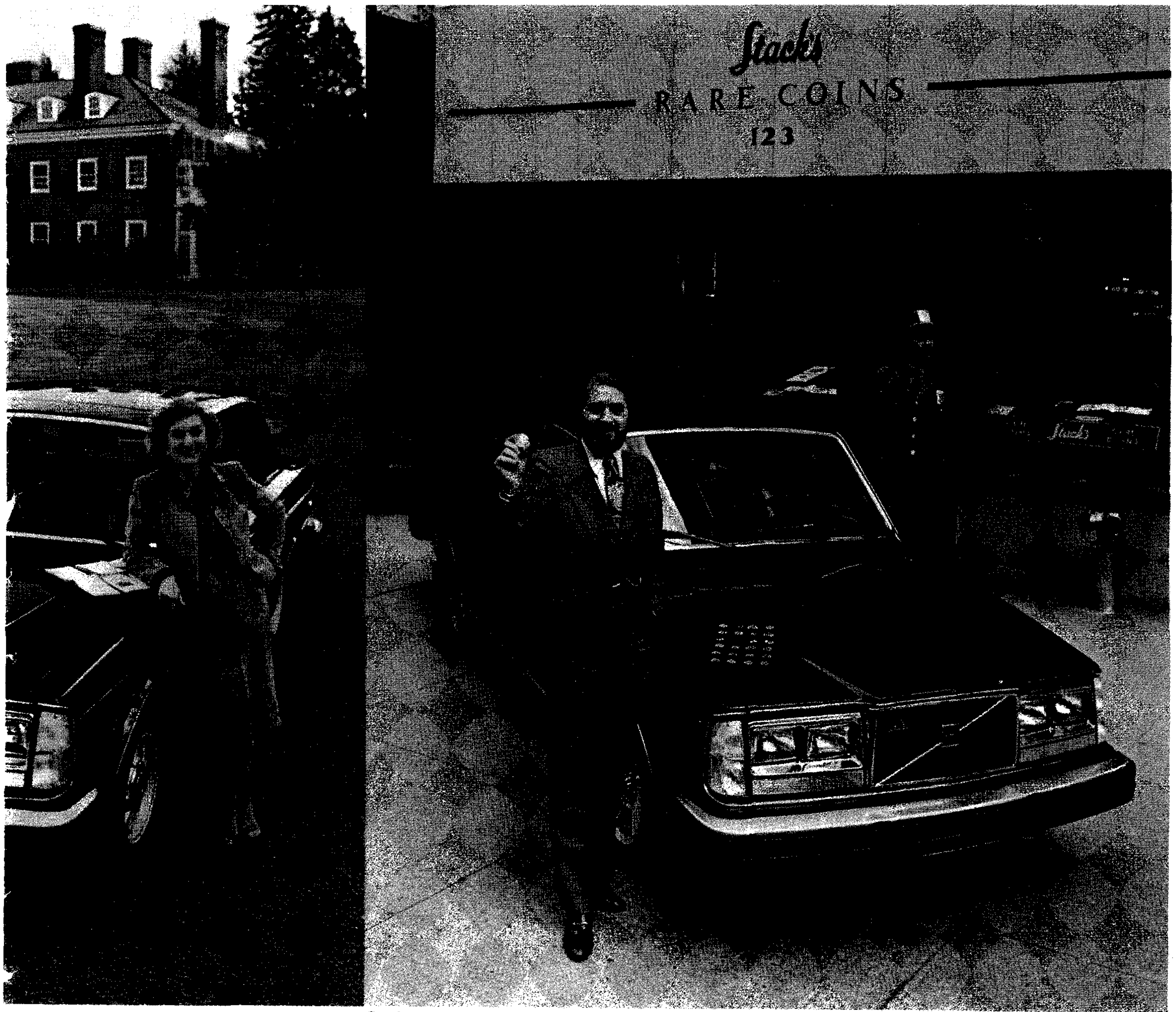

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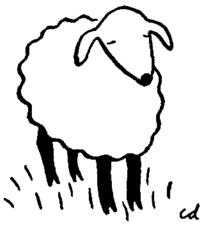
escalating energy demand is healthy, normal—indeed (except for cyclical recessions), inevitable. While "wasteful" energy consumption must be cut, energy growth is necessary. The problem is to find or to develop supplies that will keep pace with projected increases in demand. It is precisely on this point that the nuclear industry, despite its recent tribulations, confidently expects to gain ultimate victory. The industry has predicted that if the choice is between blackouts and brownouts, which are now said to be inevitable for the nineteen-eighties, and nuclear power, the public will choose the latter, along with all the risks. A poll that was taken a few days after the crisis at Three Mile Island put that choice to the very people who days earlier had feared they would die in a nuclear accident, and the results showed that only twenty-five per cent of the respondents favored shutting down all nuclear plants.

The power hierarchy in the world is closely correlated with high energy consumption, but the British thermal units in which the world customarily measures energy consumption are not convertible into happiness units. There have been periods when energy consumption per capita remained constant—from 1850 to 1900, for example, and from 1920 to 1950. They were times of major technological development and, it is at least arguable, of social progress. At any rate, they were not times of demonstrably greater public unhappiness than the era of the great energy guzzle that began in the nineteen-sixties. In 1963, the United States used half as much electricity as in 1977. The nation now devotes twenty-nine per cent of the fossil fuels it owns or imports to the production of electricity. By the year 2000, according to some projections, the use of electricity will double.

Do we really need to keep using this much? The President's Council on Environmental Quality, in a 1979 report entitled "The Good News About Energy," reviews a number of recent studies and concludes that "the United States can do well, indeed prosper, on much less energy than has been commonly supposed." Automobile-fuel costs can be reduced fifty per cent or more, and energy productivity and efficiency can be greatly increased. The results, according to the council, would be an economy operating on thirty to forty per cent less energy than is used today.

Electric-power stations produce more heat than is needed, or can be used, for the physical tasks that they are supposed to perform. More than two-thirds of the cost of electric power in the United States is the cost of transporting it from distant generators to homes and factories. Electric generators run well below capacity. Barry Commoner has calculated that Chicago, the most nuclear-dependent city in the country, could close its nuclear power plants down if the non-nuclear plants operated at fifty-seven per cent of capacity instead of the present thirty-seven per cent. Industry could be much more efficient. West Germany uses only sixty-eight per cent as much energy as the United States to produce a ton of steel, fifty-seven per cent as much to produce a ton of paper.



In the United States, conservation is sold as a matter of individual moral virtue rather than as a political strategy. Thus, one President defined patriotism as turning down the thermostat in overheated homes, and another tried to make the cardigan sweater he wore while giving a speech on energy saving a symbol of good citizenship. But the market for virtue is always limited. Individual "sacrifice," if that is what it is, of six or eight degrees of heat in the house or fifteen miles an hour of speed on the highway promotes health, saves lives, and possibly gives rise to feelings of worthiness, but it does not begin to reduce energy consumption enough. Real conservation requires refitting society and, above all, changing the way we think.

We can achieve a stable balance between energy supply and demand without destroying the environment, altering the climate, risking nuclear catastrophe, or invading Kuwait. A study made in 1975 by the American Institute of Architects concludes that "improved design of new buildings and modification of old ones could save a third of our current *total* U.S. energy use—and save money, too." If we Americans were as efficient as Swedes (who believe that they can improve their own efficiency), we would use about a third less energy than we do. We have been harnessing mammoth energy systems to modest tasks—using a chain saw to cut butter, as Amory Lovins puts it. If we matched technology and end use in more appropriate fashion, it would be possible to bring American consumption somewhat into line with that of the rest of the industrial world, and thereby avoid deepening conflicts over access to energy.

But changing the consumption patterns of America is not a simple matter. The American dream is built on the profligate use of space that must be heated and cooled, on petroleum-based plastics and packaging, and, whenever possible, on the substitution of energy from prodigious quantities of minerals for human muscle power. Corporate profits are so dependent on selling energy-intensive substitutes for "drudgery"—an advertising catchword that embraces a wide range of human activities, from washing dishes to walking around golf courses—that conservation is seen as threatening. Theoretically, it is possible to cut consumption significantly without radical changes in how we live, but in reality the nation has such a high investment in waste that the issue will not be resolved unless it is confronted head on in the political arena.

The choices have been posed in terms of "hard" versus "soft" energy paths. Hard energy technologies are centralized, capital-intensive, and, for the most part, dependent upon depletable resources, while soft technologies make the greatest possible use of non-depletable resources, like sun, wind, and vegetation. Soft technologies are flexible, so that recovery from the effects of wrong decisions is possible. (A wrong decision about nuclear wastes, in contrast, is irrevocable. Once they have been produced and it turns out that there is no safe way to get rid of them, the damage has been done.) Soft technologies employ easy-to-understand, adaptable processes, which encourage the wide dispersion of skills rather than the creation of a small energy priesthood. They are designed to flow with nature to the greatest possible extent, to emphasize decentralized delivery to the people who need energy, and to avoid creating huge centralized banks of energy, which are inefficient and vulnerable. (A failure of a generator serving a city is a different order of misfortune from a failure of a generator that serves a neighborhood.) It is odd that these sensible criteria for developing an energy policy should be controversial, but, alas, the issue of hard versus soft technologies has become an ideological divide. The owners and managers of high technologies and the intellectuals who identify with them have rushed to condemn the new conservationists as Luddites, romantics, job destroyers, and enemies of progress. The new ideological battle lines that are forming on technology choices do not always coincide with old ideological divisions. Some of the biggest skeptics of soft technology are to be found in the Soviet Union and elsewhere in the socialist world: nuclear reactors for profit are inherently unsafe, but reactors run by a workers' state seem to be immune to meltdowns, radiation hazards, or waste-disposal problems.

The battle has been joined on the issue of jobs. The soft-technology advocates believe that the historical trend toward replacing human labor with capital, energy, and materials has gone on too long, and that in developed societies job creation through aggregate growth is not happening and will not happen. The argument that energy guzzling is necessary for creating jobs is disputed by those like Bruce Hannon, director of the Energy Research Group at the University of Illinois, who calculates that about seventy-five thousand jobs are lost, in the short run, for each new quadrillion BTUs of energy turned into electricity by power stations. The *Fortune* Five Hundred, according to a study quoted by Senator Edward Kennedy at a Joint Economic Committee hearing, using eighty per cent of the country's total tax credit and fifty per cent of all industrially consumed energy, created seventy-five thousand jobs over seven years. Six million small businesses, using far less energy, created nine million new jobs in the same period.

No government agency has yet done a comprehensive analysis of the impact of the alternative-energy policies on employment. So far, individual case studies lend strong support to the soft-technology faction. A 1978 survey by the California Public Policy Center estimates that if the needs for heating space and water in the nineteen-eighties were met by small-scale solar energy—the classic symbol of soft technologies—some three hundred and seventy-six thousand jobs would be created, far more than the jobs in fossil fuels that would be lost. A better comparison is provided by a study of the job impact of two nuclear power plants versus the introduction of certain energy-conservation measures and solar-energy technologies on New York's Nassau and Suffolk Counties. The study, prepared by the Council on Economic Priorities, a New York City research firm, concluded that "over four times as much employment in the Nassau/Suffolk County regional economy" would be provided by conservation and solar energy as by the proposed nuclear power plants.

Technology choices arouse enormous passion, because different answers lead to very different configurations of political power. While some resources lend themselves better than others to decentralized control, it is possible to pursue either soft or hard methods with respect to virtually any energy source. Consider solar energy. In 1952, the Paley Commission report on the future of natural resources in the United States estimated that by 1975 technology for trapping the sun's rays could be supplying ten per cent of the nation's total energy needs. Thirteen million solar-heated homes, the report concluded, represented a reasonable goal. Yet in 1978 only forty thousand homes had solar heating, and the Secretary of Energy, James Schlesinger, predicted that the ten-per-cent-solar figure would not be reached until the year 2000.

There is nothing new about using the sun for power. Of course, fossil fuels are merely trapped solar energy in concentrated form. "We think we heat our homes with oil, natural gas, or electricity, but ninety-five per cent of their warmth comes from sunbeams," Denis Hayes, of the Worldwatch Institute, a research organization in Washington, told a House committee. "In a sunless world, our dwellings would be four hundred degrees below zero when we turned on our furnaces." Solar technology has been around a long time. A solar still for producing fresh water from salt water was built in Chile in 1872, and a solar irrigation pump for the Nile was installed in 1912.

Until recently, the strategy of energy and hard-technology companies was to disparage solar energy, stressing its high cost and uncertain operation. To make the point, the Pacific Power & Light Company built a solar home for the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry and put a price tag of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the system. Worried by the prospect that every housetop might become its own power plant, and sensing that the cry for solar energy is a revolt against big corporations, utilities, and huge electric bills, a number of the big corporations have spent a share of their public-relations budgets on organized scoffing at "solar messiahs." At the same time, they have been buying up solar-technology companies. President Carter's interest in solar energy, the tax incentives to encourage solar installation which were passed in 1978, and the growing public fascination with this most obvious and most available renewable energy source has caused the companies to change their tack. A big emphasis on solar energy would be "a real mistake," says Roland W. Schmitt, General Electric's vice-president for corporate research and development, but "if the nation decides it wants to go solar, we'll be ready to respond." The role is a bit less passive than that. G.E., along with Boeing, Lockheed, RCA, Martin Marietta, McDonnel Douglas, and others, have formed an aerospace consortium known as Sunsat, to lobby for the construction of solar satellites. They want sixty of them by the year 2025, at a cost of a trillion dollars.

Wind is another free resource that has been used for years by individuals on a small scale. Over the last century, six million windmills were built in the United States; a hundred and fifty thousand are still functioning. But the research efforts of corporations are biassed toward the development of big, centralized turbines rather than small, decentralized units.

THE contours of a rational energy plan for the United States are clear. The nation must use significantly less oil. It is too late to produce enough domestically. Importing fifty billion dollars' worth or so a year is bleeding the country; it transfers economic and political power to the holders of dollars abroad, mortgages the American productive system, and feeds a disastrous inflation. What, in the opinion of those who have studied the energy problem, can be done?

First, to stop the outflow of dollars and the inflow of expensive oil the government could take charge of the import process. Viewed realistically, the multinational oil companies, while they may be based in the United States, are not American companies. Oil sufficiency for the country is not their top priority. Therefore, the country cannot afford to have them in charge of supplying the oil. The standby authority in present legislation to have a government monopoly on oil imports could be made mandatory.

Second, the control of alternative-energy sources by oil companies could be ended. The companies' timetable for the development of the most promising energy alternatives is not the same as the nation's timetable. Without major government investment and direction, the market will not make solar energy profitable enough for the companies to make it available fast enough. Since the alternative is an increasing dependence

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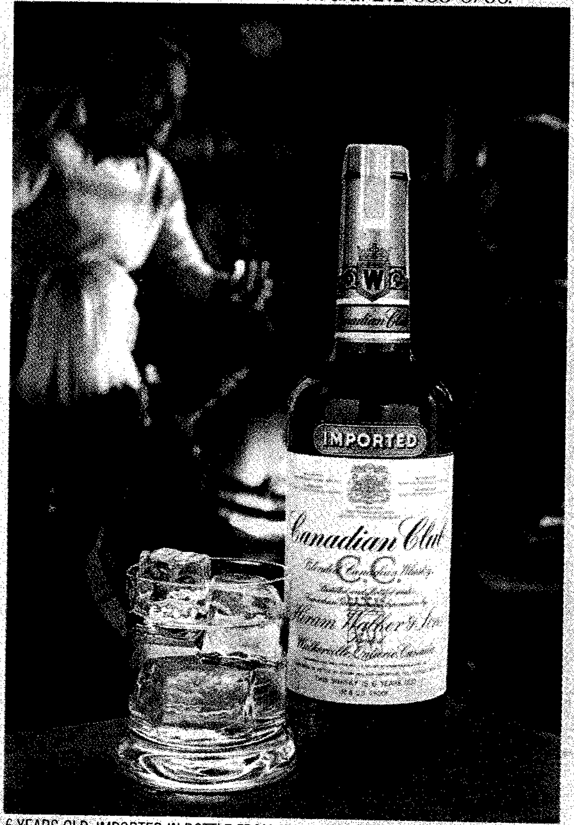

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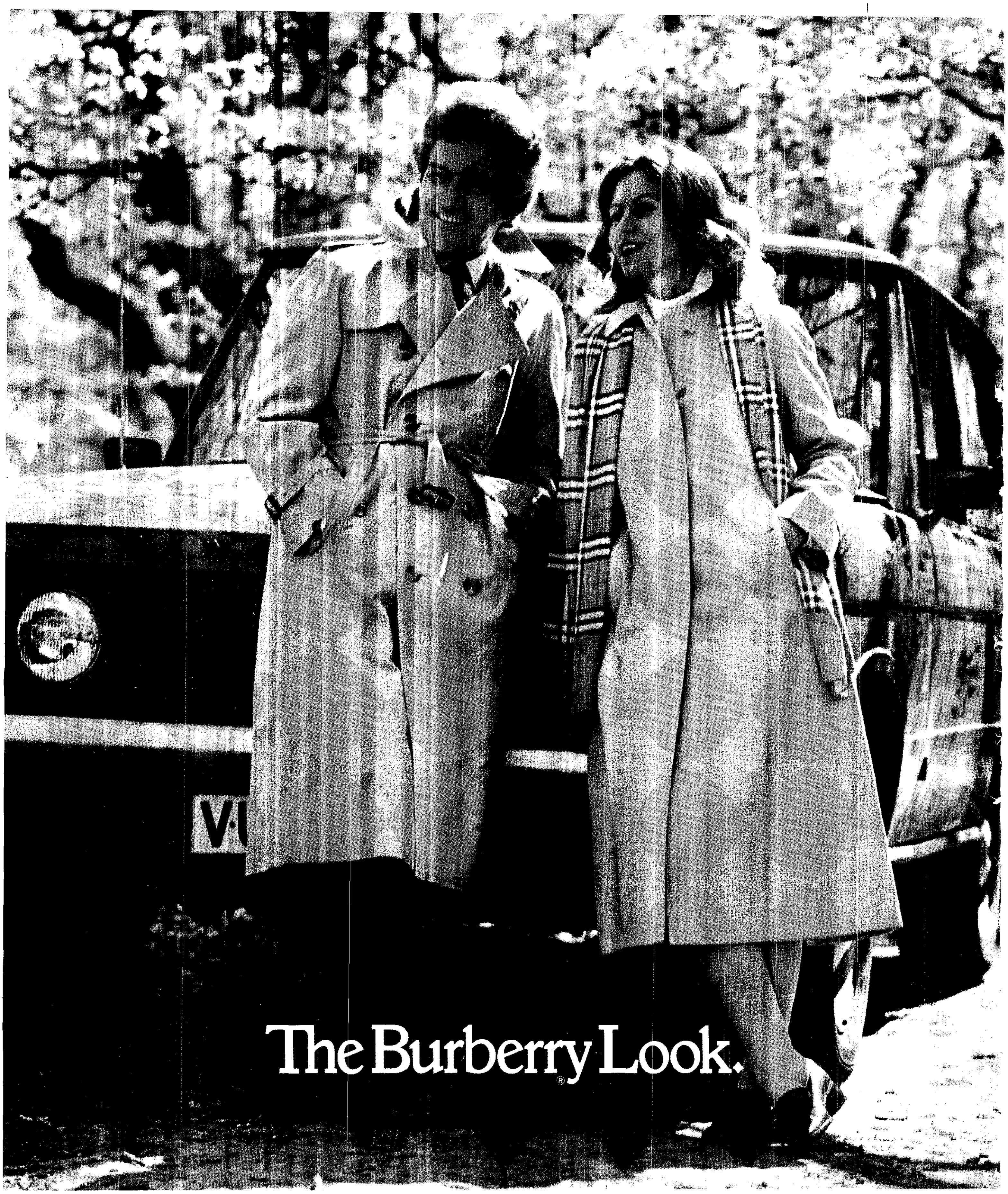

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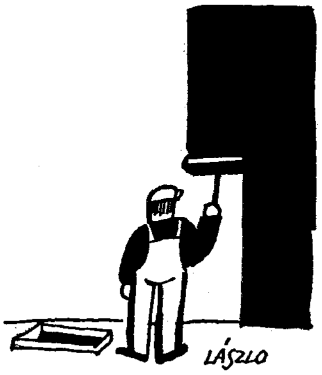
upon oil, possibly accompanied by a serious energy shortfall in the nineteen-eighties, the oil giants should be required to divest themselves of control over alternative-energy sources. Government policy should favor small entrepreneurial companies on the frontier of the most promising technologies for a renewable energy system instead of the established petrochemical, aerospace, and electronics giants, which are poor bets for the kinds of technologies most needed. A public corporation along the lines of the Tennessee Valley Authority could be created as a vehicle for a crash program of government investment and research to make safe, renewable energy systems economical and to provide competition in the energy industry. Perhaps fifty per cent of remaining domestic oil is on federal lands. It should be developed by a federal corporation, as some senators have proposed. A "yardstick" industry under public control would help force better disclosure from the oil companies, and would discipline prices. A major role of government research would be examining the social effects of alternative-energy systems. Oil and the automobile carved the face of America by a haphazard process. We have a chance to exercise some choice over the character and shape of the post-petroleum civilization. This effort can be made through public discussion and public debate. Otherwise, a few big corporations will again carve the landscape of the nation.

Third, a national plan for a transition to an energy system based on a variety of renewable sources could be adopted after political debate. It should include a major effort to encourage through public financing the exploration of alternative-energy sources in the Third World. The means for carrying out the plan should be highly decentralized, because different energy sources are appropriate under different geographical conditions. Solar collection is more efficient in the Sun Belt than in the Northeast. Biomass conversion, wind, photovoltaic cells, gasohol, and other energy sources should be fitted to their most appropriate end uses. Federal policy should be designed so as to enable local communities to make these choices, and tax revenues should be distributed in such a way as to encourage local energy-development programs. A twenty-year strategy of transition relying on coal, natural gas, and—only to the limited extent necessary—existing nuclear plants should be put into effect.

Fourth, public control of the oil companies is essential. Whether such control can be achieved simply by imposing stricter disclosure requirements or tying existing government subsidies to actual investment in exploration and to satisfactory performance in distributing oil is dubious. It may well be necessary to nationalize the companies, but how to establish public control is by no means clear. Any effort to exercise control involves a political battle. Therefore, the least radical remedies that would establish the public control needed to carry out energy policy should be preferred. The practical choices for gaining national and regional public control ought to be a central issue for public debate.



Fifth, the national energy plan must include a serious conservation program. If the United States continues to use such a disproportionate share of the world's energy resources, it cannot avoid sharpening conflict with the other industrial nations and increasing the risk of war with the producing nations. Conservation should include the redesign of buildings; subsidies and penalties to encourage less wasteful production processes in industry; and a change in the utilities' rate structure to encourage the maximum use of existing capacity. In addition, it should set as a national priority the development of non-energy technologies that save energy. For example, millions of Americans have jobs that, with the help of sophisticated technology, could be done as well at home as at the office. Instead of consuming their daily share of gasoline or electricity to get to an overheated or air-cooled office, they could stay home by the telephone, the computer terminal, and the information-processing machine. The energy crisis offers an opportunity to rethink the way we organize our lives.

With the use of computers, public transportation could be tailored to the most efficient use. Impromptu schedules arranged on short notice would increase convenience and cut down on the relentless procession of half-filled airplanes and buses. The technology necessary for the post-petroleum era can be either very simple or very complex. If the United States were to cut down the squandering of energy to the levels of 1960, just before the great guzzle began, the sacrifice would be minimal, and with any sensible planning the quality of life for the majority of Americans would be considerably enhanced.

Finally, the trend toward capital-intensive, job-destroying technology that is increasingly concentrated in the hands of a few huge companies will continue until there is a fundamental debate in the country on alternative paths of development. The absurdities of our industrial civilization ought to be debated in the political arena: the peculiar dependence of the society on perpetual motion; the mania for plastics and plastic packaging; the addiction to industrial processes that require extraordinary amounts of heat (and then extraordinary amounts of water for cooling); the odd reluctance to take advantage of opportunities to use the by-products of some parts of industrial and agricultural processes to fuel others. We should not delude ourselves that we can design our escape from the laws of nature. We will never overcome entropy. But we can imitate nature by seeking self-renewing systems. Moreover, we need to ask how much of our energy we ought to devote to something other than producing ever more goods. We can make a greater investment in improving the quality of life for people by cleaning rivers, streams, and oceans, purifying air, breaking down the isolation of modern life—and probably save energy. Energy choices are the most crucial ones facing the nation. Who shall collect sunbeams? Who shall gather the wind? If we cannot develop a planning system to deal with these issues, historians may be forced to conclude that America's experiment with democracy lasted just two centuries.

—RICHARD J. BARNET

(This is the first of a series of three articles. The second will appear in a forthcoming issue.)

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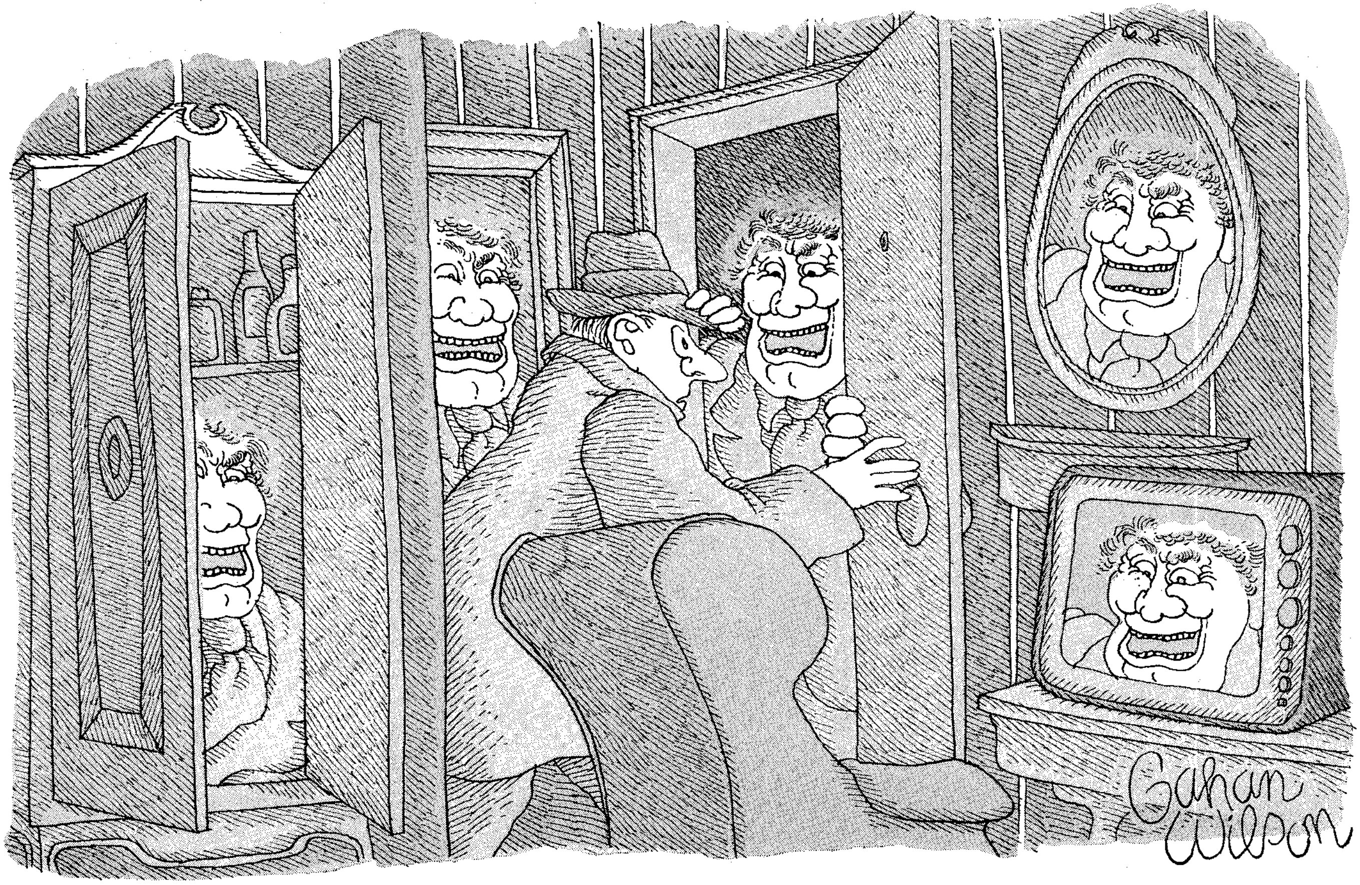
THE THEATRE

News from the Upper East Side

THE drawings of William Hamilton have long given me pleasure in the pages of this magazine, and I looked forward with a light heart to seeing his comedy "Save Grand Central," at the Phoenix; I was not disappointed. Mr. Hamilton proves himself to be as witty a dramatist as he is an artist, and this is not surprising, since his drawings are always a means to an end—they are illustrative of a text, and not (like the drawings of, say, Steig and Steinberg) radically entertaining in themselves. Among Hamilton's distinguished predecessors, one thinks of Du Maurier, who also wrote and drew and was amiably pitiless in recording the social follies of his day. We learn at "Save Grand Central" that Hamilton's characters speak on a stage almost exactly as they do in captions, confident that they are getting everything just right, when they are in fact getting everything just wrong. They eat well, these young folk, in restaurants that have fresh napery on the table, they drink whatever is fashionable, and they agree with Plato—oh, brother, do they agree with Plato!—that the unexamined life is not worth living. Hamilton and Woody Allen are among our most astute historians of the contemporary upper East Side. Hamilton's studious young narcissists are, one suspects, mostly Episcopalians, as Allen's are mostly Jews, and although they share the same territory, they have little in common except the gift of gab: like Callimachus and Heraclitus, they tire the sun with talking and send it down the sky, and then they seek out a bar and go *on* gibble-gabbling through the night.

Three men and three women make up the cast of characters in "Save Grand Central": Lucy and Roger Maynard, Cristina and Charles Malcolm, and Maria Perez and Luis Apaka, employees of the Maynards. The Maynards and the Malcolms are married couples in their thirties, and Perez and Apaka are a couple only in the sense that Apaka is feverishly bent upon seducing Perez and for a while Perez considers this an O.K. idea. Maynard is a stuffy, wellborn lawyer and property owner, and his wife, a Foxcroft graduate, is a childless, diligent do-gooder, who rejoices to organize benefits on behalf of such worthy causes as Grand Central and criminals on parole. Malcolm, an architect, has opened a restaurant called Le Corbusier, a gastronomic misadventure that has used up every penny of Cristina's inheritance; a countess from Verona, Cristina has a lineage that makes Maynard's family tree look like a shrub. One has only to set these six New Yorkers in motion, add a dollop or two of adultery, and the plot will spin on merrily until it wobbles and tips over of its own accord. Hamilton is aware of how artificial a comedy has to be in order to look natural, and if from time to time I caught a faint echo of the caption of some favorite drawing of mine, so much the better—the shock of recognition is supposed to be a welcome one.

Remak Ramsay is admirable as Maynard—earnest and tetchy, a self-improver with an aching back—and Jill Eikenberry is his equal as *la Veronesa*. In dress and manner, Michael Ayr is hair-raisingly like several young architects I know (I would never venture into a restaurant run by any of them: architects can eat, but they cannot cook), and Evelyn Mercado and Luis Avalos lark about contentedly inside their roles of the mischievous Perez and Apaka. I'm sorry to say that Linda Atkinson as Lucy Maynard struck me



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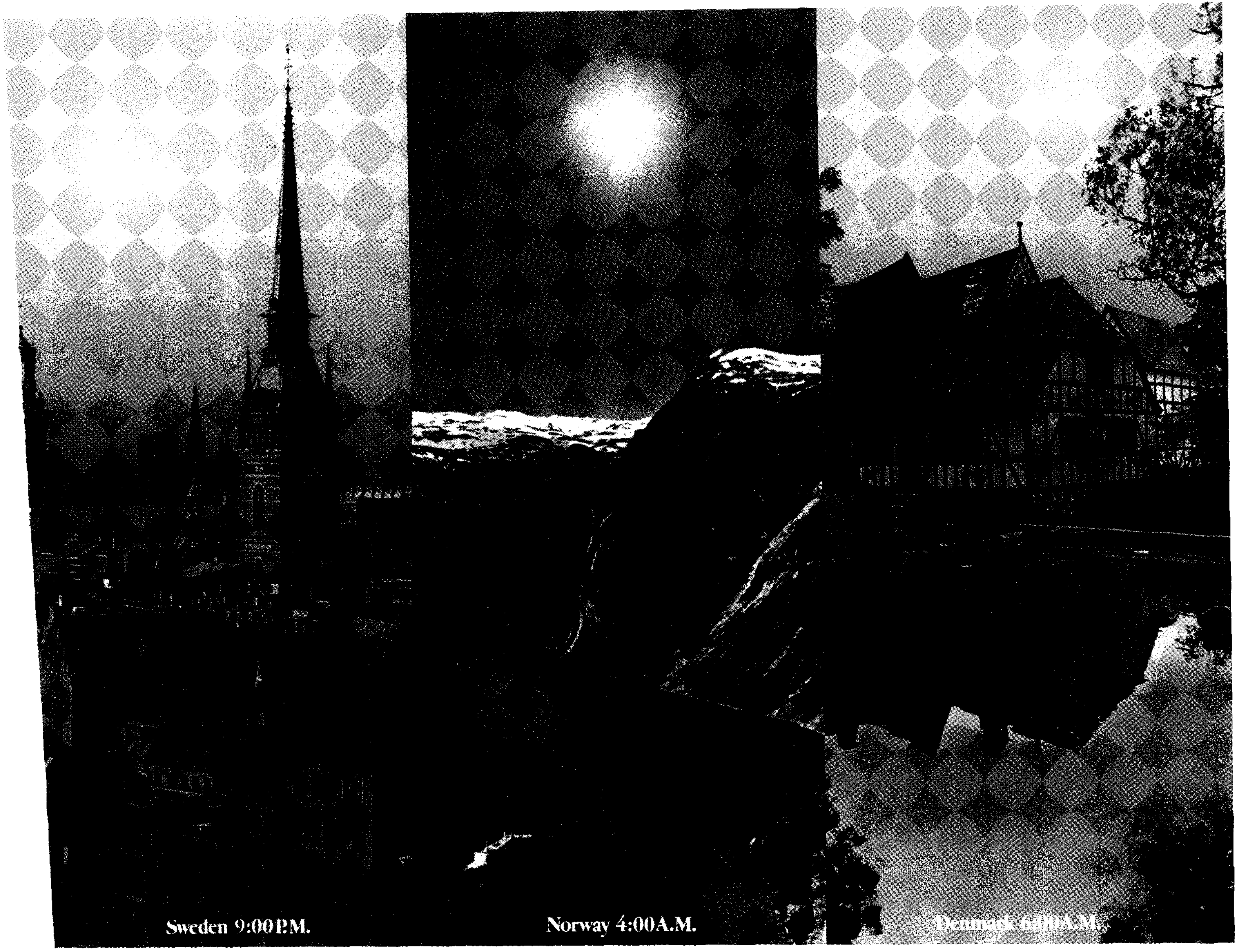

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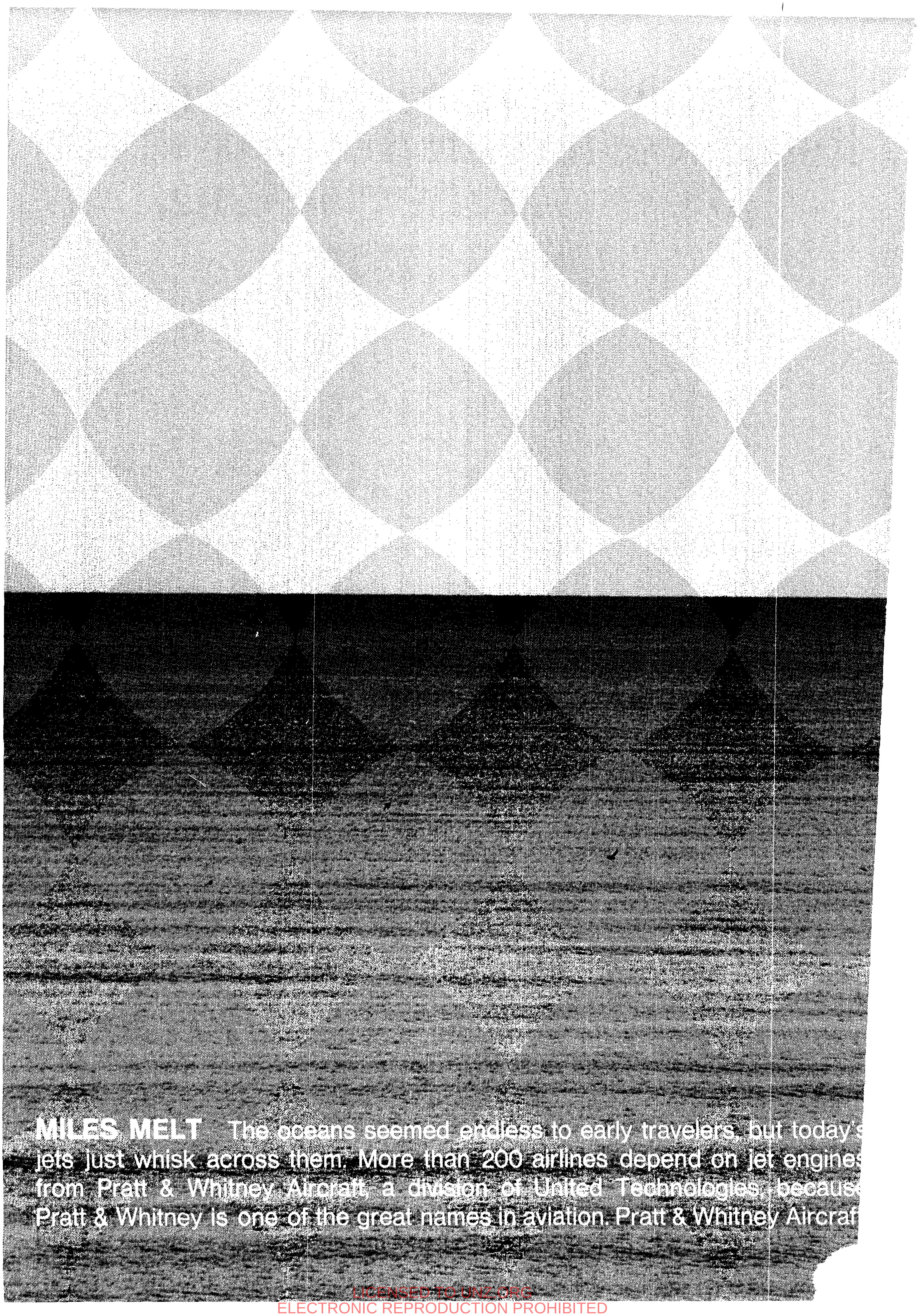

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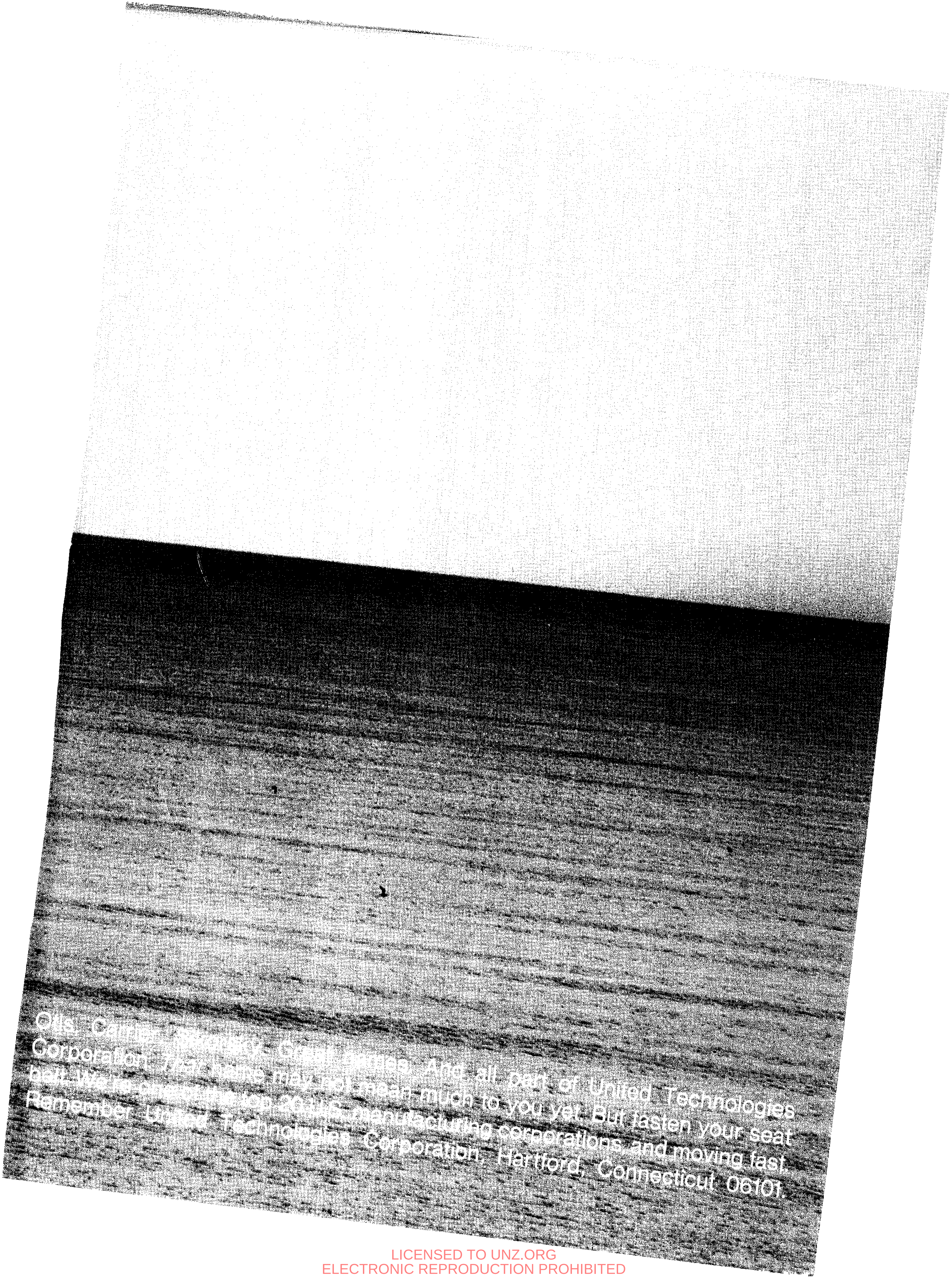

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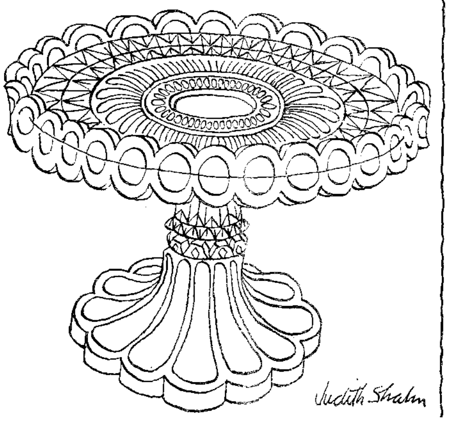
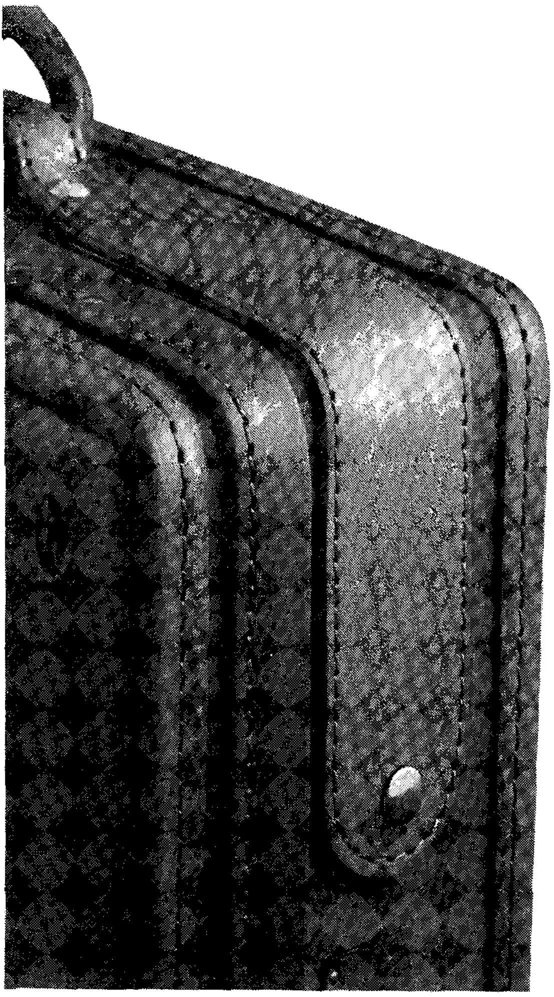
as miscast—she dropped her final "g"s and otherwise spoke and moved in a thoroughly un-Foxcroftlike fashion. The scenery, which says "Cheap!" as loud as a bird, is by Lawrence King, whose interior for Le Corbusier makes clever use of the elevations, much blown up, of the Villa Savoye; the costumes are by Jane Greenwood; the lighting is by Robby Monk; and the exemplary direction is by Gene Saks.

BRIAN CLARK, author of "Whose Life Is It Anyway?," has turned his play inside out, as simply and crudely as if it were a stocking, and with deplorable results. (At the Royale.) Since the play proved an excellent vehicle for Tom Conti, it appears to have been expected that it would prove an excellent vehicle for Mary Tyler Moore as well; one had only to make the hero a heroine, the attending physician a man instead of a woman, and the visiting lawyer a woman instead of a man, and surely a hit show would proceed with an undiminished chinking of silver at the box office. I wish nobody fiscal ill, but I am dismayed by the wrecking of what I took to be a serious attempt at a work of art. As you doubtless recall, the hero/now heroine is a person paralyzed from the neck down, disgusted with the condition of his/now her body, and furiously determined to die. It is absurd to suppose that men and women think about their bodies in anything like the same way, and that the juggling of a few pronouns and the addition of a few jokes (raunchy ones, at that) can serve to make the plot plausible. Miss Moore does remarkably well under the circumstances, always in vain, and the rest of the cast appears understandably demoralized.

THE worst play of the season to date was "Censored Scenes from King Kong," which gave a few totally unnecessary performances at the Prin-

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cess Theatre and then slunk out of town. A so-called "comic extravaganza," imported from London and filled with camp giggles about homosexuality and bisexuality, it was grossly hammered together by an expatriate American named Howard Schuman and had music by Andy Roberts. In mercy's name, I omit all other identifications.

—Brendan Gill

• •

TENANTS OF THE HOUSE

These are six rooms on the third floor
of a triple-decker about sixty years old,
and from the scars of a ceiling
that no longer quite heals
a yellow, ancient-seeming water
drops after the first violence
each fall and spring. For six years
we have made a home here.
Before us, for thirty years, an old woman
lived in this space—alone, in the end—
with two enormous space heaters
and a kitchen stove fit for a family
of twelve. From her we've inherited
the bad wiring, the one wall socket per room,
the two closets, neither deep enough for hangers,
their plaster powdering a white silt
on shoe and suit that can't be got rid of,
and the relic of a refrigerator
which dims all the lights when it jerks,
like an old milk horse waking from sleep,
to its cumbrous, rumbling work.
She left the place, finally, too old,
and we came, and the new owners
into the apartment below, Jamaican,
who speak to us in the courtly English
imperialism has quixotically bequeathed them.
And with us our shelves, books, beds, pictures,
disarray, silt. And with them a soppy dog
they kept in the dark of the back stairs
and then lost, the perpetual throb
of a West Indian bass, and two cars.

Today a wry electrician broke in
on our Sunday breakfast and took on, six years late,
the jobs which the old wiring and the absent fixtures
and the dark corners had accumulated. Now we have light
where dim memory and another age persisted
and shiny outlets we can't imagine uses for.

When the man took up his tools,
I wandered like a deerstalker through the house,
in silent watch on this socket and that,
resentful of ownership—the wherewithal to provide
fixtures and to exact rent—and thought
of the old woman I never met
who walked out of here, after thirty years
of polish, dispossessed. In late afternoon,
I dreamt she climbed our three flights, young,
clopping loudly upstairs, like my daughter,
and perfunctorily put her key in her door . . .
From whom we have inherited the refrigerator,
too big, too heavy, too old to move,
which shudders now, as I write,
in its preserving work, all the lights
in the house, for a moment, dimmed.

—Jiri Wyatt

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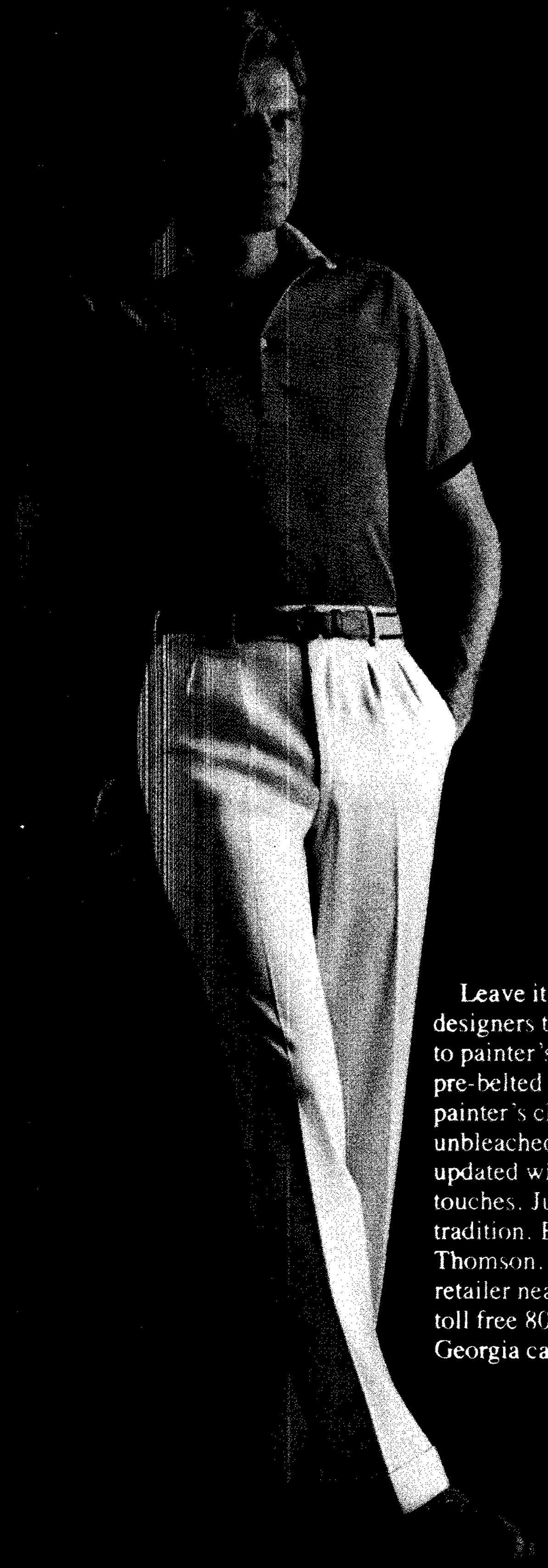

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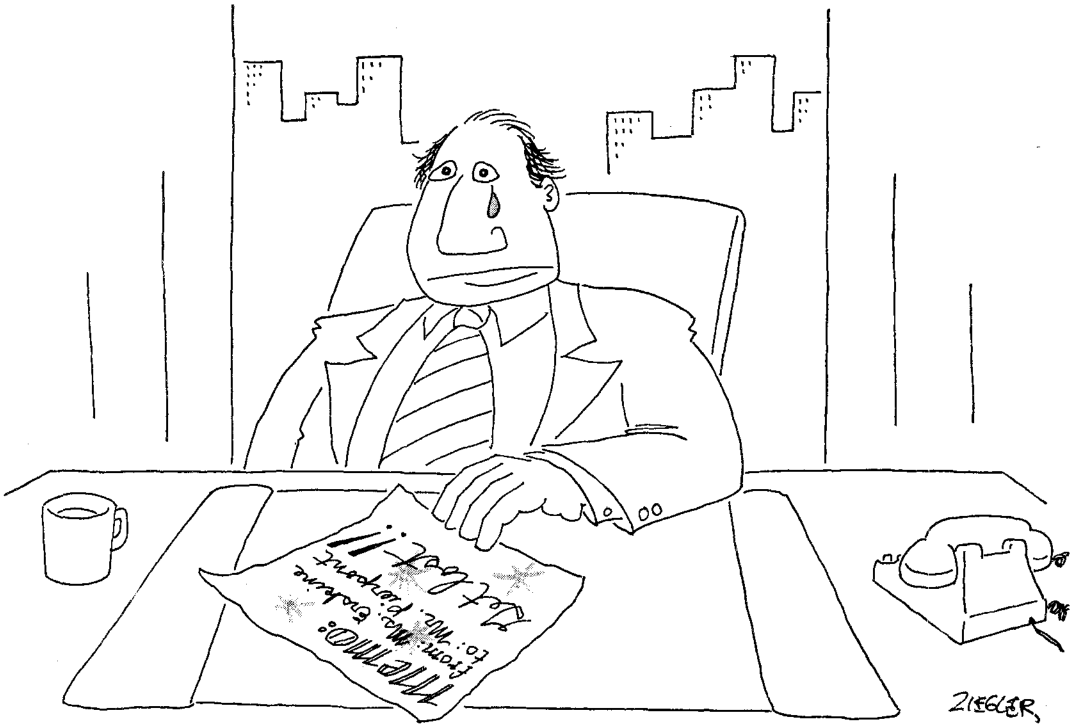
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Butcher Holler and Hollyweird

YOU don't have to know anything much about Loretta Lynn in order to have a good time at "Coal Miner's Daughter." I was about to say that you don't even have to care about country music in order to like the movie, but the idea of not liking the likes of Red Foley's "Satisfied Mind" or Ernest Tubb's "Walkin' the Floor Over You" or Loretta Lynn's own "You're Lookin' at Country" (all three are heard in the picture, along with a great many other classics) is incomprehensible to me, so I withdraw the second guarantee. "Coal Miner's Daughter" is an unassuming, extremely pleasant film biography of Loretta Lynn, one of the great contemporary stars of the main-line, Nashville country sound, who was the second of eight children (another of them is Crystal Gayle, a country singer now almost as rich and famous as her sister) born to an impoverished mountain miner in Butcher Holler, Kentucky, and who was married at fourteen and had four children of her own (and eventually six) before finding the career and fortune that began for her on the "Grand Ole Opry" radio show and on the charts of *Cash Box*. The picture, which follows her life in a neat, this-happened-and-then-*this*-happened style, is warming not just because of its up-from-Appalachia success story, or because of the strong, accomplished performances of Sissy Spacek as Loretta and Tommy Lee Jones as her husband, Mooney (for "Moonshine") Lynn, but because it works on our emotions in such an open, unabashedly regional fashion. "Coal Miner's Daughter" didn't make me feel exactly patriotic, but I did realize somewhere in the middle of it that an Oxford don or a Castilian winemaker would probably not share the joy I felt while watching Sissy Spacek astride a mule on a steep, wintry-looking Kentucky hillside, or when the camera swung past a beat-up little IGA store in a shabby nineteen-forties brick-front town, or when Mooney Lynn leaned out of his red jeep and called to Loretta, "Ain't no use in walkin' when you kin rahd—c'moahn!," or when I saw the fringed, shiny-white, narrow-cut satin cowboy shirts worn by the backup guitar-pickers at the Ryman Auditorium, and studied their grave, ministerial, straight-ahead expressions while they whanged out the chords behind "I'm a Honky Tonk Girl." A possessive, homebred pleasure comes to you often when you see this movie, and you smile in the dark, almost embarrassed because you have been affected so simply.

The screenplay of "Coal Miner's Daughter," which was written by Tom Rickman and is based on an autobiography that Loretta Lynn wrote with George Vecsey, is remarkable for what it avoids. Again and again, the picture sets up the clichés and the obligatory scenes of "a human story" and then leaves them out. When Mooney (Loretta calls him Doo, for another nickname, "Doolittle") encounters strong opposition from Loretta's parents because she is too young to be courted, the couple doesn't run away; Mooney insists that they will be married, and the parents back down. When Loretta becomes famous and acquires an entourage, her husband—who has managed her career so far—begins to drink, but he doesn't become an alcoholic or a bum. He also fools around a little with other women and Loretta yells at him, but they don't bust up. Later on, when there is a lot of money in the family, the couple squabble in a bored, edgy sort of way about a new house they are building, and they even mention divorce, but nothing comes of it. Or when Loretta, on her way up, begins to overtake the established star Patsy Cline, the two women join forces and go on tour together instead of becoming enemies (there is a great shot of the two, each under an umbrella, singing to a sparse crowd at a muddy little country fairgrounds), and they end up as intimate friends. The picture is always passing up drama in favor of keepin' on, and thus disarms the built-in boredom and mild cynicism we all bring to movie bios. It is also uninsistent in style, and doesn't go suddenly political and socially aware over the poverty of the coal miners (we pick this up anyway, from their looks and their talk: "If you're born in the mountains, you got three choices: coal mine, moonshine, or move on down the line"), and, later on, it doesn't point up the ugliness of Loretta's new-bought house and furnishings and custom-fitted tour bus in a smart-ass, documentary way. This is a light, entertaining movie—a trifle—and its modesty and common sense allow it to survive even its own failures and more tedious stretches. (These turn up in the latter third of the story, when Loretta has made her fortune—she had sixteen records that hit the top of the charts—and is working too hard and popping too many pills.) There's a weak, stiff little scene in which Lo-



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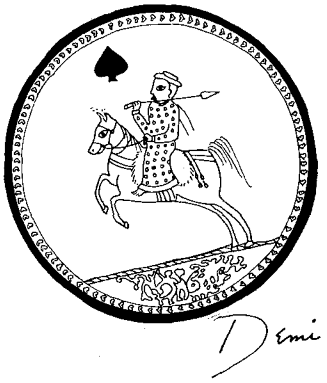
retta breaks down onstage ("One day I was just a little girl, and the next day I was married . . . and the next day I was out here singin' for y'all," she whispers to the audience. "My life's runnin' me"), whose awkwardness comes in some part from our knowledge that we have already seen the same moment, based on the same event in Loretta Lynn's career, in Robert Altman's "Nashville," when Ronee Blakley came all apart out there on the stage. But nothing lasts too long in "Coal Miner's Daughter;" Loretta rests up and gets better in no time, and so does the picture.



Michael Apted, who directed the movie, is British (he gave us "Stardust" and "Agatha"), and the subtlety and precision of his feelings for these down-home doings are one of the great surprises of "Coal Miner's Daughter." Another is Sissy Spacek—not so much for her terrific performance, since she has always been an actress of inexpungible confidence and energy, as for her ability to convince us so easily that she is a young-looking fourteen-year-old at the beginning of the story and a bewigged, decked-out, fortyish celebrity-star, and a mother of six, at its end. With her freckled flat-plane face, tipped nose, long upper lip, and pale Ozark eyes, she doesn't much resemble Loretta Lynn (or anyone else, really), but she is pure country and a pure pleasure to watch—most of all when she is singing. She does all her own vocal work in the picture (and so does Beverly D'Angelo, in the considerable role of Patsy Cline), and while she has neatly captured the famous glottal catch of Loretta Lynn's style, she has a clear, attractive tone of her own, and displays a musical presence and a sense of enjoyment in performance that hold the entire picture together, inasmuch as the part of Loretta is always a bit smothered by the rush of events. Tommy Lee Jones—who has a light-skinned, strong-boned face and light, straight hair: an American look we don't see much in movies, for some reason—is equally assured and winning as Mooney, and the two stars play to each other in great style in many quick, small scenes: driving the narrow Bell County roads (around Hazard, Pineville, and Middlesboro—around *there*) and peering out of the car windows in search of the transmitter towers of small-time country radio stations where they can plug Loretta's first records; or laughing together in that jeep, caught in great closeups against a white sky; or exchanging excited glances across the room as the crowd at a grange begins to whoop and holler when she first lights into "And There He Goes." An actress named Phyllis Boyens looks tired and country-shy in the part of Loretta's mother, with a fine moment when she dances a jig in front of her husband and children to the radio music from the "Grand Ole Opry" (so many good individual performances in the same picture are a tribute to the director, of course), and Levon Helm, heretofore mostly known as the drummer with The Band, is wonderful as Loretta's small, tough, worn-out father. He and his daughter (he calls her "Loretty") are last seen together on the gaunt, empty hillside railroad platform at Van Lear, Kentucky, where they are waiting for a train that will take her away to her husband. She playfully invites him to weigh himself on the broad grain-bag scales on the platform, and he declines, saying, "I wouldn't know how much was me and how much was all that coal dust I swallered." Then the train appears, spouting thick black clouds of smoke, and takes her away, and the small scene ends—except in memory.

"WE'RE going to *school*, Retardo," one of the teen-age Los Angeles girls in "Foxes" says to another, and so they do—for about five minutes. In child-development class, we watch an angry teacher berate one of her students for her faulty technique in infant-tubbing. "We show our babies love, and our babies grow *up* in love!" the teacher shouts. The student looks at her levelly and replies, "That's a rubber doll, Mrs. Steiner." Recess comes, and in a jam-packed corridor that suggests the first-lap straightaway at the Indianapolis Speedway we watch an adolescent adding booze to his can of Orange Crush. "You wanna hit?" he says cheerfully to the same girl. That's about it for education in "Foxes," except for a passing reference a bit farther on, when a girl spots another girl (who appears to be dressed in nothing but Pliofilm) ankling along Hollywood Boulevard and says, "Hey, there's Mary. She's in my floral-arrangement class." Parents

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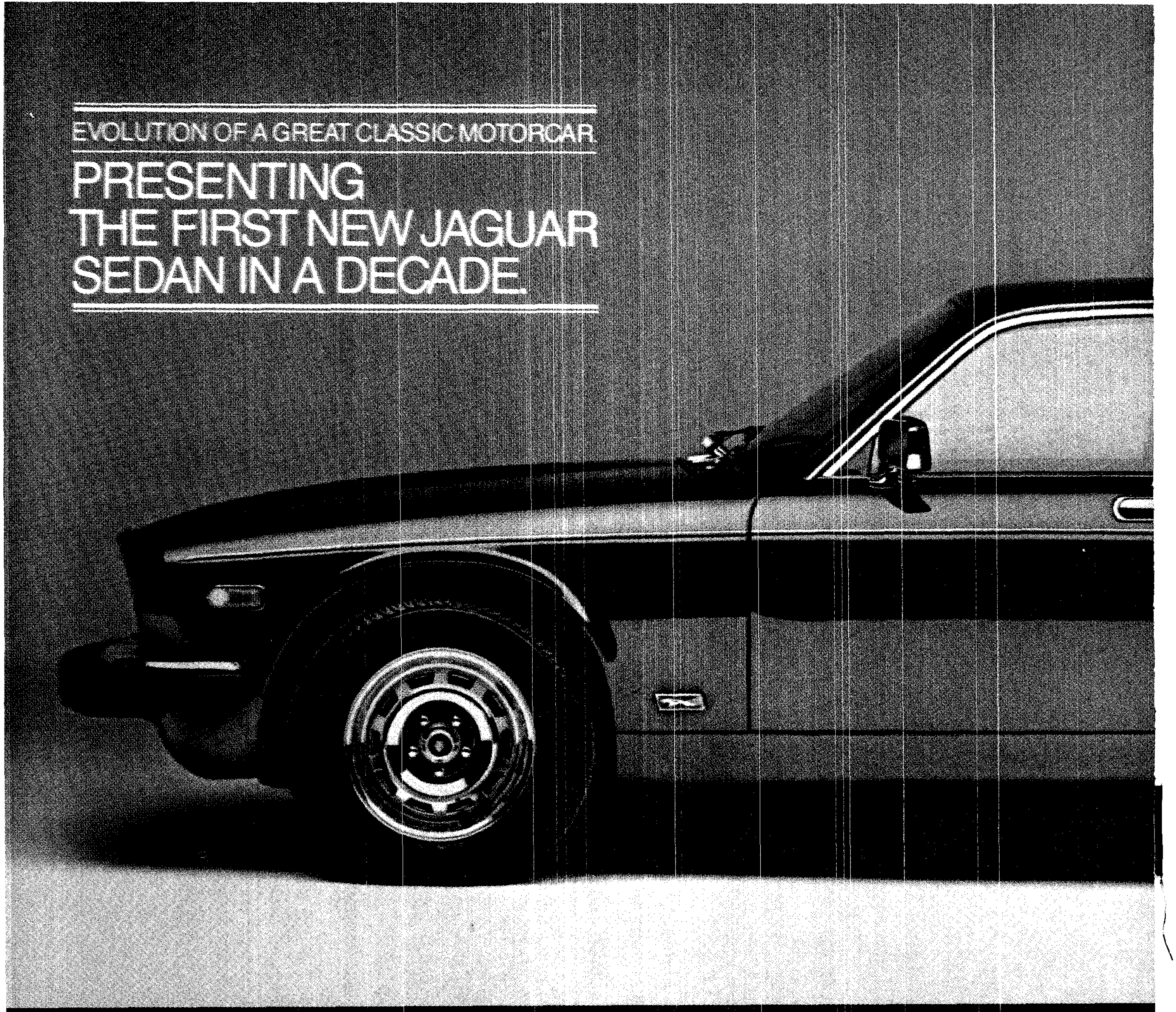

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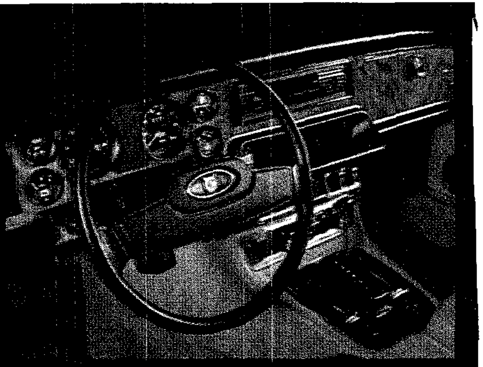

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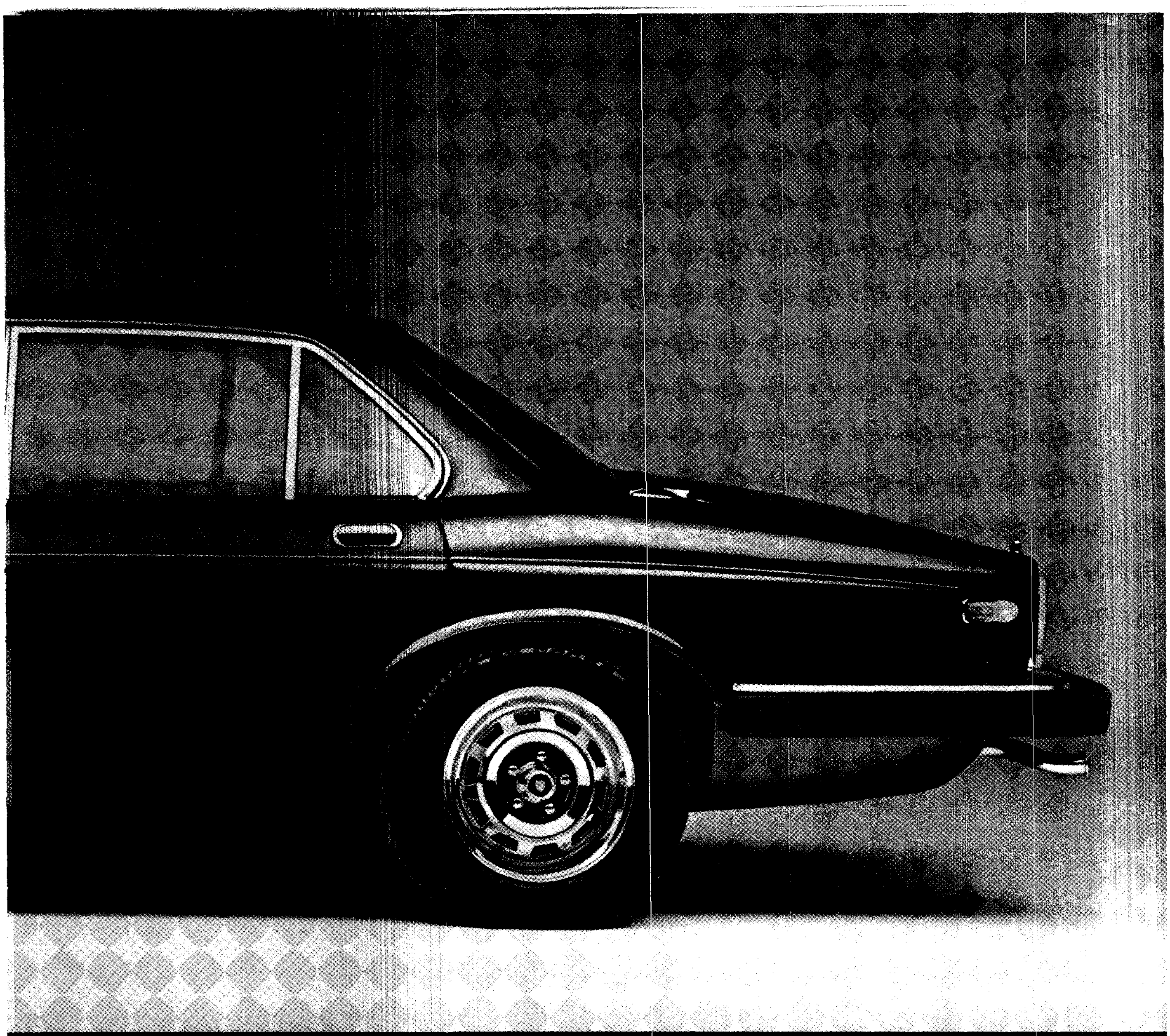

Inside the Series III there is all the luxury you have every right to expect from a Jaguar.

The seat facings are covered in hand-matched top-grain hides. Under the supple leather is a new, orthopedic design. The front bucket seats have adjustable lumbar supports, and the driver's seat adjusts electrically. Both of the front seats recline.

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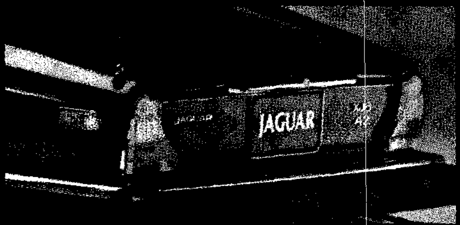

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also get short shrift in this movie, especially dads. Jeanie (Jodie Foster) runs into her father at a rock concert, where they have a brief chat in a public toilet; he is too busy to give her much time, however, because he is the manager of the raunchy band that's up onstage—he is British, and looks about thirty—but he does ask her if she needs any money. Annie's father, by contrast, is a cop, who wants to catch her—she is a runaway—and have her committed, in order to keep her out of trouble; previously, we are told, he put handcuffs on Annie's sister because she had become pregnant and wanted an abortion. To the best of my recollection, no other fathers appear in the movie. We do get to know Jeanie's mom, Mary (Sally Kellerman), a little better, and discover that she is an admittedly neurotic forty-year-old U.C.L.A. student who throws herself at too many men, worries about Jeanie's set ("Aren't there any *nice* people left in the world?"), and confesses to some jealousy of Jeanie's youth and looks. "You make me hate my hips!" she cries. "I *hate* my *hips!*" When she and Jeanie have a fight over one of her gentlemen friends, Mary, bristling, says "What's the *matter* with Sam?" and Jeanie replies "He wears white shoes." A touch, Jeanie, a palpable touch.

But this suggests that the prevalent tone of "Foxes" is satiric, which unfortunately is not the case. The movie follows the glittery, overheated, carborne California-decadent social life of four sixteen-year-old girls—Jeanie and Annie and their friends Deirdre and Madge—to parties and concerts, in and out of bed, in and out of trouble, with considerable style and convincing detail, but it has nothing to say, and no point of view beyond the soft wish that the world could oblige these middle-class waifs in their dreams, which are to go to New York and open a boutique, or just to have some place of their own "with pillows around, a little music, someone to talk to." The four come closest to their desire to keep house, instead of doing Quaaludes and sleeping around, when they borrow a neighbor's place and put on a formal little dinner party, complete with candles and a rack of lamb, for themselves and four boyfriends, who wear ruffled tuxedos. Things go wrong, however, when several dozen kids and a few serious weirdos crash the affair, institute some heavy partying and doping, and, inevitably, trash the house. When the owner, Jay (Randy Quaid), comes home (he has been sleeping with Madge, see, although he is a *much older man*), he inspects his ruined hi-fi and busted picture windows in silent dismay, and Madge (Marilyn Kagan), sniffling, says, "You think we're children, don't you?"

I can think of no useful answer to this, and I have no useful comments to make about a picture that appears to throw itself so willfully and thoughtlessly into popular forms of juvenile trouble while ignoring any glimpses of everyday cautions and remedies, such as cracking a book now and then, or staying at home, or possibly moving to a better neighborhood. "Foxes" appears to be a true teen-agers' movie, sharing the values and bemusements and miseries of its young protagonists, and it is often funny and alive, and even interesting, when it is simply following them about on the freeways and listening to them talk and laugh. Unfortunately, there has to be a plot, which consists of waiting to see just how the doomed, blond Annie (we know she's going to get it, because she has a tattoo of a red apple on one shoulder, and because she keeps running off to "Hollyweird" with some bad bikers) meets her doom. All four foxes (including Cherie Currie as Annie and Kandice Stroh as Deirdre) are convincingly funky, spaced out, or sad, as the occasion demands, with the unusual exception of Jodie Foster (she was the twelve-year-old prostitute in "Taxi Driver"), whose beautiful broad face, intelligent gaze, and preternaturally calm demeanor make it plain all along that she is one of those teenagers who will do the whole scene—boys and drugs and parties, messed-up parents and racked-up cars—and still wind up in the yearbook with "Honor Roll (4 yrs.), Cap & Buskin, Cercle Français, Varsity Field Hockey (Capt.), Spring Hop Committee, Twirlerettes, Mme. Curie Science Pin, Mermaid Pageant, Film Club (Secy.), Cum Laude Society. Radcliffe (early adm.) or Cal Tech."

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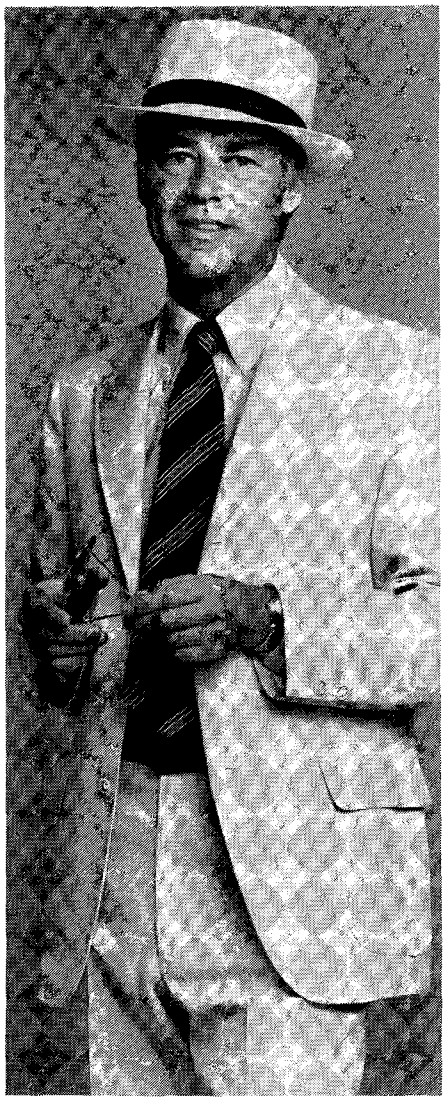

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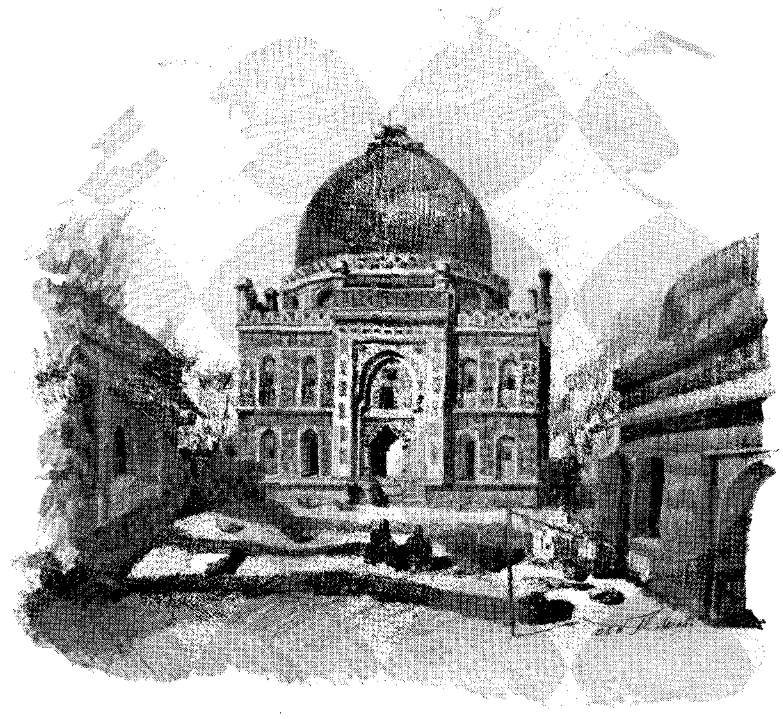

THE results of the latest Parliamentary elections in India, which returned Indira Gandhi and her Congress Indira Party to power with an absolute majority, were seen by some observers in New Delhi as a confirmation of their suspicion that Indian politics is bedevilled by the relationships of father and daughter, mother and son, father and son, father-in-law and son-in-law, not to mention husband and wife. It is now thought that Jawaharlal Nehru, who served as the first Prime Minister of the newly independent India for seventeen years, until his death, in 1964, had ambivalent feelings about whether his only child, Indira Gandhi, should succeed him as Prime Minister. On the one hand, he seems to have groomed her for the office: he permitted her to live with him in the Prime Minister's residence, to become his official hostess (he was a widower), to become his unofficial secretary and his confidante; although she was elected to no office and held no position in the government, he helped her assume an ever more important behind-the-scenes role in party politics, and finally, in 1959 and 1960, she served, in part thanks to him, as the president of the ruling Congress Party. On the other hand, Nehru seems to have been alert to the danger of setting a precedent of family succession and so perhaps giving rise to a Nehru dynasty: he frequently warned his colleagues to be on guard against his own dictatorial tendencies; he labored to foster India's nascent democratic traditions; and he saw to it that, in the end, his successor was chosen by free and open methods.

Nehru was succeeded by Lal Bahadur Shastri, who was as plebeian and orthodox in outlook as Nehru had been patrician and Western. Shastri, however, was Prime Minister for less than two years; he died suddenly in 1966. There were several strong contenders for his office, but the Congress Party bosses were unable to agree on any one of them. Almost by default, they selected Mrs. Gandhi—and for the very same reason, it appeared, that Nehru had ruled her out: she was the patriarch's daughter. They expected that she would be mostly a figurehead, and that they would be able to govern in her name, but instead she made their behind-the-scenes power an issue, taking them by surprise. As a result, she was able to overthrow them in 1969, and capture control of the Congress Party. The Old Guard, unable to do anything else about it, pointedly began calling itself the Old Congress Party.

No sooner had Mrs. Gandhi become a leader in her own right than the father-and-daughter theme gave way to a mother-and-son theme. Mrs. Gandhi was a forty-nine-year-old widow (her husband had died in 1960) with two children, both sons, who had grown up in the Prime Minister's residence. While her older son, Rajiv, became an airline pilot and has never openly shown much interest in politics, the doings of her younger son, Sanjay, have never ceased to haunt her career. In 1970, Sanjay procured from the Ministry of Industries one of the nation's most coveted industrial licenses—a license to manufacture and sell cars. It permitted him to float a public company for his car, which he claimed would be a "people's car"—small, inexpensive, and entirely of Indian manufacture. (The cars then being produced in India contained many imported parts and were extremely expensive—beyond the reach even of many well-to-do Indians.) He named his car, a sort of Indian version of the Volkswagen, the Maruti, after the son of a Hindu wind god. There was an immediate outcry in the press and the Parliament that "the Prime Minister's son," who was twenty-eight years old and a school dropout (he had had some informal engineering training in a Rolls-Royce factory in England but had no other experience in industry), owed his new eminence to his mother's position. Many of these critics of "the son" were the very people who had vociferously supported Mrs. Gandhi's becoming Prime Minister on the ground that she was Nehru's daughter and was therefore the person best equipped to carry on her father's tradition. The outcry against Sanjay's license continued, but Mrs. Gandhi was so firmly in control of the Congress Party that for years she was able mostly to ignore it. Despite vast expenditures over a period of five years, and continuous government support, Sanjay had managed by 1975 to produce only a Maruti prototype, which he exhibited in New Delhi to many dignitaries, including his mother. He was taken to court by his shareholders and creditors, who charged him with violating the terms of his license by designing a very expensive car, which contained many imported parts, and so squandering their investment. The case gave further credence to the claims that he owed not only his license but also his substantial government support to nepotism. His Maruti—or, rather, the absence of it—became one of Mrs. Gandhi's biggest political headaches; in fact, it was one of the two main reasons that she sought, and obtained, from Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed, who was then the President of India (and, by the terms of the constitution, little more than a figurehead), a proclamation of Emergency in June, 1975. (The other was her conviction in the Uttar Pradesh High Court, earlier in June, for corrupt electoral practices, in a case that had been instituted in 1971 by a small-time local politician named Raj Narain, a rival candidate for the Parliament in her home constituency of Rae Bareli, after she defeated him in that year's elections.) Immediately following the President's proclamation, she suspended the constitution, arrested thousands of her political opponents (including some of her father's most venerable colleagues, such as Jaya Prakash Narayan—who was seventy-two at the time and died four years later—and Morarji Desai), and established a dictatorship.

Propagandists of the Emergency began presenting Sanjay as a rising political leader; they compared him to the sun, the moon, and "the rising orbs," and hailed him as Messiah Sanjay. Although he held no political office and no position in the government, Mrs. Gandhi helped him assume an ever more important behind-the-scenes role in Congress Party politics, as a member of the executive committee of its youth wing. His mother was grooming him much as her father, consciously or otherwise, had groomed her, but at a greatly accelerated pace, and despite the fact that he had clearly demonstrated a total lack of patience with the constitution and with democracy and was generally considered to be a spoiled, tyrannical child. For instance, he had initiated a campaign of performing mass vasectomies as the quickest means of controlling the growth of India's population, and sometimes even street boys, who neither were married nor had children, had been forcibly sterilized to supply impressive statistics for his cause.

FOR most of the twenty-one months of the Emergency, Mrs. Gandhi, it seemed, could not make up her mind whether she was, at heart, a liberal socialist democrat (a true child of Nehru) or a conservative aristocratic dictator (a true mother of Sanjay). Sometimes she talked as if the totalitarian means of the Emergency could be separated from the socialist ends she hoped to attain through them; at other times, she talked as if she understood that ignoble means could not achieve noble ends. But at last she appeared to have found a way of being true to the memory of her father while also pleasing her son: in January, 1977, she announced free and open Parliamentary elections to be held in March, released most of the political prisoners, and relaxed many of the au-

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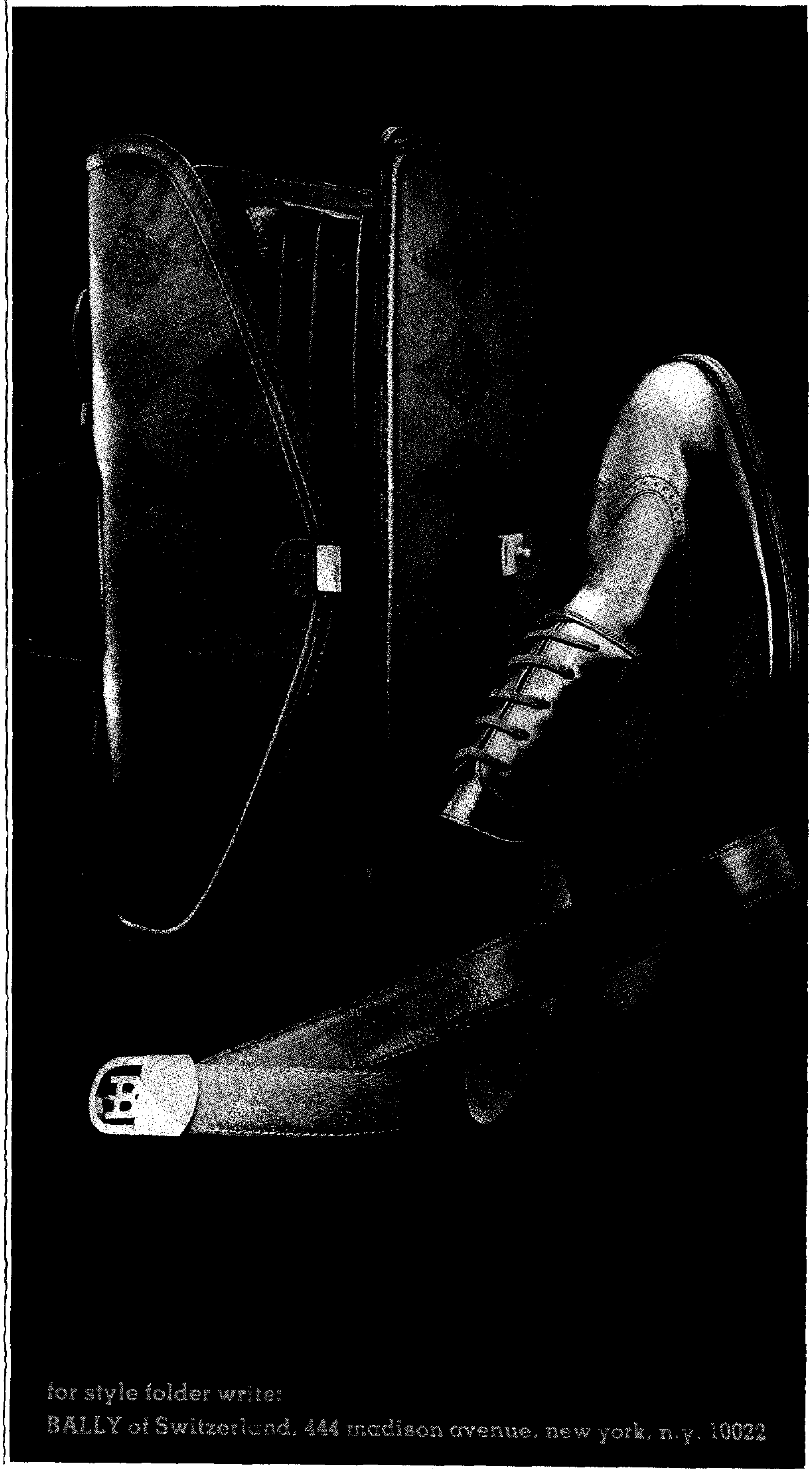

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thoritarian Emergency measures. She evidently felt confident that the elections would produce a mandate for her, Sanjay, and the Emergency, and would once and for all dispose of the charge that the Emergency was a cloak for family dictatorship. Clearly, she was as much a victim of the Emergency propaganda as the public, and never doubted that the mandate would be forthcoming. Sanjay, however, seems to have sensed that there could be no halfway house to dictatorship, for he warned her against entrusting their joint future to the fickle electorate.

Mrs. Gandhi, in making her decision to hold elections, did not take into account either the power of Jaya Prakash Narayan, India's spiritual father, or the possibility of defections from her own camp. Although Narayan was an agnostic socialist, in the minds of millions he had come to take the place of Mahatma Gandhi, the orthodox man of God. Like Gandhi, he was deemed to be a disinterested leader who cared only for the welfare of the nation. Some twenty years earlier, he had renounced power and political ambition for social service and to promote voluntary land reform in the villages. He had no children. He had spent the early months of the Emergency as a political prisoner, but he had been released because he suffered from a severe kidney disorder. Now, though he was still ill, he inspired and encouraged all the disparate major parties—the Socialist Party, the Bharatiya Lok Dal, the Jana Sangh, and the Old Congress Party—to unite in one Janata, or People's, Party, in order to rid the country of "the dictatorship of mother and boy." The new Janata Party was immediately strengthened by a major defection from Mrs. Gandhi's camp: when the election campaign had barely started, Jagjivan Ram—who was the leader of a hundred million Untouchables, had been in the Cabinet almost continuously since Independence, and was probably Mrs. Gandhi's most important minister—denounced her and her Emergency and founded the Congress for Democracy, which at once joined forces with the Janata Party. "The coming general elections provide perhaps the last opportunity for preventing the total reversal of the nation's cherished policies, and for correcting the illegitimacy that predominates in several aspects of our national life," he said in his letter of resignation to Mrs. Gandhi, only to elicit from her this response: "It is strange you should have remained silent all these months, but should make these baseless charges

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now." He did not bother to explain the reason for his change of heart, but some thought that he had got tired of the oppression of the Emergency, which until the moment of his defection he had helped to perpetuate, and others decided that he had cunningly sensed Mrs. Gandhi's approaching defeat and, being a born opportunist, had abandoned her before the electorate could abandon both of them.

If Jaya Prakash Narayan's role in founding the Janata Party and Jagjivan Ram's defection were the two most important political events of the election campaign, its two overriding issues were the excesses of the mother, who would jail her father's friends and colleagues to enthrone her son, and the excesses of the son, who would stop at nothing, not even forced sterilization, to achieve his totalitarian ends. As the polling time approached, it began to look as if Mrs. Gandhi and Sanjay—who was standing for a Parliamentary seat for the first time—and, indeed, their entire Congress Party might lose. Sanjay advised his mother to cancel the elections, on the ground that the opposition's campaigning was jeopardizing law and order—one of the grounds on which she had had the Emergency proclaimed. Either the advice came so late in the day that she feared she might have a revolution on her hands if she tried to abort the elections or her upbringing by her father proved so strong that it eclipsed her concern for both her son's and her own interests; in any event, she let the elections proceed.

On March 21, 1977, the election results were announced, and, in perhaps the greatest election upset anytime anywhere, Mrs. Gandhi and the Congress Party—the party that had ruled India for thirty years—were trounced at the polls. Out of five hundred and forty-two seats, the Janata Party and the Congress for Democracy together won two hundred and ninety-nine, while Mrs. Gandhi's Congress Party garnered only a hundred and fifty-three. (The other seats were dispersed among independents and members of sundry minor parties.) Both Mrs. Gandhi and Sanjay were badly defeated in their constituencies, which were adjacent. Political commentators were so confounded by the results that they reached for metaphors like "the Janata wave" and "paternal disapproval from the beyond" to explain them.

IN the aftermath of the elections, there were three main contenders for the Prime Ministership, each of

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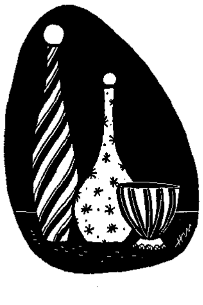
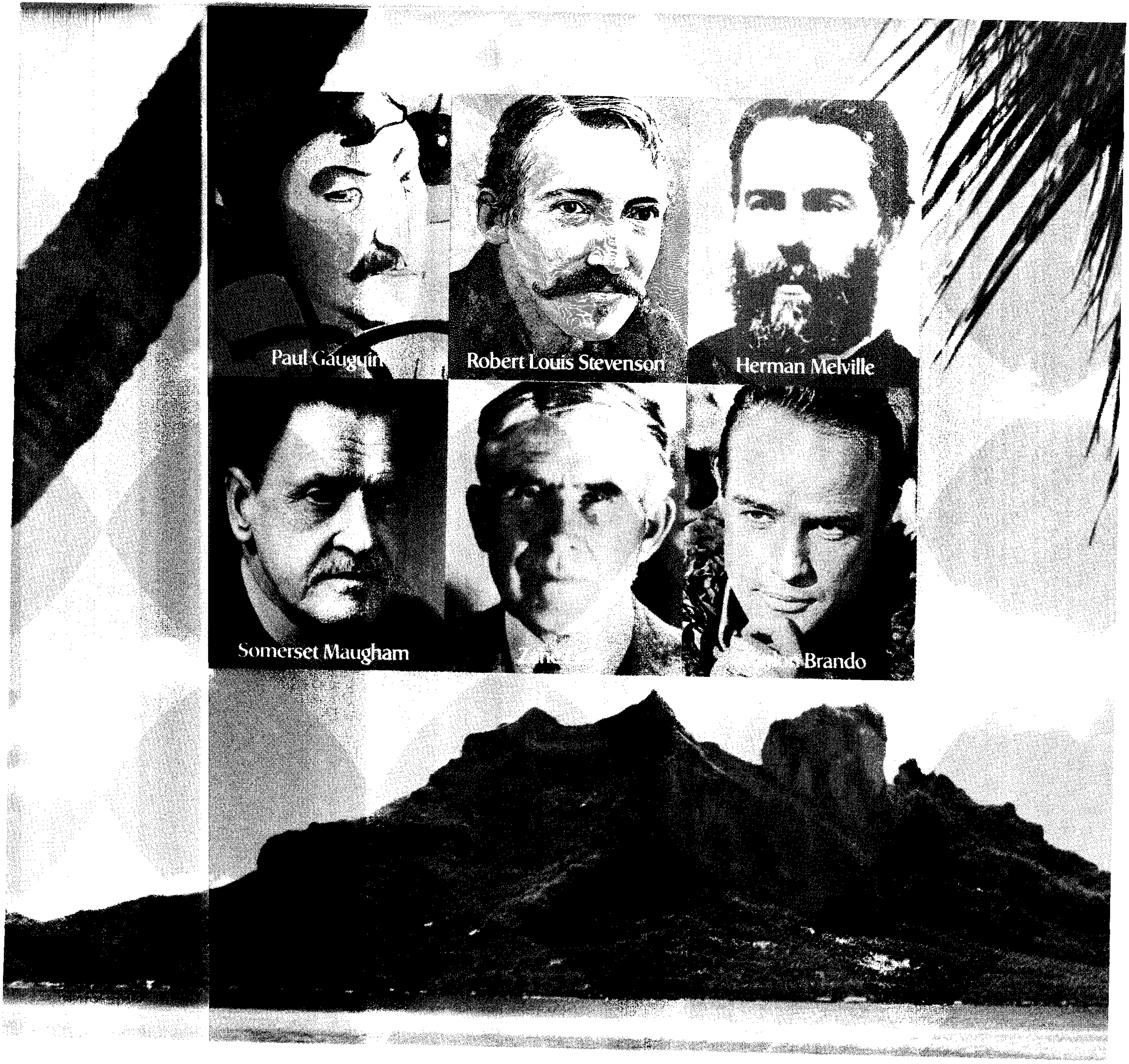
whom led one of the parties in the Janata amalgam: sixty-eight-year-old Jagjivan Ram, the leader of the Congress for Democracy; eighty-one-year-old Morarji Desai, the leader of the Old Congress Party; and seventy-four-year-old Charan Singh, the leader of the Bharatiya Lok Dal, a left-of-center party, with a following among independent small farmers. None of the three would defer to either of the others. It was thought that if the Janata members of the Parliament were to elect their leader democratically, the prize would go either to Jagjivan Ram or, more likely, to Charan Singh—for the Bharatiya Lok Dal had won the most seats. But Charan Singh was a regional leader from the state of Uttar Pradesh, while Jagjivan Ram and Morarji Desai had national followings, and it was thought that neither of them would ever agree to take second place to Charan Singh. Even before the election results were disseminated, the Janata Party seemed to be pulling apart, and, perhaps out of mixed motives of idealism and pragmatism, the three leaders finally agreed to let Jaya Prakash Narayan, aided by J. B. Kripalani, another elder statesman, name the next Prime Minister. This course caused some consternation among the Janata members of Parliament, who felt they had been elected on a platform of democracy and here, at the outset, were being made to bow to authoritarianism. On March 24th, Narayan tapped Desai—a taciturn elderly man who considered himself a follower of Mahatma Gandhi, though he was known for observing the letter rather than the spirit of the Mahatma's teachings—and Desai was immediately sworn in as Prime Minister.



Desai's Janata government came to office amid hopeful and idealistic pronouncements. But Desai and Charan Singh immediately clashed over one of the first problems confronting the government: what to do about Mrs. Gandhi and Sanjay. Mrs. Gandhi, who had served as Prime Minister for eleven years, was the only truly national figure in politics, and therefore posed a threat to the Janata leadership. Charan Singh, heading a group who became known as hawks, agitated for a speedy, Nuremberg-type trial of Mrs. Gandhi, Sanjay, and their associates—like Bansi Lal and V. C. Shukla—who had come to be dubbed the Sanjay Caucus, or merely the Caucus. Desai headed the so-called doves, who wanted to establish several commissions of inquiry, in order first to expose and publicize the "crimes and horrors of the Emergency," and then to let the mother, the son, and the Caucus be tried, like other citizens, in the ordinary courts. The hawks argued that the Indian judicial system was notorious for its slow, almost endless procedures, and consequently the Emergency criminals could circumvent justice through endless appeals and reappeals. (Ironically, they were resorting to one of Mrs. Gandhi's rationales for the Emergency—the impotence of the courts, which permitted wrongdoers who could afford expert lawyers to escape justice altogether.) The doves argued that the Janata Party had won at the polls precisely by promising to restore, among other things, the integrity of the judiciary, and that any hint of peremptory proceedings against the very people who had traduced that integrity would belie the Janata cause; moreover, said the doves, jail would make martyrs of mother and son. (Since British times, jail has conferred a special status on politicians, and has been the surest road to political power—as, indeed, the Janata victory itself demonstrated.) Charan Singh belonged to the subcaste of Jats, from Uttar Pradesh, and lived up to the Jats' reputation—of being impetuous and vengeful people, who seek swift personal justice. Similarly, Desai, who came from the state of Gujarat, upheld the Gujaratis' reputation—of being patient and tenacious people, who slowly tie their adversaries hand and foot in a spiderweb of legal complications that ultimately bankrupts them. Thus, the hawks and the doves in the Cabinet were soon locked in a hopeless battle.

In April, 1977, the Janata government appointed J. C. Shah, retired Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, as a one-man commission to investigate "all complaints of excesses, malpractices, and abuses of authority" on the part of Mrs. Gandhi, Sanjay, and their associates; although the Shah Commission was merely one among many commissions of inquiry impanelled by the government, it had the most sweeping mandate. On September 29th, the Shah Commission began much publicized hearings—calling witnesses and taking testimony, exhibiting documents and reading them into the record. It seemed that every day the commission ferreted out new scandals about the Emergency; that every day the gov-



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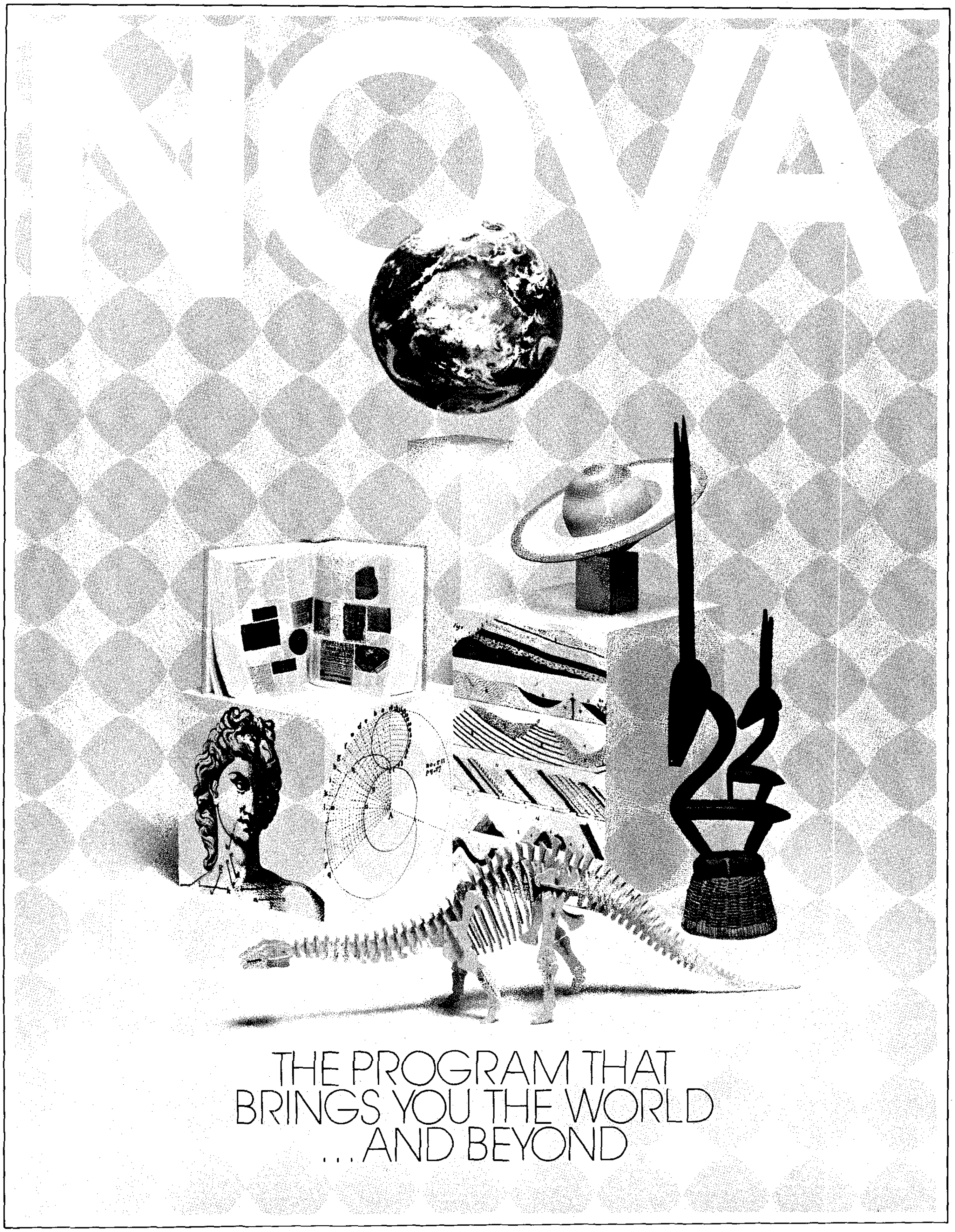
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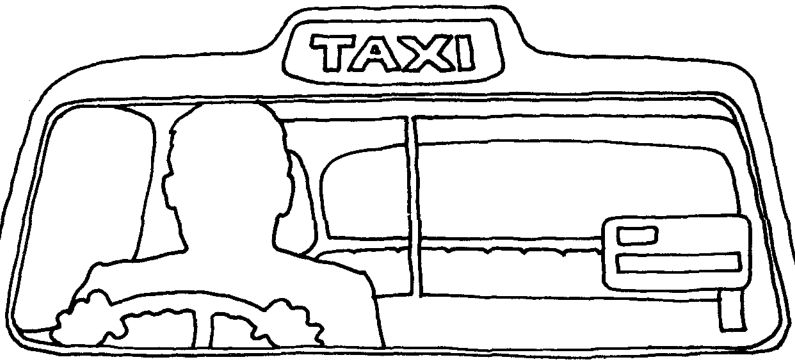
ernment reacted with fresh statements of condemnation or created even more commissions of inquiry; that every day the newspapers were filled with nothing but the crimes of Mrs. Gandhi and the Emergency. Mrs. Gandhi came to dominate the news and the doings of the government to such an extent that she became, in effect, the ruler in absentia. There were many people outside the Janata government who felt that it should get on with the job of governing, and leave Mrs. Gandhi to the newspapers and the history books. They pointed to the legal concept sometimes referred to as "the reason of state," which allows an exception to the principle that all are equal before the law, the exception being that if the trial of a deposed head of state would be more injurious to the commonweal than no trial this principle may be suspended.

While the issue of the speedy trial continued to be debated in the Cabinet, it fell to Charan Singh, the hawk, as Minister of Home Affairs, to carry out the dove policy and prepare a case against Mrs. Gandhi for prosecution in the ordinary courts. On October 3, 1977, he had Mrs. Gandhi, along with many of her associates, arrested on charges that she had used the Prime Minister's office to commandeer about a hundred jeeps from private firms for the 1977 election campaign and had earlier favored certain foreign business deals for reasons of personal gain. The next day, the government presented its case to a municipal magistrate, who immediately threw it out for lack of evidence and unconditionally released Mrs. Gandhi. Mrs. Gandhi's supporters were jubilant, and celebrated the magistrate's declaration of her innocence across the land. Meanwhile, Charan Singh was pilloried in the press and the Parliament. His case was so ill prepared, it was said, and the charges he had brought were so minor compared to the daily revelations of Mrs. Gandhi's abuse of power, that the proceedings were a travesty of justice. If he could botch such an important case, how could he expect to run a whole department, let alone the country? In his defense it was said that though he got the blame, he had actually done an unintended service in exposing the futility of the dovish policy of minor, piecemeal law actions that could be stymied anywhere along the legal road by the caprice of a hearing magistrate or by a maze of technicalities. But in the family setting of Indian politics, where every issue is personal-



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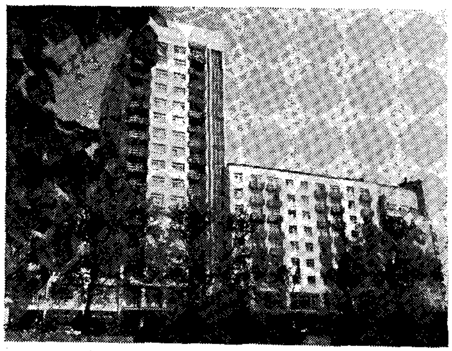

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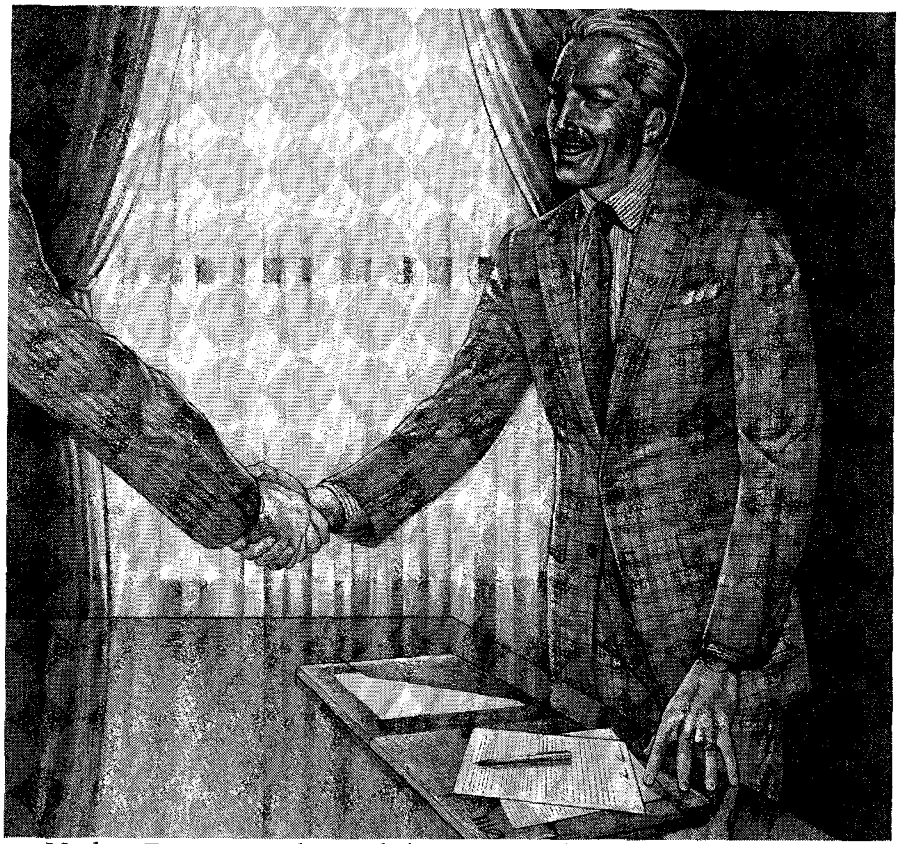
ized, his supposed disgrace was interpreted as a triumph not only for Mrs. Gandhi but also for Desai.

Charan Singh now started pressing Desai to impanel an independent commission of inquiry to investigate the growing power and influence of Desai's own son, Kanti Lal. Like Sanjay, Kanti was a businessman who had been the target of charges of corruption for many years; though he was middle-aged, he was living with his father in the Prime Minister's residence, as Mrs. Gandhi and Sanjay had done with their respective parents. The demand for a commission of inquiry was tantamount to a demand for a trial, because the 1952 Act of the Commissions of Inquiry, which gave the government the right to establish such commissions, empowered them to subpoena people and documents, much as law courts do. Charan Singh's detractors said that he was simply trying to embarrass Desai, in order to recoup the recent loss to his own prestige; his admirers said that he sincerely cared for good, clean government and wanted to dispel the increasing impression that the only purpose the elections had served was to substitute the corrupt rule of father and son for the corrupt rule of mother and son. Whatever Charan Singh's motives, Desai must have found it galling for Kanti, a political nonentity, to be compared with Sanjay, a self-styled prince, who stood accused of conspiracy, of blackmail, of torture, and even, in two instances, involvement in murder during the Emergency, when he wielded national power. (One murder charge concerned an underworld ex-chum of Sanjay's named Sunder, a sort of Robin Hood figure who had taken up cudgels for the poor people he claimed were being victimized by Sanjay's forced-sterilization program—going so far as to threaten the lives of Sanjay and his mother—and who subsequently drowned while in police custody; the other concerned Sanjay's father-in-law, Lieutenant Colonel T. S. Anand, who was found shot dead at a time when it seemed that he was a weak link in Sanjay's defense in his various court cases, although there is also reason to suppose that Anand committed suicide.) Meanwhile, Charan Singh either prompted or allowed his supporters to plan a rally in the capital to celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday. On the appointed day—December 23, 1977—at least a million and a half independent small farmers, who were part of his political constituency of Jats, trooped into New



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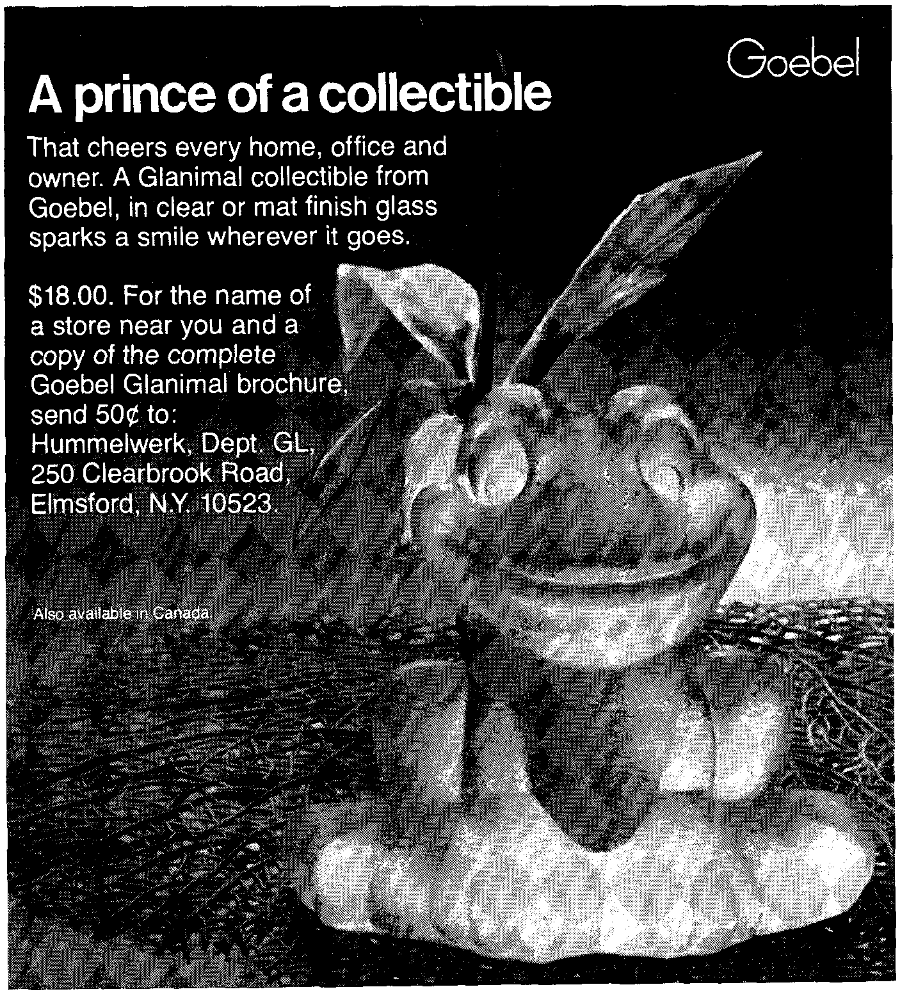

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Delhi from the neighboring states, giving the city a seething atmosphere that suggested a pending coup d'état. The rally itself was an innocuous affair, with speeches of felicitation and welcome, but no politician had ever held such a rally in the capital before, and it was seen as a show of personal force, intended to put Desai on notice that Charan Singh could not be discounted with impunity.

When Desai was asked about the rally, which he had declined to attend, he said he would not "join such things," because he did not approve of them. Charan Singh felt slighted, and later observed of Desai, "He did not care to consider that such an unsolicited statement would wound the feelings of his senior-most colleague. But then he was the Prime Minister, and I, a humble individual whom he could make or unmake. Few people would believe when I tell them that . . . Desai had not even the courtesy to felicitate me." He read portentous significance into Desai's absence, calling it indicative of his lack of interest in the peasantry. Later, Charan Singh gave on the floor of the Parliament his version of Desai's attitude toward the peasants: "The wretches living remote from the Capital are not within our ken. Nor do they seem to belong to us. They are denizens of a different world—uncouth and unlettered. What are the poverty-stricken people in the villages or even the towns to us, and we to them, that we should weep for them!!" (The exclamation points are Charan Singh's.)

Desai presided over a faction-ridden government, held together only by the realization that the departure of one faction, or even one leader, could bring the whole edifice down, and that its fall could precipitate an election that might bring back Mrs. Gandhi. The Janata government was faltering so badly that there were already signs of nostalgia for Mrs. Gandhi's rule, and her adversaries knew that the next time around they would not be given a chance to campaign against her and put her in the dock. But then, on January 3, 1978, the Congress Party split over the issue of Mrs. Gandhi's continued leadership, and many of her long-standing colleagues, who had helped her rule during the Emergency and supported her even after the 1977 elections, ousted her and her followers from what they now began calling the Official Congress Party. She took refuge in a splinter party—soon named Congress Indira—and became its president, but there was no hiding the fact

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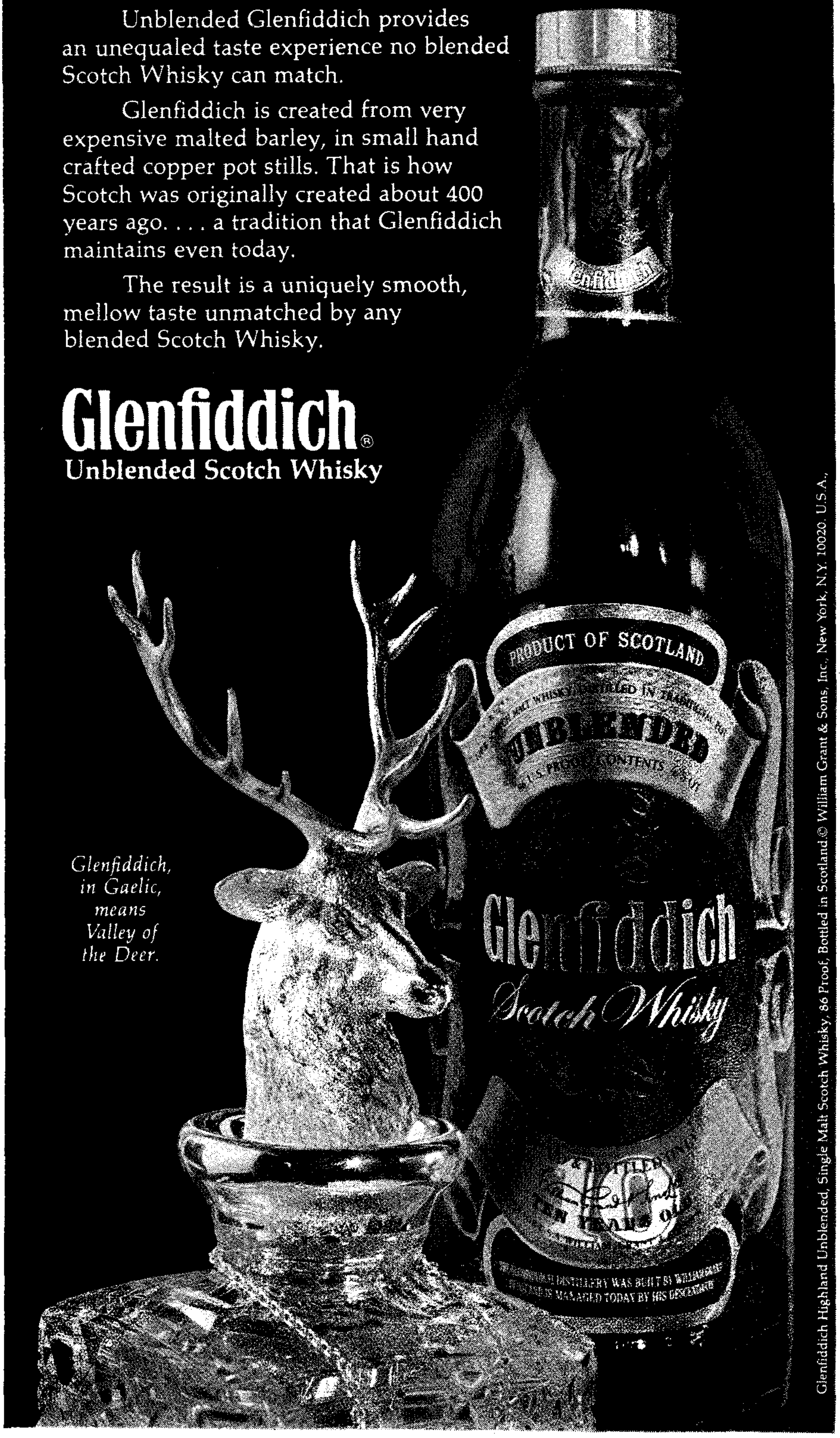

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that she was left with a mere rump group. Then, on January 11th, she appeared before the Shah Commission under summons. She had been called many times before to testify but had refused even to appear. Now she refused to testify, charging that the commission's proceedings were a form of vendetta, and presenting herself as a persecuted politician whose only crime was that she had been true to her principles. She even condemned the Janata government for having caused an "alarming erosion in civil liberties." In fact, she was condemning the commission in much the same terms as those in which the Janata leaders had condemned the Emergency while it was in force. Still, her sweeping claims could not conceal the fact that, with the indictment, she was politically all but finished, and the decline in her fortunes had the effect of strengthening Charan Singh's political hand: it now appeared likely that the fall of Desai's government would mean not Mrs. Gandhi's return but only the replacement of Desai by someone else. Desai was clearly as alert to the change in the political realities as Charan Singh, for on January 15th he announced at a rally that he would resign if any of the allegations against his son Kanti were supported by prima-facie evidence—at the same time being careful to insinuate that such evidence was nonexistent, saying that the allegations were "unfounded and mischievous." If he had hoped by his statement to put an end to demands for a commission of inquiry on Kanti, his hope was not realized. On March 11th, Charan Singh wrote him a letter (which he subsequently read into the Parliamentary record, along with many of their other exchanges), stating:

> Shri Kantibhai Desai ["shri" is equivalent to "sir," and "bhai" to "brother"] is your only son and lives with you. Perhaps, as stated by you on the floor of the Parliament, you have appointed him as your Private Secretary also. . . .
>
> People in general and publicmen in particular have, however, been disturbed to know that you do not propose to hold any enquiry at all. . . . Nevertheless, an enquiry would be appropriate. The reason is simple: every minister, much more so the Prime Minister along with such members of his family as are living jointly with him, should not only be incorruptible but should appear to be so.

Desai replied with a letter, dated March 13th, that said:

> Some persons had been telling me that you were intending to write such a letter. . . .
>
> Our country has somehow become a vast whispering gallery in which charac-

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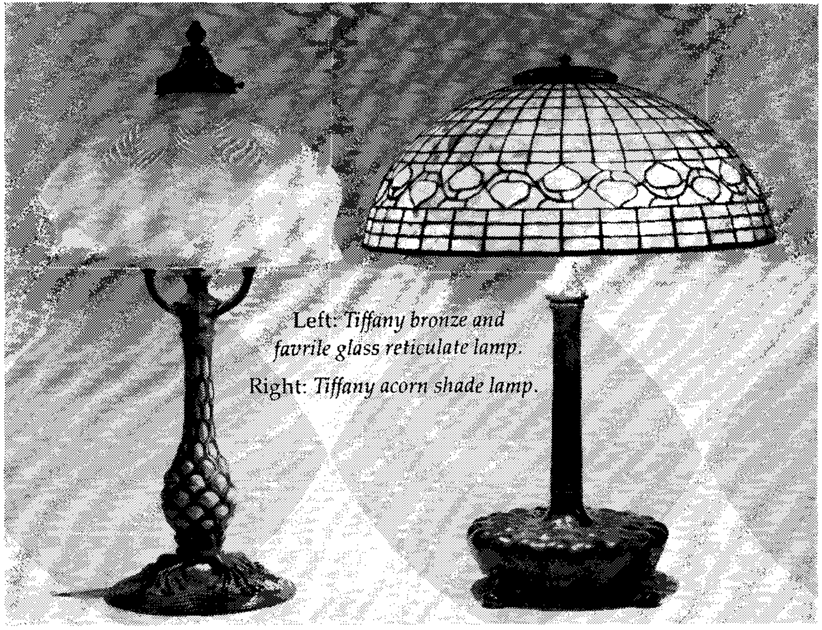

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> ter assassination seems to be a pastime or a child's play and rumors seem to float as if they are facts. . . .
>
> It has . . . become a fashion not only to involve Ministers but also their families in vague insinuations unworthy of any credence.
>
> You will recall that there were so many persons insinuating about your son-in-law [*sic*] and without referring to you I defended him in Parliament because I refused to believe them. I have had a number of letters making allegations about you and your sons-in-law, and, painful to state, even your wife. . . . If we were to follow the principles you have mentioned in your letter to the logical conclusions we would be appointing a number of Commissions of Inquiry every day.
>
> [Kanti] has made it clear that as Private Secretary he does not deal with any official matters. He works virtually as Private Secretary to me in my personal, political (non-official) or domestic matters.
>
> . . . In the circumstances any allegations and insinuations that he dabbles with official matters or there is a "Kanti Caucus" or "Kanti Junta" are mere figments of a wild imagination beneath notice. . . .
>
> The Commissions that have already been appointed to look into the misdeeds of the previous regime and important functionaries in that regime is ample evidence of our keenness to curb this malady.

Charan Singh has five sons-in-law—one of them a member of the legislative assembly in Uttar Pradesh, another a sugar commissioner in that state, and a third a doctor in Delhi, while two live abroad; at one time or another, the sugar commissioner and the doctor have figured in scandals involving charges of corruption and medical malpractice. Certainly the references to the allegations against Charan Singh's sons-in-law and his wife could not have been calculated to calm the waters, even if Desai did point out that he gave them no credence. Charan Singh's response, dated March 21st, stated:

> It is obvious that my letter has caused you some irritation—even anger. For, if it is not anger, how else is one expected to understand your reaction which, in essence, amounts to this: "If there are charges against my son, there are charges against your sons-in-law and wife too.". . .
>
> Well, if there are charges against my relations and they reflect adversely on my integrity, they must be enquired into—*the sooner the better.* I would like you to kindly appoint a Commission at the earliest. It is precisely my point that any cover-up of such matters leads to contrary results. . . .
>
> Inasmuch, however, as we are not willing to apply the same standards to ourselves, the appointment of Commissions "to look into the misdeeds of the previous regime" is no evidence that we

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> are really keen to root out corruption....
>
> Now, political affairs of a Prime Minister in connection whereof Shri Kanti Desai, as he himself has put it, "meets and discusses things with political leaders and others" cannot be characterized as a purely private or personal, non-official or domestic matter....
>
> Further, Shri Kanti Desai is a member of a joint Hindu family with you as its head. Which means the financial interests of you both are the same. Legally this position leads to conclusions which are obvious....
>
> Your own good name and that of the country demand that a Commission is appointed.

It was now Desai's turn, and on March 23rd he replied:

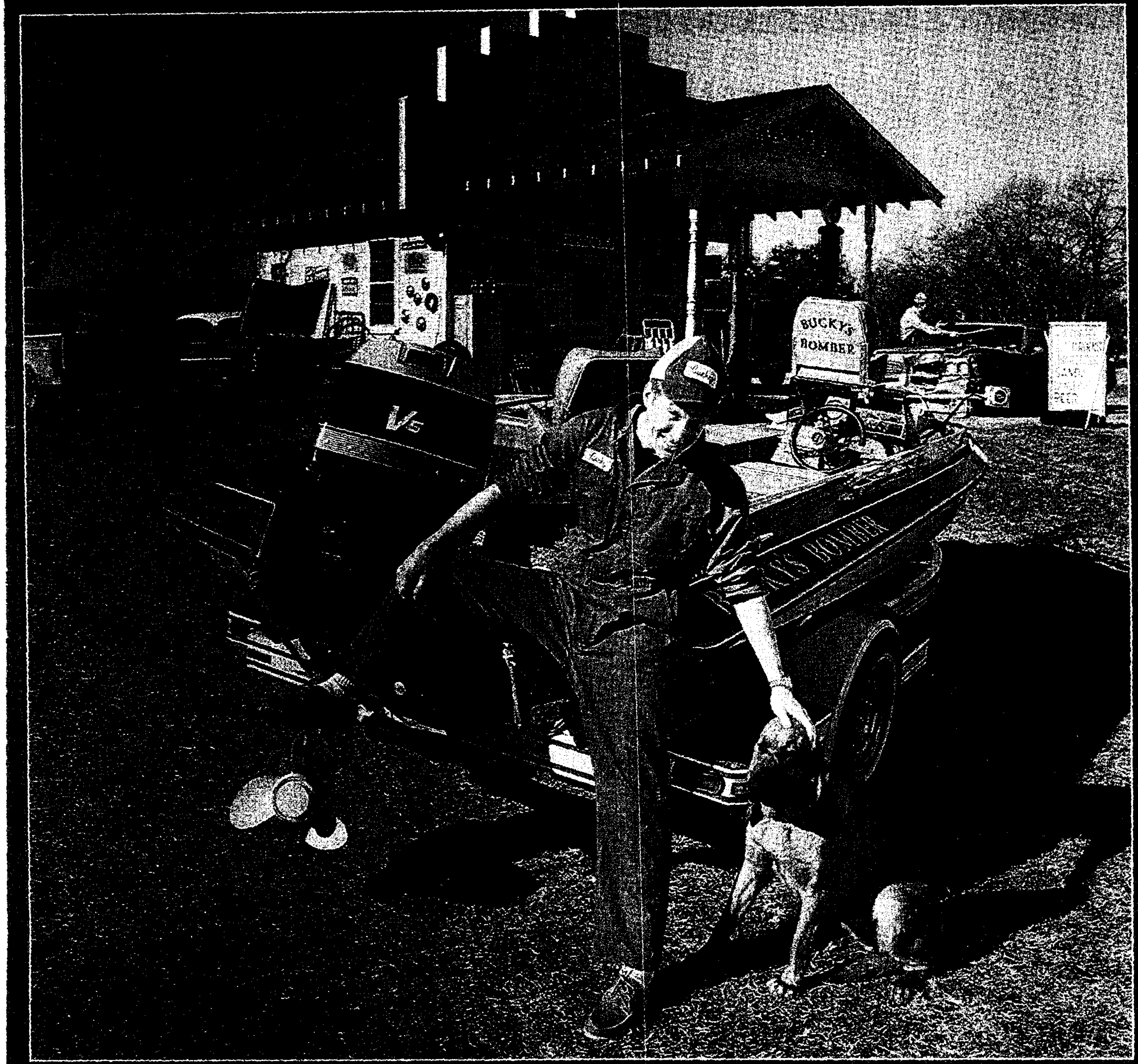
> There was no equation in my mind between Kanti's case and the case of your sons-in-law and your wife. I am not the one to look for alibis of this nature....
>
> Regarding Kanti's status, I think you are quite wrong in your analysis. There is no question of joint family being involved. He and I have separate identities; we are separately assessed; we may live under the same roof but have separate life of our own. He has his own affairs to look after and I have mine. If he meets and discusses things with political leaders and others it is mostly on their approach. They see him on organisational and such other non-official matters and mostly unasked. Should he say, "No," when they do so? I myself have tried to dissuade them from seeing him but they persist. In any case, if he deals with political matters, it is not possible for him to be restricted from seeing those who wish to see him or whom he has to see for non-official or personal matters.
>
> I thank you for being so solicitous about my good name [and] that of the country. I can assure you that both are and will be safe in my own keeping and the day I am convinced that I cannot look after both, I have already told you what would be my line of action.

ON April 29th, Charan Singh resigned from the National Executive and Central Parliamentary Board of the Janata Party, largely in protest against Desai's failure to act in the matter of Kanti. Disenchantment with Desai's rule was growing in the Party and in the country, and both Jaya Prakash Narayan and J. B. Kripalani openly regretted having selected him as Prime Minister.

Just then, the Shah Commission completed its report, which was based on seven months of public hearings, and forwarded it to the Cabinet. The report catalogued and described innumerable instances of the Emergency government's violations of human rights and its abuses of power, and of the corruption of Mrs. Gandhi and Sanjay and their subversion of the constitution, the judiciary, the civil service, and the military during the Emergency. The indictment of the Emergency and of the mother and son was so sweeping that it surprised even some of Mrs. Gandhi's critics. The Cabinet, still split between hawks and doves, made no move except to appoint a committee to process the report and its recommendations for preventing future corruption and subversion of the government and the constitution.

Charan Singh seemed incensed that, even armed with the evidence of the Shah Commission, the government refused to act. He had been growing increasingly restive at not having his hawkish way. He was getting nowhere with the several cases he had been forced to institute against Mrs. Gandhi (one of them concerned her wrongful "detention" of some textile inspectors), and he had felt all along that the court proceedings had the effect of caricaturing the enormity of her crimes. He often complained that her supporters rioted outside the courtroom whenever she or Sanjay appeared in court; that her lawyers skillfully parried the prosecutors and won delay after delay; that she and her associates ridiculed the commissions of inquiry as mere partisan bodies engaged in a witch-hunt. He drew attention to the fact that Mrs. Gandhi, emboldened by the government's self-advertised impotence, was touring all over the country deriding the government and stirring up discontent; everywhere, he said, she was haranguing street crowds with inflammatory speeches, inciting them to riot, and so obliging the police to disperse them forcibly, and then asking the next street crowd she addressed what sort of government it was that could not even insure law and order.

Charan Singh now devised a plan for establishing special courts for the speedy trial of people who had held high public office, in which Mrs. Gandhi, Sanjay, and their associates could be quickly tried for their Emergency crimes, and he got an opinion from the highest legal authorities in the country that such special courts would be within the framework of the constitution and could be established merely by the promulgation of an ordinance. But he did not take his proposal immediately to the Cabinet, ostensibly because Desai was failing him at every turn. There was, for instance, the matter of H. N. Bahuguna and his son, Vijay. Bahuguna, a member of the Congress for Democracy, was the Minister of Petroleum, Chemicals, and Fertilizers, and had been Charan Singh's main rival when both of them were in regional politics in Uttar Pra-



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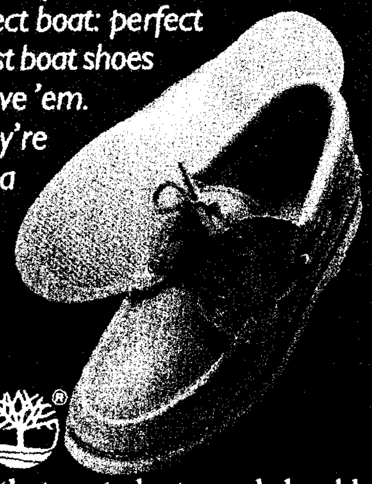

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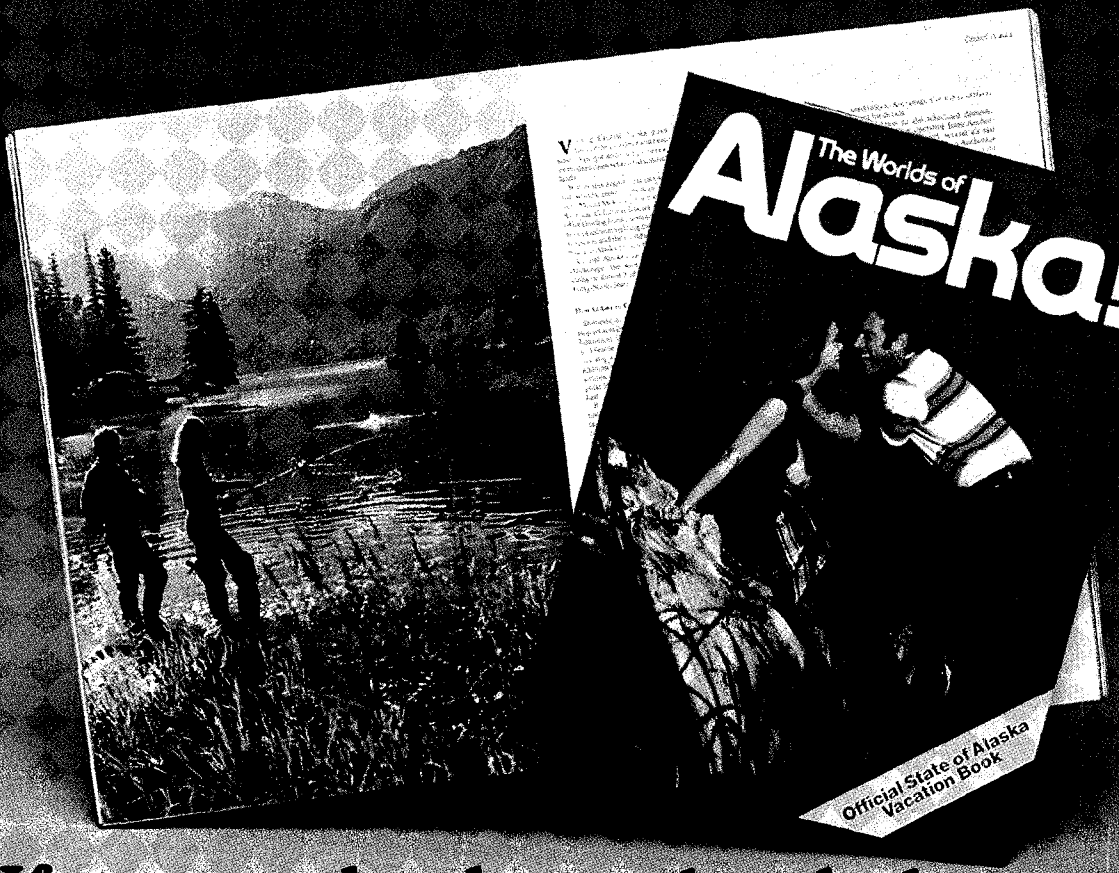

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desh. They had vied with one another for the control of Uttar Pradesh affairs, and a deep animosity had grown up between them. On April 2nd, Charan Singh had written to Desai reminding him that he was supposed to be looking into many charges of corruption levelled against Bahuguna ("I will refer here only to some of them. According to a report submitted to the former P.M. [Prime Minister] on 25.11.1975, Shri Bahuguna had received substantial financial advantage in cases relating to the disposal of the power station at Harduaganj [in Aligarh] to the Modis. . . . The Modis were principal financiers of Shri Bahuguna and they were shown undue favours in the form of lesser octroi duty, purchase of shares and appointment of Shri K. N. Modi as Chairman of the Provincial Investment Industrial Corporation. . . . These charges came to your notice formally four months ago, but to no avail"); that Bahuguna's son was also corrupt ("His son, Vijay Bahuguna, a young advocate, aged twenty-eight years, was appointed a retainer by several big companies"); that Bahuguna was probably a traitor ("Shri Bahuguna is in close touch with the Communist Party of India and is its great supporter. Through it he has tried to establish contacts with the U.S.S.R. In fact, he is regarded in some circles as an agent of the K.G.B. In 1974 and 1975 the U.S.S.R. is reported to have thought of grooming him as a possible successor to Smt. [Mrs.] Indira Gandhi"); that Bahuguna had unfairly attacked the writer of the letter ("Immediately after the Janata Government had taken over at the Centre, I am told, Shri Bahuguna got two scurrilous pamphlets published in Lucknow, painting me in the darkest possible colours—one of which I had brought to your notice as long ago as in March 1977. . . . You [could] restrain Shri Bahuguna who is a member of your Cabinet if only you would, but you have not"); and that Desai, having been apprised of many of these facts, continued to keep Bahuguna in the Cabinet ("On January 15, 1978, Shri Shibban Lal Saxena, a Member of Parliament . . . wrote to you a longer letter detailing a hundred and one instances of Shri H. N. Bahuguna's misconduct or corruption: 'I am amazed that a man of this character who is an incarnation of Satan himself . . . should be a member of the Cabinet of the Government of India. . . . I have therefore thought it my duty to bring the aforesaid facts to your notice for a thorough inquiry by the C.B.I. [Central Bureau of Investiga-

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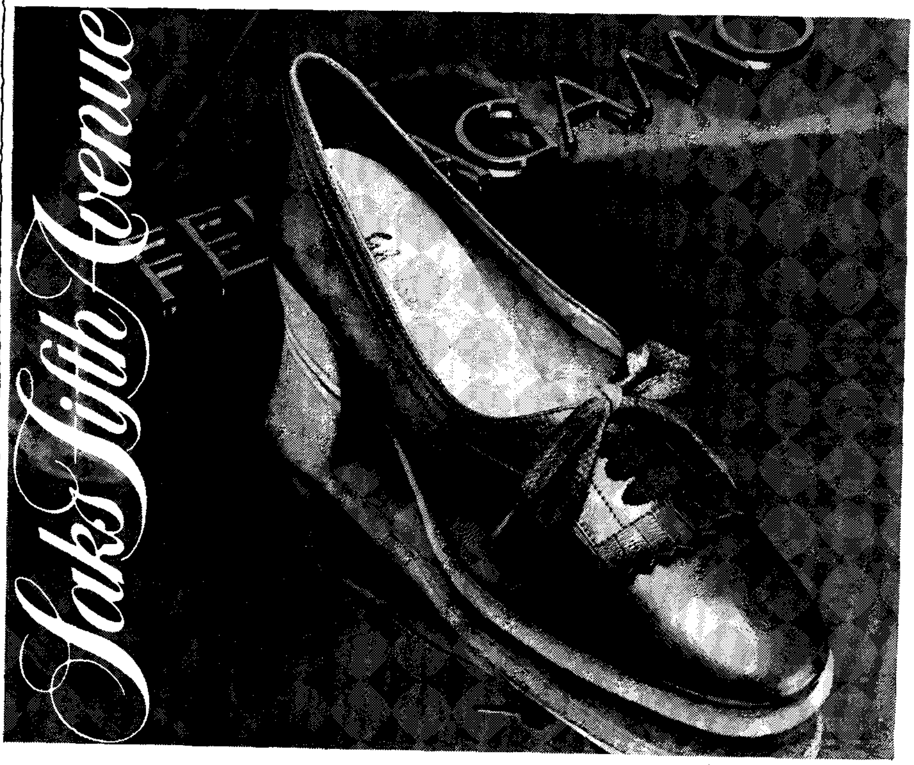

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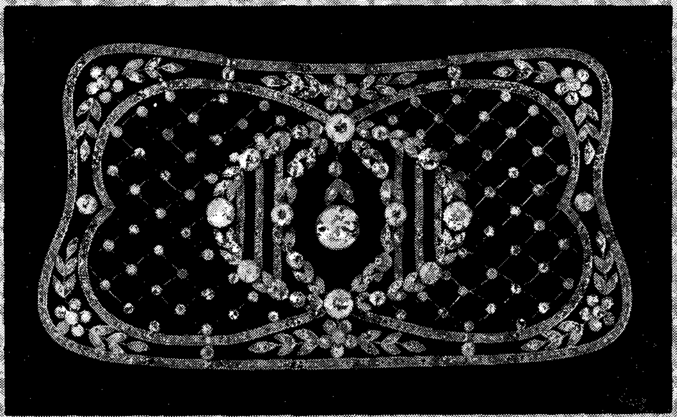

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tion]. Meanwhile if you think I have made a prima facie case against Shri H. N. Bahuguna, you should immediately remove him from your Central Cabinet. I hope you will pardon me for the trouble I am giving you. But I thought it my duty to undertake this labour of love for the last four months. Such a man should be exposed mercilessly and given just and deterrent punishment, so that no other person may dare to follow in the steps of this Shri NATWAR LAL [Mr. Scoundrel]!' ").

On June 28th, Charan Singh, for whatever reason, made public his plan for the special courts—a plan he had not discussed with his Cabinet colleagues—and his criticism of Desai and the Cabinet for not taking action against Mrs. Gandhi. From his bed at the Suraj Kund, a resort a few miles from Delhi where he was convalescing from a heart attack, he gave an interview to the press in which he said, among other things, "Perhaps those [in the Cabinet] who differ from me do not realize sufficiently the intensity of the feelings among the people of our country on the government's failure to put the former Prime Minister behind bars by now. They draw all sorts of conclusions and are inclined to give credence to all kinds of stories. They think that we in the government are a pack of impotent people who cannot govern the country. . . . It only represents their patriotic reaction to the manner in which Mrs. Gandhi and her caucus have tried to denigrate the law courts, create uproars in law-court compounds, impute motives to the Shah Commission, subvert the prosecution evidence, and generally create an atmosphere of violence and terror in the country against those who differed from her and Congress." (As it happened, one of Mrs. Gandhi's rationales for having had the Emergency proclaimed was that her opponents were doing what she was now accused of doing—creating conditions that made the maintenance of law and order impossible, which, in turn, according to her, had made it necessary for her to put these opponents behind bars.)

Desai immediately wrote to Charan Singh and asked for his resignation, on the ground that by going to the press over the heads of his colleagues he had violated the principle of "the Cabinet's collective responsibility." At the same time, he dismissed Charan Singh's closest ally, Raj Narain, who was the Minister of Public Health and another prominent member of the Bharatiya Lok Dal, saying that by his criticisms outside the Parliament he, too, had

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Charan Singh resigned on June 30th, and charged on the floor of the Parliament that Desai's letter to him was couched in "the language of a master to a servant," and that, although Desai scolded him now for supposedly transgressing the principle of "the Cabinet's collective responsibility," Desai never honored it himself, for he never spoke in terms of "we" or "the Cabinet" or "the government" but always in terms of "I." In any case, Charan Singh said, if Desai had a real reason for complaint, why hadn't he bothered to talk to him first instead of summarily dismissing him? "Admitting I tarried or failed in my duty of sending up proposals in regard to Mrs. Gandhi's trial [by special courts] promptly to the Cabinet," he said, "could not the Prime Minister motor down to the Suraj Kund for a discussion with me, or, if he considered this course to be below his dignity, could he not ring me up for a telephonic talk?" (Charan Singh's statement, like many exchanges quoted here, was written in what may be called Indian English.)

Desai may have thought that Charan Singh, Raj Narain, and their friends (four junior ministers from the Bharatiya Lok Dal resigned in sympathy) were more disruptive inside the Cabinet than out of it and that he could govern perfectly well without them. But the president of the Janata Party, Chandra Shekhar, and the leaders of the Socialists and the Jana Sangh thought otherwise, and they set about trying to mediate the quarrel. They feared that Charan Singh might cause a further split in the Janata ranks and thereby jeopardize the effectiveness of the Janata government. Charan Singh had already called a demonstration of his supporters for July 17th. It threatened to become a replay of the December birthday rally and encourage further defections. The mediators had Charan Singh call off the demonstration, and they arranged at least three meetings between him and Desai.

Charan Singh claims that at these meetings Desai pressed him to withdraw his demand for a commission of inquiry concerning Kanti's conduct as a precondition for his return to the Cabinet and that each time he refused. He claims he came to the conclusion that he had been forced to resign merely because of his agitation for such a commission of inquiry, and that the principle of "the Cabinet's collective responsibility" was only Desai's "pre-

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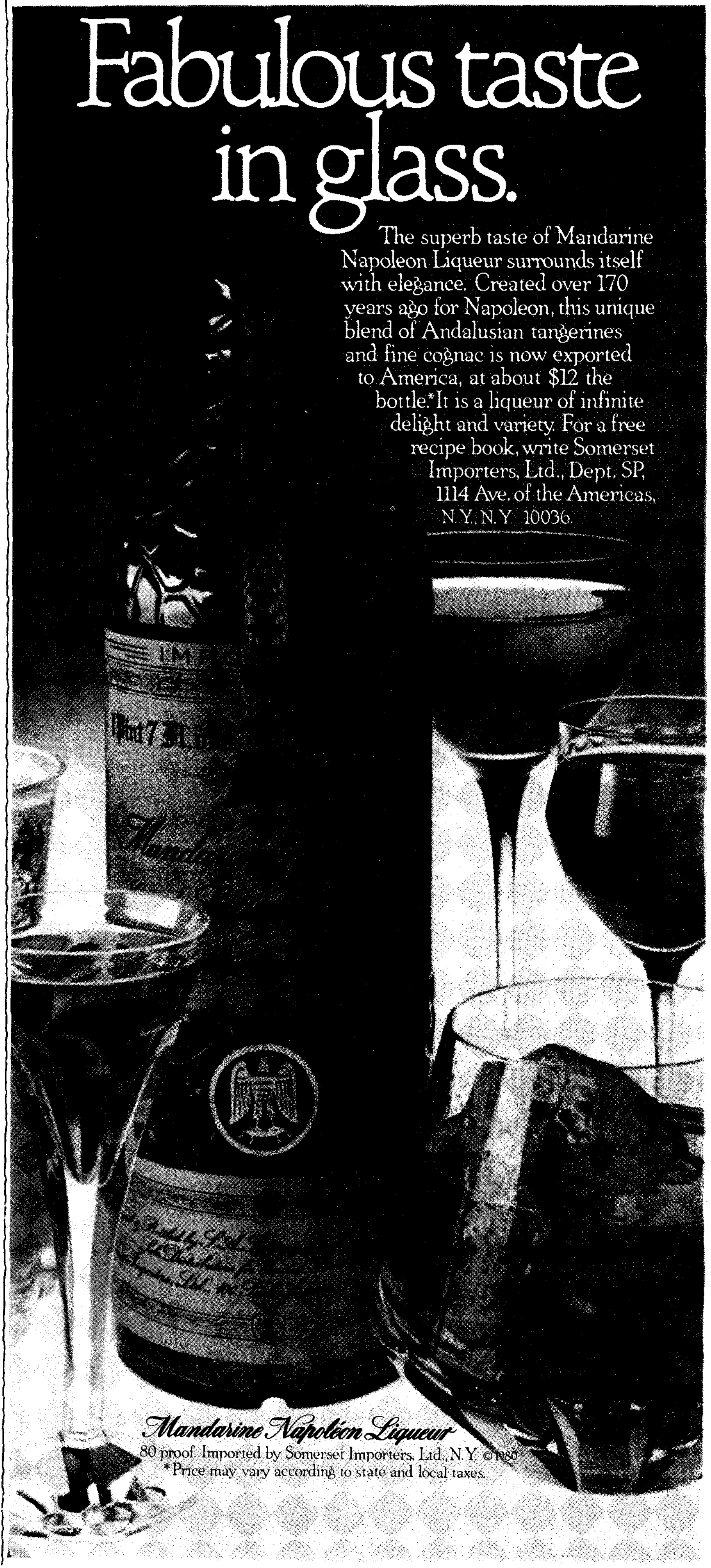
text" for a coverup. On the floor of the Parliament, Charan Singh, recapitulating the history of his relationship with Desai, remarked, "In his abounding affection for his son, Shri Desai does not realize that he has done great harm to the Janata Party, the public life of the country, and to democracy." Charan Singh was condemning Desai for much the same thing that he and other Janata leaders had condemned Mrs. Gandhi for.

The Official Congress Party had continued to enjoy a majority in the Council of States, or upper house of Parliament—its members were mostly elected by state legislative assemblies under a system of staggered biennial elections, in contrast to the House of the People, or lower house, whose members were elected by the people every five years or, of course, whenever Parliament was dissolved—and its leaders saw in the affair of Charan Singh and Desai an opportunity to embarrass the government. In August, the upper house passed a resolution demanding that the charges of corruption against the family members of both Charan Singh and Desai be investigated. Although Desai insisted that without the concurring vote of the lower house the resolution was not binding, it did put additional pressure on him. Desai, who had refrained from filling the ministerial chairs of Charan Singh and Raj Narain, now offered to take Charan Singh back if he simply apologized for his insinuations about Kanti. Charan Singh said that he would come back only if he was made Deputy Prime Minister. The designation of Deputy Prime Minister was honorific and was seldom actually used, but for all practical purposes it belonged to Jagjivan Ram, the Defense Minister, who had a national following, in contrast to Charan Singh's regional one. Even though Charan Singh's Bharatiya Lok Dal had a much larger representation in the Parliament than Jagjivan Ram's Congress for Democracy, everyone thought that Jagjivan Ram, who was among the vainest men in politics, would sooner leave the government than take second place to Charan Singh. Then, in November, Mrs. Gandhi made what looked like a political comeback when she stood for a by-election in the Chikmagalur District of the state of Karnataka and won overwhelmingly. The Parliament eventually disqualified her from holding the seat: it judged her to be in contempt of Parliament and guilty of abusing Parliamentary privilege, because in 1975, when she was Prime



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Minister (a Parliamentary position), she had illegally used her office to quash an investigation of Sanjay and his car company. However, her election and her disqualification aroused great popular sympathy, and touched off demonstrations all over the country. This put additional pressure on Desai and Charan Singh to reach a modus vivendi.

In January, 1979, the cause of Janata Party unity finally prevailed, and a complicated formula for Charan Singh's return to the Cabinet was worked out. He was named Deputy Prime Minister, but his influence was somewhat reduced, for he came back not with his previous post of Home Affairs Minister—a portfolio second in influence only to that of the Prime Minister—but as Finance Minister, and Raj Narain, to whom Desai objected strongly, was not taken back. (His portfolio, Public Health, was given to another of Charan Singh's allies, one Rabi Ray.) Jagjivan Ram was also given the title Deputy Prime Minister, but in protocol matters he was junior to Charan Singh. He felt, however, that he was in no position to protest, because his own influence had eroded somewhat—for familial reasons. His son, Suresh, a middle-aged married man, had become involved in some unsavory sex scandals that could not be covered up. But Jagjivan Ram was able to tell himself that his Defense Ministry was more powerful than Charan Singh's Finance Ministry, and that the Finance Ministry often becomes the scapegoat for a country's economic ills. Most important of all, the formula provided that Charan Singh was to have his way with the special courts, and that the charges against both Desai's son and Charan Singh's sons-in-law were to be somehow investigated. Almost immediately, however, Charan Singh's special-court proposal was blocked by Mrs. Gandhi and her lawyers, who, in a delaying tactic, set about challenging its constitutionality in the courts. As for the investigation of Desai's and Charan Singh's families, Desai merely asked Y. V. Chandrachud, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, to conduct an informal investigation. Chandrachud declined; he felt that no sitting judge should be asked to take on such a controversial political problem, and anyway he did not see that an investigation could get anywhere without subpoena powers, which only a formally impanelled commission of inquiry, or, of course, a law court, was permitted. He suggested that a retired colleague, C. A. Vaidialingam, who needed something to do, look into

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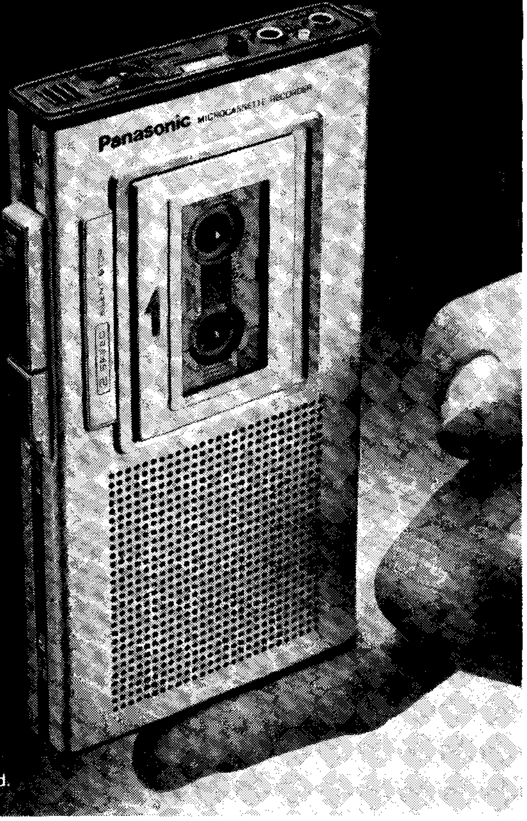

the matter. Charan Singh, Desai, and Chandrachud all knew that recourse to Vaidialingam provided them with a discreet way of shelving the problem for the time being, and they agreed upon it.

CHARAN SINGH's return to the Cabinet as senior Deputy Prime Minister was viewed as a stunning defeat for Desai; in fact, Charan Singh, from the inside, and Raj Narain, from the outside, all but openly started a campaign to dethrone Desai, though publicly Charan Singh denied that he had any such design. As late as May, he said, "I am not a rival of Prime Minister Morarji Desai for either the Party leadership or the post of Prime Minister. Mr. Desai must and will remain the Prime Minister as long as he wishes. It was I who wanted Mr. Desai to be Prime Minister, and I will be the last person to do anything to remove him." Unexpectedly, Charan Singh's ambition to become Prime Minister received a lift from Mrs. Gandhi's camp. On June 25th, she ousted from her Congress Indira Party the chief minister of Karnataka, Devraj Urs, who had been one of her most powerful supporters through the post-Emergency period. Urs had long looked to Mrs. Gandhi to help him build up a national constituency, and Mrs. Gandhi had long looked to him to assure her of a solid power base in South India, which she might use for a return to office. (South India, by and large, had been spared the effects of the Emergency, because the opposition to Mrs. Gandhi had been concentrated in North India, and so North India had taken the brunt of the Emergency's authoritarian measures; during the state elections in 1978, Urs had helped the Congress Indira Party to capture control of Karnataka and Andhra Pradesh.) But lately Urs, who had come increasingly to regard Sanjay as both Mrs. Gandhi's and Congress Indira's greatest political liability, had been pressing her to denounce Sanjay and put political distance between her son and her. She had never recanted on the Emergency, and she had no intention of condemning her son. Urs now denounced her, saying, in a parting open letter, "We refuse to be treated as bonded labour. . . . You have learnt nothing from your experience and the authoritarian bent of your mind still persists, which is an anomaly in a democratic society. . . . You scare away all good, capable, and efficient men and women and then you hope to administer this

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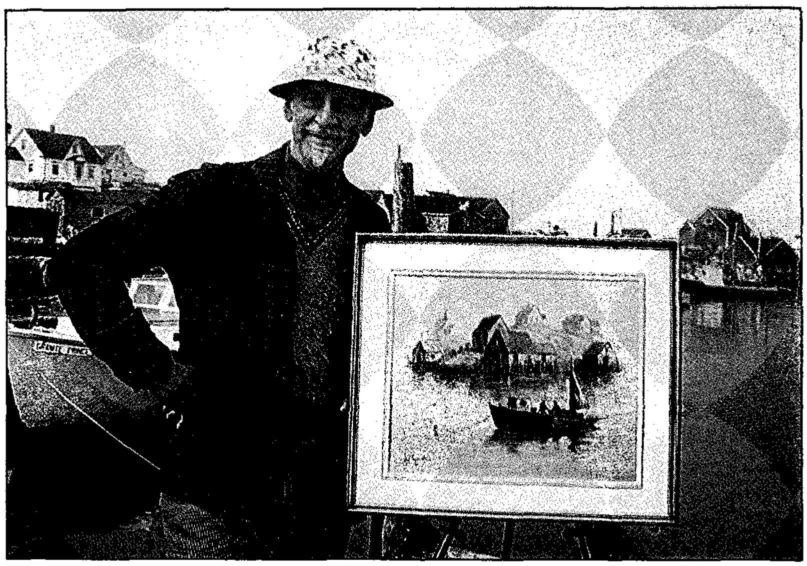

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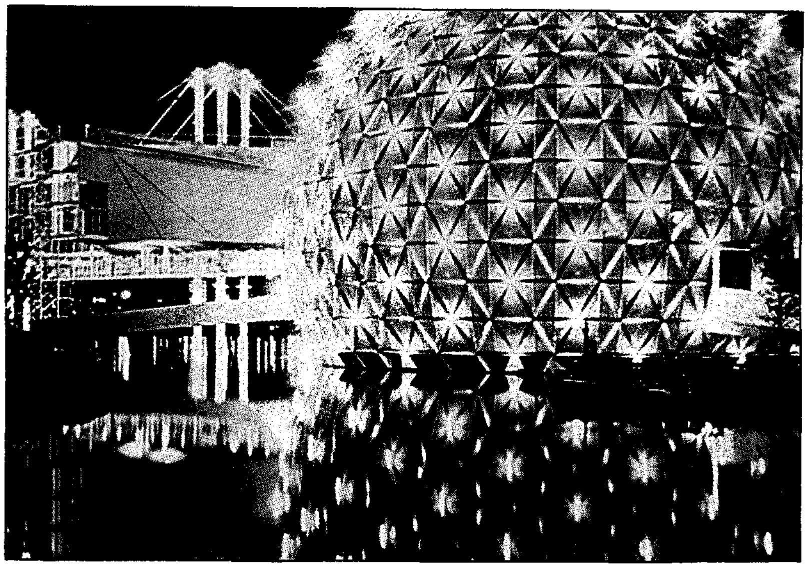

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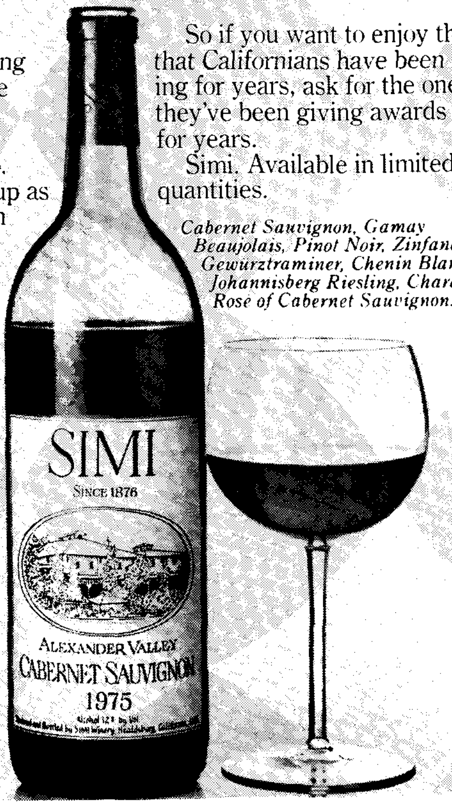
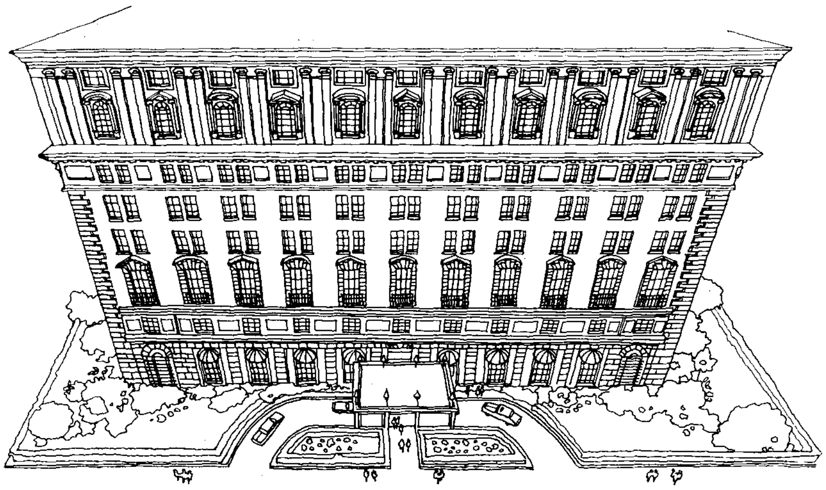


vast nation with mediocres and sycophants." He put her on notice that he would call a convention of other Congress Indira critics, and he immediately became a rival for the loyalty of Congress Indira members in Karnataka and elsewhere who admired her but regarded her attachment to Sanjay as politically ruinous. With the departure of Urs, Mrs. Gandhi was left with the rump of the rump, and it was generally assumed that this time she was irreparably finished as a politician.

With Mrs. Gandhi no longer a threat, the last inducement for the Janata leaders to work together had evaporated. On June 26th—just a day after Urs' ouster—Raj Narain bolted the Party. His was the first such move, and it was seen as part of a widespread disaffection in the Janata Party with Desai's rule. Narain's defection, a symptom of a more general disintegration of governmental authority, came at a particularly difficult time for the country. In Gujarat, a dam had burst, and hundreds of people had drowned in a single day. In West Bengal, there was a severe epidemic of infectious hepatitis, and many people in Calcutta had died. In Delhi, sanitation workers who wanted more pay had sabotaged the city's water supply, and the water was unsafe to drink. Everywhere, inflation was worsening (the prices of coal, steel, cement, oil, electric power, and food were all going up), strikes among both workers and students were becoming routine, and the police were disobeying government orders. In fact, the social and economic conditions in the country were reminiscent of those just before the Emergency. Moreover, the country was suffering the worst drought of the century.

The Janata government had been in power for more than two years, and had accomplished little. But then the problems of the country were huge and were constantly getting worse. Over the years, it seemed, no government had been able to make much impression on them, so that whichever government happened to be in power was despised, and the previous government always appeared better than the present one. The outpouring of good will which had swept the Janata Party to power had long since been dissipated, and people, having been saturated by the revelations of the "crimes and horrors of the Emergency," had begun to sympathize with Mrs. Gandhi, and to look back even on the Emergency with yearning. Any government was better than no government—which was how the Janata government was increasingly seen. On July 12th, Charan Singh and Bahuguna, though archrivals in the Cabinet, expediently got together for the purpose of bringing down Desai. Charan Singh, Bahuguna, and many senior and junior ministers left the Cabinet and, along with all the members of the Bharatiya Lok Dal, among others, defected from the Janata Party, giving as their reason a charge that had often been made before: that Desai was promoting the chauvinist theocratic program of the right-wing Hindu nationalist Jana Sangh at the expense of the secular policies of the other constituent parties.

For many months now, there had been growing violence against Untouchables and Muslims. In several places, upper-caste Hindus had burned down entire village areas where Untouchables lived, and elsewhere there had been Hindu-Muslim riots, as in the time of Partition. The Jana Sangh had been linked to one particular Hindu-Muslim riot, in which at least a hundred and fifty people had died. The Bharatiya Lok Dal defectors singled out the Jana Sangh's National Volunteer Corps—called Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangh (R.S.S.) and sometimes referred to as the Jana Sangh's Brown Shirts—as the instigators of religious riots. It was true that some of the extremist members of the Jana Sangh sometimes talked as if they believed in Hitlerian theories of Aryan supremacy. (Many Hindus in North India consider themselves descendants of Aryans, and consider the Untouchables and South Indians racially inferior.) It was also true that the Jana Sangh had significant influence both in the Janata government and in Desai's thinking. (His government had recently introduced a constitutional amendment to ban the killing of cows, and this amendment was seen as a Hindu attack on Muslims, since Hindus consider cows sacred, while Muslims eat beef.) Untouchables and Muslims had always been fearful of caste and religious persecution, and politicians had often played on these fears to win votes; actually, the so-called depressed classes—that is, the Untouchables and the very poor—and the religious minorities had formed Mrs. Gandhi's most loyal constituency, and in her political career she had often conjured up to great effect the bogey of the Jana Sangh and the R.S.S. But the Bharatiya Lok Dal defectors had all belonged to the Janata Party and the Janata government, and their making an issue of Jana Sangh influence at this particular juncture was seen as a bid to lay claim to Mrs. Gan-



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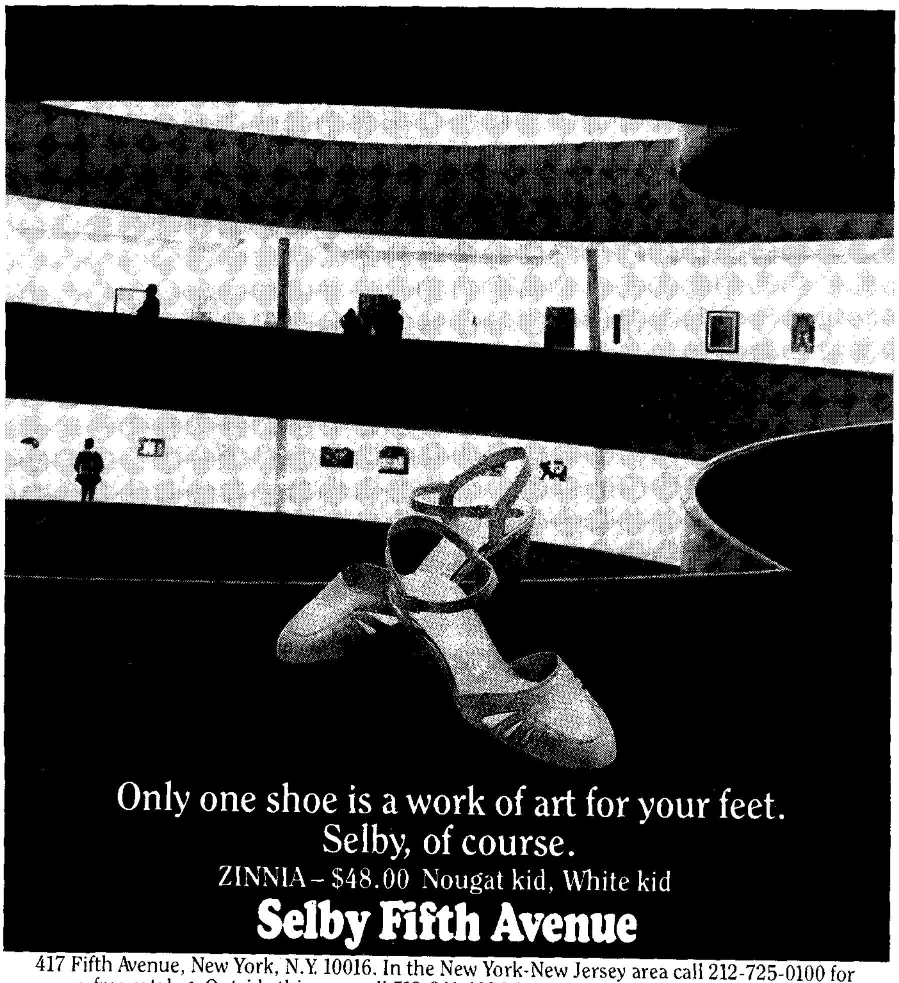

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dhi's old constituency even as they undermined Desai's government—a cunning opportunistic ploy to isolate both Mrs. Gandhi and Desai at a stroke and so seize power. Indeed, Charan Singh and his lieutenant Raj Narain immediately founded a new party, which they named Janata Secular.

On the day of the defections, Y. B. Chavan, the head of the Official Congress Party, introduced a motion of no confidence in Desai's government, and a vote was scheduled for July 16th—four days later. On the fifteenth, George Fernandes, the Minister of Industries and the leader of the Socialist Party, resigned from the Cabinet, on the ground that Desai had lost the confidence of the Parliament and was now only clinging to his office. More defections from the Janata Party followed. Some of the defectors declared themselves independents, and others formed a socialist caucus, but many of them, sensing that Charan Singh might be the next Prime Minister, joined Janata Secular.

Defections and splits had been a way of life in state legislative assemblies ever since Independence, giving rise to the saying "*Aya Ram, gaya Ram*" ("Ram came, Ram went") and making state governments as unstable as the constantly shifting party loyalties of the legislators. Since 1963, defections and splits had become a way of life in Parliament as well. With each new defection and split, parties lost their raisons d'être. This meant that all parties had ended up having no ideology, no body of convictions—no programs or principles to speak of—and that political contests had increasingly become vicious conflicts among personalities. Bills to discourage or ban defections—by making state legislators and members of Parliament at least serve out their terms with the party under whose aegis they had been elected—were often introduced in legislative assemblies and in Parliament, but they got nowhere, because initially the process of defection worked in the interests of a ruling party, as people were induced to cross over to it to get influence and power. It was only when elections approached that defections and splits could work against it, as people scrambled to dissociate themselves from its failures. Parties therefore usually encouraged defections between elections but at election time campaigned against them.

Rather than face the humiliation of certain defeat in the Parliament, Desai—on the day of Fernandes' defection—resigned as Prime Minister. It was clear that, for the first time since Independence, no party had a majority in the Parliament, and that the only way to forestall its dissolution—something that no M.P. wanted, because he could not collect his pension unless he had served a full five-year term—was to form a coalition government. There followed the most unprincipled bit of horse-trading ever seen in the Parliament. On July 18th, the President of India, Neelam Sanjiva Reddy, called on Chavan to form a government, publicly explaining that Chavan had introduced the no-confidence motion and that it was in keeping with the highest democratic tradition to invite the leader of the opposition party to form a government. Technically, he should have called on a member of Congress Indira, which, with seventy-one seats, had recently replaced the Official Congress Party, with sixty-eight, as the chief opposition, the Official Congress having been weakened by defections. But Congress Indira—which was completely under the thumb of Mrs. Gandhi, even though she had been ousted from the Parliament—was deemed to have no chance of forming a coalition with any party. Chavan tried to woo various defecting groups to his side, but on July 22nd he told Reddy that he had been unable to form a government. He recommended that Charan Singh be asked next, declaring that he and his party were prepared to serve in Charan Singh's government. (It was odd that the members of the Official Congress Party, tainted as they were by their part in the Emergency, should be recommending Charan Singh, the member of the Janata government who had been the Emergency's most strident critic, for the Prime Ministership, but it was said that Charan Singh had offered to make Chavan Deputy Prime Minister if he succeeded in becoming Prime Minister himself.) Some of the ministers, loyal to the Janata Party, pressed Desai to step down as Party leader in favor of Jagjivan Ram, who it was thought could preëmpt the support of the Official Congress Party from Charan Singh (Jagjivan Ram enjoyed much greater support among the rank and file of the Official Congress, because of his old connection with it), attract defectors from other parties, and, at the same

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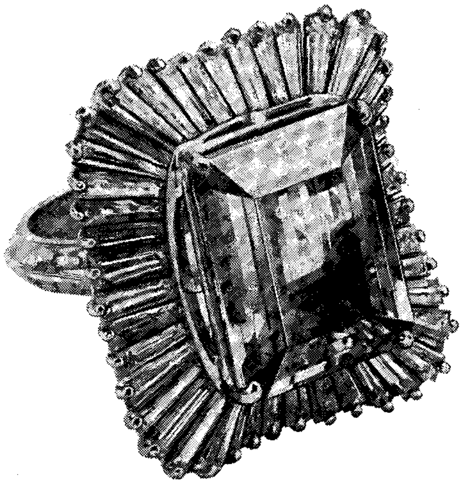

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time, hold together the remnants of the Janata Party. Anyway, these ministers felt that, with party loyalties so fluid, whoever was first asked to form the new government would have the best chance of winning supporters by means of favors and promises. But Desai refused to make way for Jagjivan Ram, and the representation of Jagjivan Ram's Congress for Democracy was too small for him to do anything on his own, especially given the ingrained prejudice against Untouchables among the Jana Sangh members.

Desai insisted that he still had the most support in the Parliament, and that he should be given the chance to form a government. Charan Singh insisted that by now *he* had the most support, and that *he* should be given that chance. Reddy asked the two men to prove their competing claims by submitting lists of their committed supporters. Charan Singh's list turned out to have a few more bona-fide supporters than Desai's, and he won, but his list had a strange turn. He came up with two hundred and thirty-eight names, among which were not only many members of the Official Congress Party, including Chavan, but also, surprisingly, the seventy-one members of Congress Indira. (Under Indian law, Mrs. Gandhi was free to join Charan Singh's Cabinet, provided she got herself elected to Parliament within six months of becoming a Minister. Yet Charan Singh had been decrying her villainy for years, and the failure of Desai to prosecute her had ostensibly been the main reason for his own defection and for the fall of Desai's government.) Even stranger was the fact that, when Charan Singh submitted the list, he declared that he had not made Mrs. Gandhi any promises and, in fact, would not permit any member of her party to serve in his Cabinet. But this declaration rang hollow. Mrs. Gandhi had kept her independence of action, while he had lost his, for he could stay in power only as long as she supported him; his unrelenting effort to put her behind bars had culminated in his becoming her political hostage.

On July 27th, Desai finally resigned as the leader of the Janata Party, in favor of Jagjivan Ram—when Jagjivan Ram had already lost his chance for the Prime Ministership to Charan Singh. In high moral dudgeon, Desai announced that he was leaving politics permanently, and gave as his reason the fact that the list of supporters he had submitted to Reddy had accidentally contained the names of some

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members of the Official Congress Party, and that it was his "moral duty to atone for the lapse." Since the integrity of his list was of little consequence now that he had lost the murky battle, his self-righteous pronouncement could have been intended only to underscore the moral depravity of Charan Singh, Chavan, and Mrs. Gandhi.

On July 28th, Charan Singh was appointed Prime Minister, and he set about putting together a Cabinet. Of course, it was one thing for politicians to lend their names to a mere list of signatures, and quite another for them to join the Cabinet, where, in helping Charan Singh rule, they might be tarnished by that rule. That same day, Charan Singh announced his Cabinet, and six of his fifteen ministers were from the Official Congress Party. The six, however, could not be sworn in immediately, because of a rebellion among rank-and-file Party members, some of whom charged that the leaders had sold out the interests of the Party in return for ministerial plums. The six were, however, sworn in on July 30th, having mollified the Party malcontents by promising them greater power in the Party; they had all been followers of Mrs. Gandhi, and five of them had served in her Cabinet right up until her 1977 defeat. But since then four of them had recanted on the Emergency and, by giving testimony against her before the Shah Commission, had helped to indict her and Sanjay in many cases that were now in the courts. And—just as had been rumored—Chavan, the star post-Emergency turncoat, had been named Deputy Prime Minister, Mrs. Gandhi claimed to be incensed, and announced that her Congress Indira was no longer under any obligation to support Charan Singh. This meant that (unless she changed her mind again) he would lose the vote of confidence that, in the normal course of things, followed on the heels of the formation of a Cabinet. Thus, within four days Mrs. Gandhi had succeeded in derailing Desai, together with Jagjivan Ram, then helped make Charan Singh Prime Minister, and had now put herself in a position to derail Charan Singh.

Charan Singh's government and the Janata Secular Party—its president was Raj Narain—did not seem very different from Desai's government and the Janata Party. Some members of Parliament supported Charan Singh's government on the ground that they wanted to lessen political dependence on the "authoritarian forces" associated

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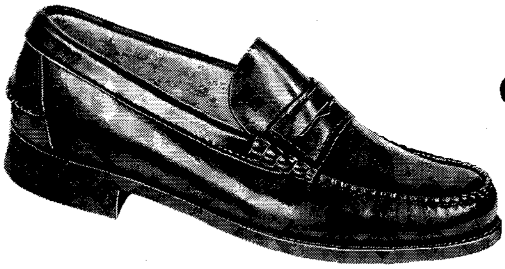

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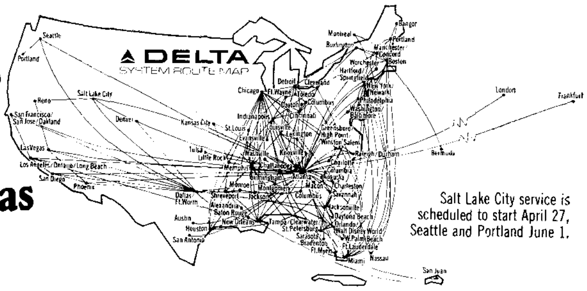
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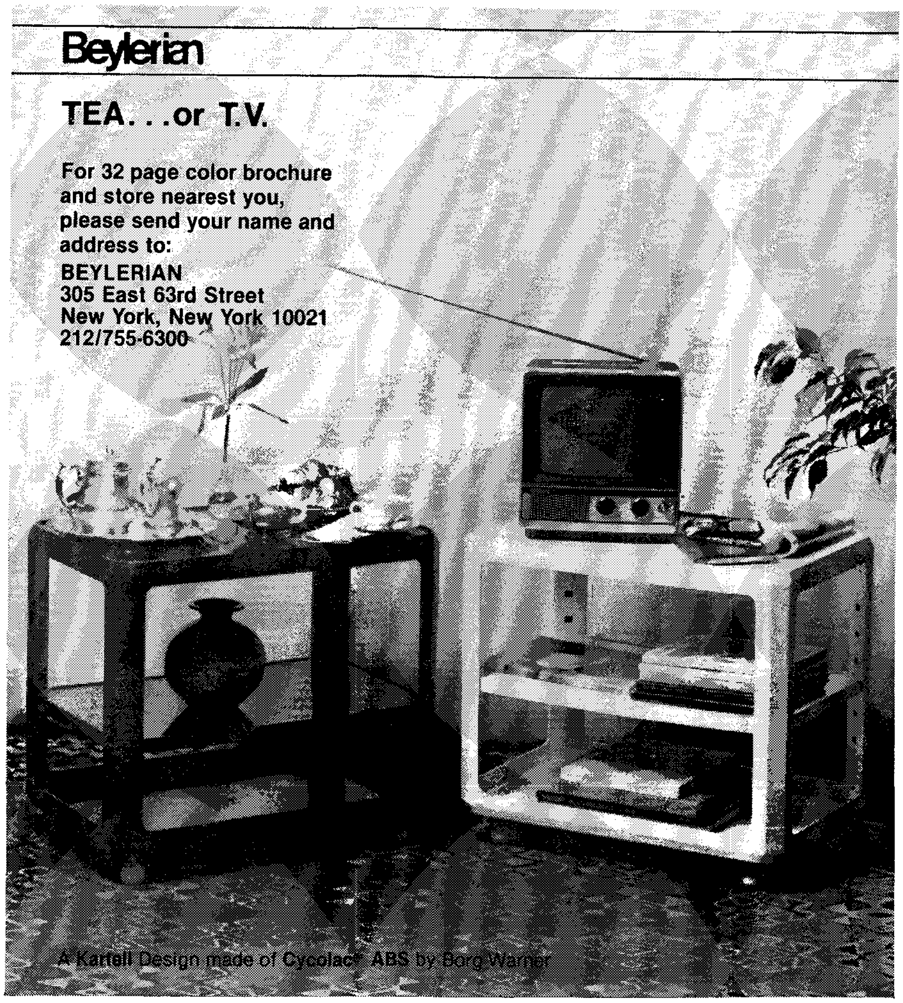

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first with Mrs. Gandhi's Emergency government and later with Desai's government; other members of Parliament stayed out of Charan Singh's government on the ground that it was dependent on the same "authoritarian forces" as Mrs. Gandhi's Emergency government. Some members supported Charan Singh's government on the ground that they wanted to fight caste oppression and religious violence; other members stayed out of Charan Singh's government on the ground that it, like Desai's, was rooted in caste and religious politics. Some members supported it on the ground that it was committed to strengthening the central government and arresting the spread of anarchy, while other members supported it on the ground that it would weaken the central government and so promote greater democracy. One leading member announced that he was joining the new government because of Charan Singh's public espousal of the notion of special courts; another leading member announced that he was joining the new government because Charan Singh had privately abandoned the notion of special courts, as antithetical to the spirit of democracy. But if it was hard to make out what particular principle, policy, or program was at stake, Charan Singh had finally realized an often stated ambition: "to go down in history as a Prime Minister of India."

Charan Singh did not immediately go to the Parliament for a vote of confidence; because he needed to shore up his support, the President gave him an unusual three weeks' grace period, until August 20th. Charan Singh at once busied himself looking for a quid pro quo that Mrs. Gandhi might accept as a price for her renewed support, and also bargaining with still loyal members of the Janata Party to get them to defect to his side. All the negotiations were conducted in the all-or-nothing atmosphere of a poker game. If Charan Singh failed to get a vote of confidence, the President could call on Jagjivan Ram and give him a chance to form a government, or he could equally well dissolve the Parliament.

The lengths to which Charan Singh was prepared to go were made unmistakably clear by one of his appointments: he named Bahuguna as his Finance Minister. At this time, Charan Singh's April, 1978, letter to Desai attacking Bahuguna surfaced—along with a similar letter from Bahuguna to Desai attacking Charan Singh—so on August 11th, in the middle of the grace

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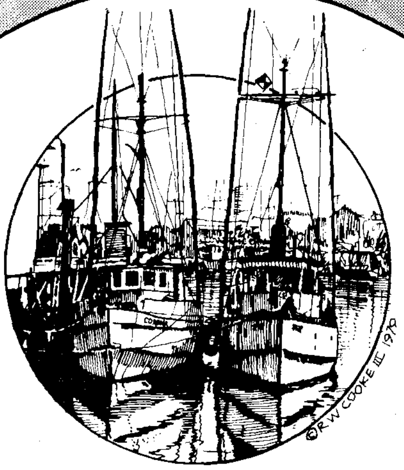

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period, Charan Singh and Bahuguna issued a joint statement, which went, in part:

> Our disagreements over various national issues in the past are well-known. We may have some differences in these areas even now. But they are more of emphasis than of a basic nature. So far as misunderstanding between us in evaluating each other is concerned, we have found common ground and complete understanding has replaced the earlier misunderstanding. The Jana Sangh and the R.S.S. were and are a common enemy to both of us....We have realized that there is a compelling need to forge a common front to fight the fascist forces, represented by those who believe in the Hitlerian theory of ethnic purism, religious supremacy and bigotry....We appeal to all secular and democratic forces wherever they are to rise above personal considerations and conventional norms in this great task of taking Indian democracy to a new phase of secular consolidation and egalitarian justice to the urban and the rural poor, the Harijans [Untouchables], the Adivasis [tribal people], and the minorities.

Later, Charan Singh sent a letter to Bahuguna saying that he was sorry for having given the impression that Bahuguna was a K.G.B. agent. He went on to assert that the charge was originally made by Desai, and that he was only repeating it in his April letter to Desai. Desai immediately denied Charan Singh's assertion. The response of Bahuguna—who, in his turn, had once called Charan Singh a "mentally deranged person"—is not known.

As late as August 19th, Charan Singh was meeting with Mrs. Gandhi in an attempt to regain her support. On the same day, Raj Narain went so far as to meet for an hour and a half with Sanjay. Then Charan Singh announced that Mrs. Gandhi's support for his Cabinet was "unconditional." At the same time, he appointed two new ministers to placate other groups—as if that support were in reality anything but "unconditional." In fact, he gave the impression that he was jittery about the vote of confidence the next day.

On August 20th, Mrs. Gandhi, who had held her cards close to her chest up to the last possible moment, announced that her party would not vote for Charan Singh's Cabinet after all. Charan Singh and his Cabinet resigned without facing the vote of confidence (the two new ministers had held office for less than twenty-four hours). In fact, he was forced to do a complete about-turn; he issued a statement in which—contradicting his announcement of the day before—he claimed that Mrs. Gandhi had laid down nu-

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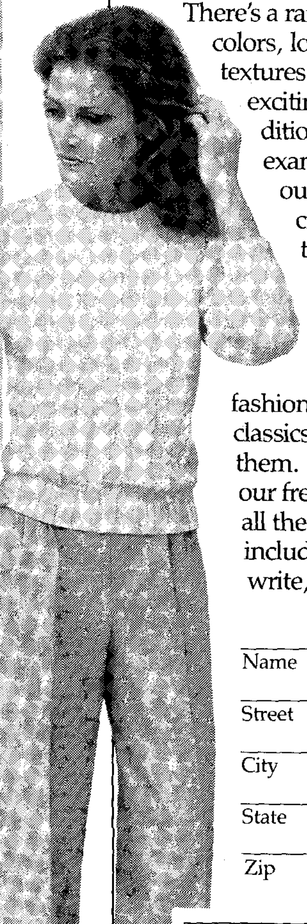

Jackets are a perfect way to pull outfits together. Many different fabrics are used, like linen, silk or sailcloth as in this classic blazer. $74. As for blouses, their smaller collars, pretty detailing and deep jewel colors add up to total femininity as you can see in this crinkle cotton shirt made exclusively for us. $39.

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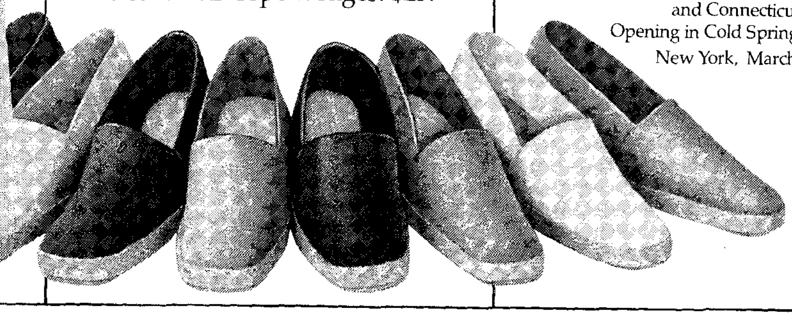

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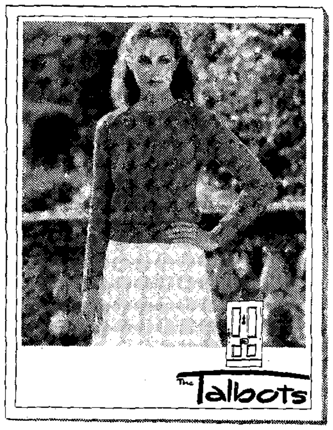

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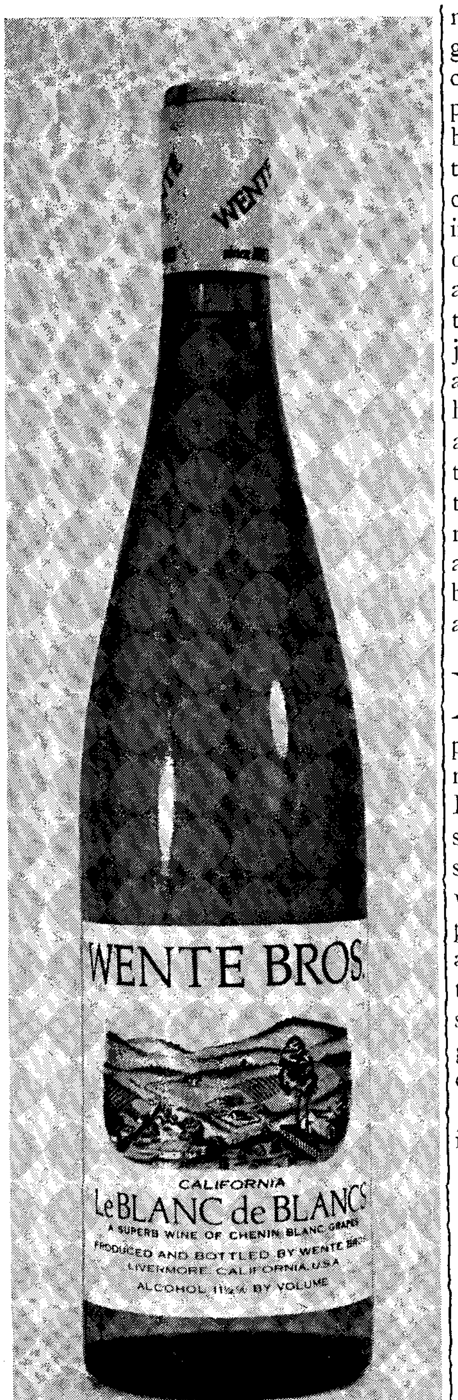

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merous conditions before consenting to give him her support, and that these conditions had been unacceptable. In particular, he accused her of trying to blackmail him in the matter of the establishment of the special courts. "The country would not have forgiven us if we had, for the sake of remaining in office, agreed to withdraw prosecutions against persons responsible for atrocities during the Emergency and for subjecting thousands of innocent people and families to cruel sufferings and harassment," he declared. "By temperament, I would not have liked to continue in power even for a day yielding to blackmail of this type and would rather be with the people and fight along with them to strengthen the basic values of democracy, secularism, and socialism."

DURING the three-week grace period, Mrs. Gandhi's popular appeal had climbed dramatically. It had not stood so high since before the Emergency. Her opponents had been shown up as unprincipled and self-serving, in line with the widespread view that this was in the nature of politics. If everyone in politics acted in an unprincipled and self-serving way, then what she had done did not seem so reprehensible—politics was merely a game that had nothing to do with society at large.

Charan Singh's formal letter of resignation to the President stated:

> My Dear Rashtrapatiji [Respected Father of the Nation, as the President is called],
>
> The Cabinet met this morning and took a decision as follows:
>
> "We had formed the Government with a view to restoring effective democracy and secularism. We had further hoped that we would be able to bring light into the life of the deprived and the downtrodden, to restore confidence amongst the minorities and weaker sections which had badly been shaken especially during the previous regime. We regret, however, that communal and authoritarian forces have conspired to defeat our aims of building a society, by and large, based on the teaching of Gandhiji.
>
> "The Cabinet, therefore, decides to resign. It further resolves to advice [*sic*] the President that in view of the present situation, arrangements should be made for a fresh mandate being obtained from the people."
>
> In the light of the above, I hereby tender my resignation and that of my Council of Ministers.

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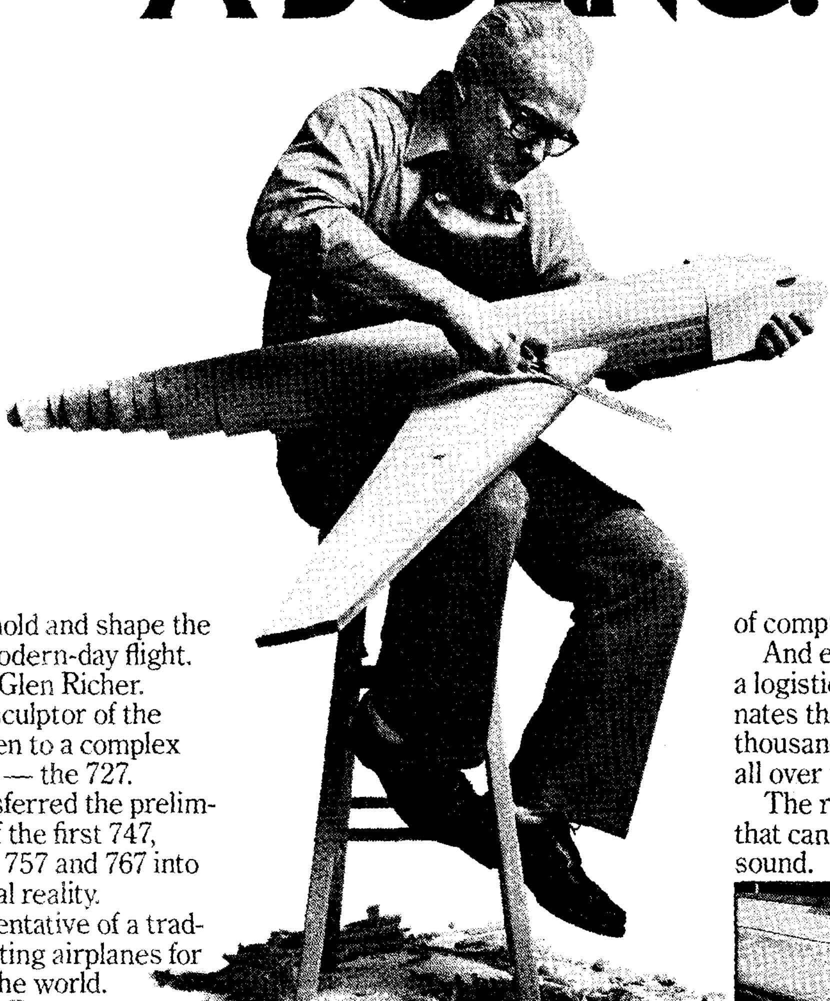

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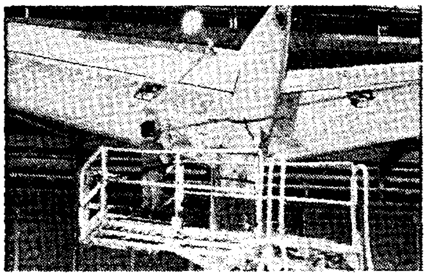

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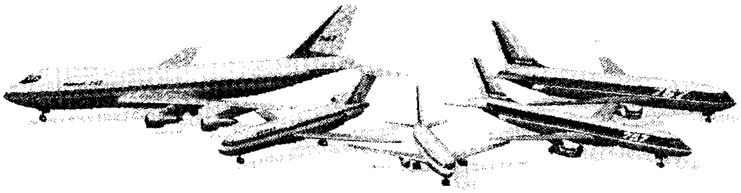

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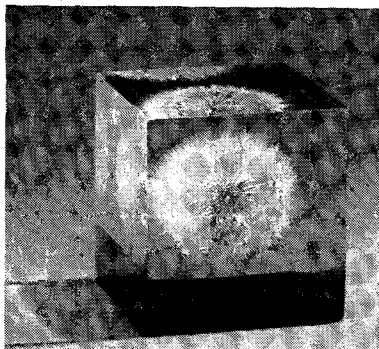

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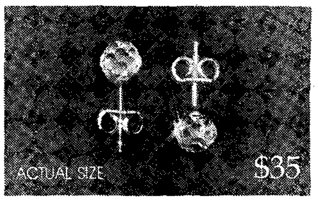

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for it, hardly augured well for their being returned to office. For the people at large, too, the news—except insofar as it promised the entertaining spectacle of an election—was unwelcome: during the months of campaigning, the government would come to a standstill, and, besides, elections were too expensive to be held so frequently. But how much latitude the President had on whether to follow or to ignore the advice of Charan Singh and his Cabinet was a moot question. Charan Singh and his Cabinet insisted that the President was only a figurehead and, under the Parliamentary form of government, was bound to follow their advice. Jagjivan Ram and Chandra Shekhar, the president of the Janata Party, took the contrary position. They called on President Reddy and told him that Charan Singh and his Cabinet, since they had never faced a vote of confidence, had no authority to recommend the dissolution of Parliament. After all, as President he had exercised his discretion by calling first on Chavan and then on Charan Singh to form a government, and he should now complete the logical process by calling on Jagjivan Ram to do the same.

The President now began a series of secret consultations with various party leaders and legal authorities, ostensibly to determine what procedure he should follow. Almost all the party leaders—except, of course, the leaders of Janata—advised dissolution, for their own reasons: Charan Singh because, having been unable to form an acceptable government, he did not want anyone else to; Mrs. Gandhi because she hoped to overturn the verdict of the 1977 elections; the leaders of the smaller parties because, as always, they hoped to gain at the expense of the larger parties. Legal authorities on the constitution, however, contended that to dissolve a Parliament without any government's having lost a vote of confidence, and without the President's having given the leader of the largest party—in this case, Jagjivan Ram—a chance to form a government, was to go against both the letter and the spirit of the constitution. The President's problem was compounded by the obvious fact that Jagjivan Ram could form a government only by means of further defections and re-defections, and a government made up of defectors was inherently unstable. It was hardly surprising that when Jagjivan Ram was questioned on how he would form a government he equivocated. On Au-

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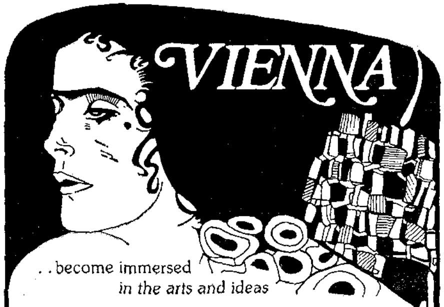

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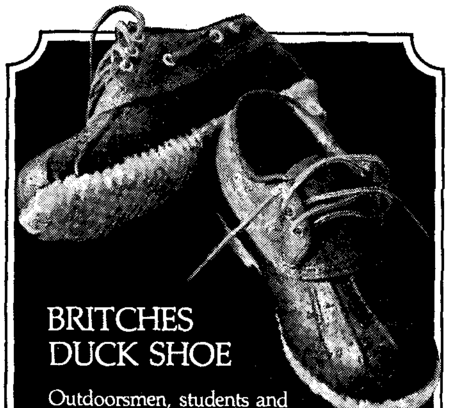

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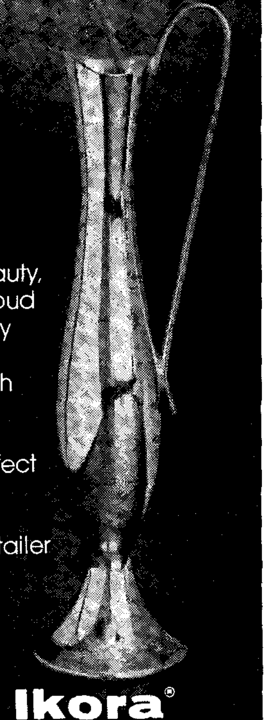

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gust 21st, the respected Calcutta English-language daily the *Statesman* reported, "Asked whether the government he proposed to form would be a coalition or a single-party one, Mr. Jagjivan Ram said: 'It may be both.' " There was also an imponderable personal factor in the President's decision. In 1969, Reddy's ambition to become the President of India had been thwarted by Jagjivan Ram, who, siding with Mrs. Gandhi, had denied him the prize just when it seemed to be within his reach. Reddy had become President only after Mrs. Gandhi's 1977 defeat. Now that Reddy was in a position to thwart Jagjivan Ram's ambition, would he pay him in kind, or forgive and forget?

On August 22nd, the President announced that he was dissolving the Parliament. This meant that until after the election Charan Singh and his Cabinet would rule as a caretaker government, enjoying the benefits of incumbency.

The *Statesman* explained the next day:

> What tilted the scales against the Janata leader was Mrs. Gandhi's decision to join almost all the other parties in demanding a mid-term election. Since Mr. Jagjivan Ram could not muster an absolute majority, he could have won a confidence vote in the Lok Sabha [the lower house] only on the strength of defectors who would join him and his party for a price, leading to further debasement of political and moral values.
>
> The constitutional aspects of the President's decision will no doubt be debated at length, but it is important to bear in mind that the essence of the practice of parliamentary democracy and the ideals that guided the framers of our Constitution were being blatantly negated by almost all the parties. The nation has, indeed, faced a total crisis of leadership in which men and women who had won the respect and, up to a point, admiration of the people showed themselves to be unprincipled power-hungry persons interested only in satisfying their own appetites.
>
> ... Politicians of most of the parties have only themselves to blame for creating conditions which have been effectively, if cynically, exploited by Mrs. Gandhi to rehabilitate herself and humiliate two Prime Ministers.

Indian politicians are notorious for being bad losers, and Reddy had hardly finished making his announcement before Chandra Shekhar and Jagjivan Ram set up a hue and cry for his impeachment. They accused Reddy of being anti-Janata, anti-Jagjivan Ram, anti-Untouchable. (Some of the members of the Janata Party were circulating a rumor that the Russians had given Reddy ten million rupees because they wanted Mrs. Gandhi, who was

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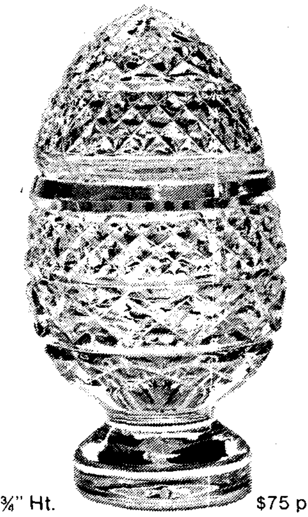

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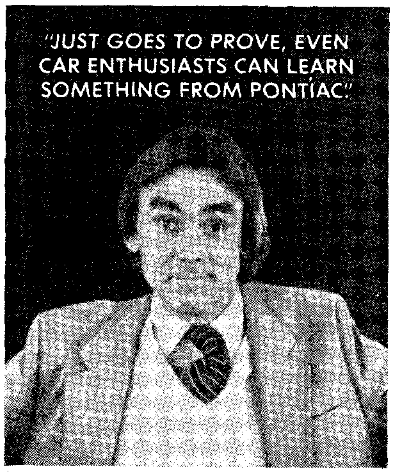

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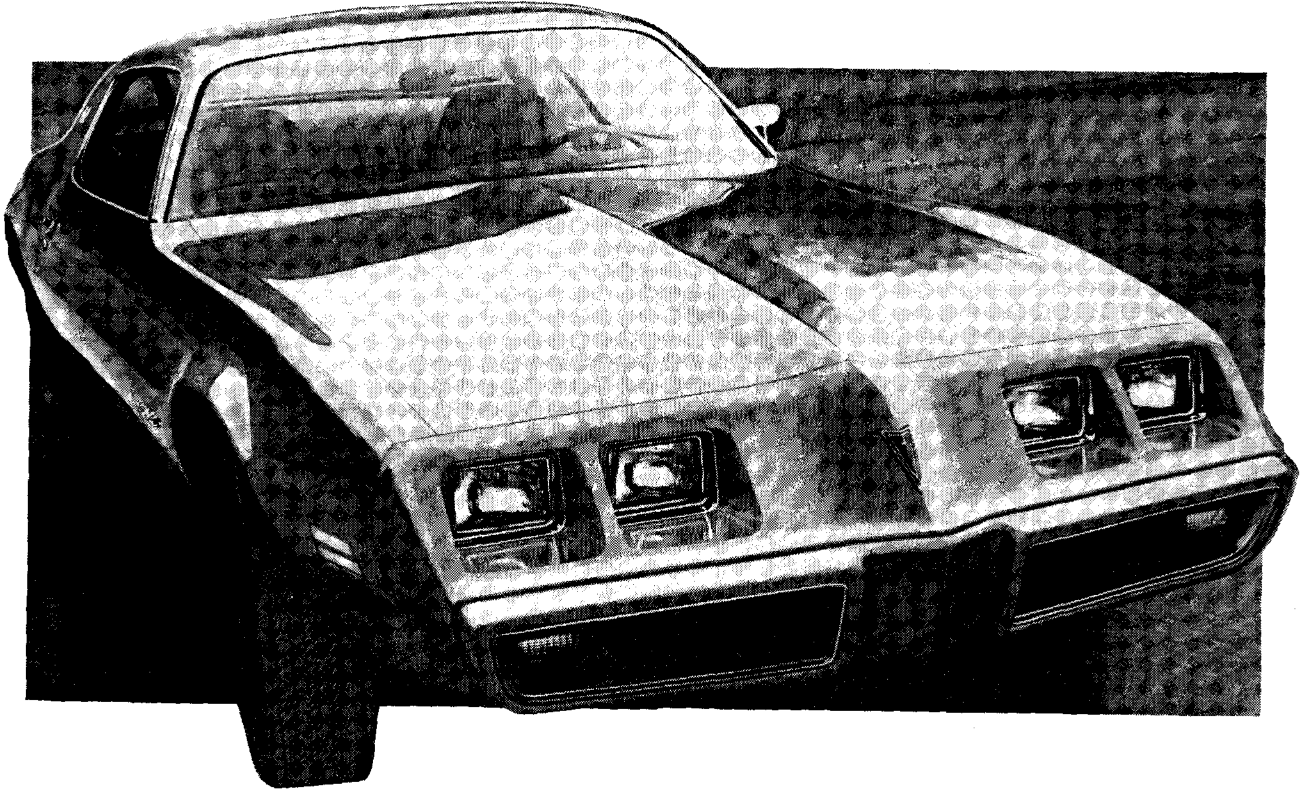

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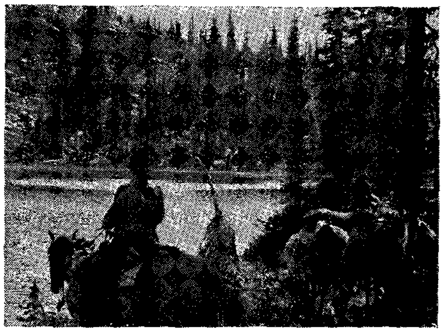
known for her pro-Soviet policies, to come back to power.) In a joint statement reported in the papers on August 23rd, the two said:

> The course of events over the past month as well as the sudden decision of the President testify to a deep conspiracy. . . .
>
> If this decision is allowed to stand our country will have no safeguards left against Presidential arbitrariness and against the fact that a President may be propelled to such arbitrary action by blackmail or by other inducements. Already, the way has been opened for a Presidential dictatorship.

Chandra Shekhar went as far as to say that the President's single action was worse than Mrs. Gandhi's Emergency. The claim was patently absurd; after all, the President had not muzzled the press, arrested anyone, or traduced the judiciary. The *Hindustan Times*, a New Delhi English-language daily, was moved to comment in an editorial:

> Mr. Chandra Shekhar and others like him are not only not in jail but free to participate actively in politics and speak their minds. The press has no difficulty in reporting them. The judiciary remains free. The Constitution, which has been purged of some of the Emergency distortions, remains in unfettered operation. The oppressive climate of fear, which characterised the Emergency, is conspicuous by its absence. The allegation that the President's action has been worse than that of Mrs. Gandhi in the distortions it has wrought, therefore, does not bear scrutiny. Anyone who levels it runs the risk of undermining his own credibility. Far worse, it has the effect of projecting the Emergency as something far less grim and deplorable than it was. This can have very serious consequences when attempts to justify the Emergency have been launched on a large scale with an eye to the elections.

IN the past few years, the Indian electorate has been sending to Parliament a new breed of politicians, who may accurately reflect the rustic character of the people they represent but who cut a strange figure in New Delhi. Most of these politicians have no profession or passion, hobby or interest other than winning votes and staying in power. Since politics is their only means of livelihood, they often have to make as much money as they can while they are in office in order to survive when they are out of office. Nevertheless, most of the charges of corruption they hurl at each other and each other's families are preposterous, and have no other purpose than to make political hay. Many politicians, of course, tend to favor their relations and friends for jobs or the perquisites of power. But then it is not surprising that in a so-



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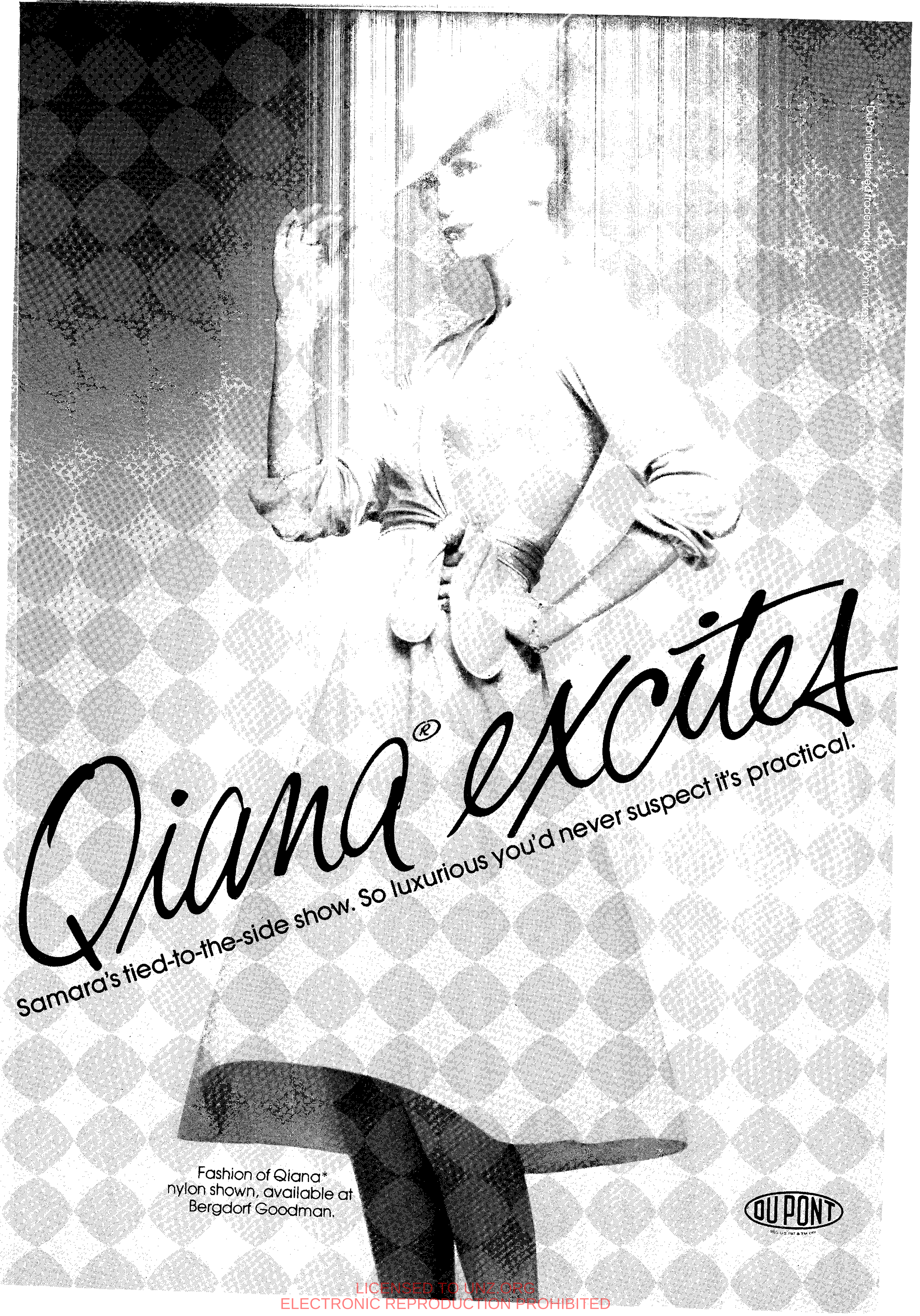
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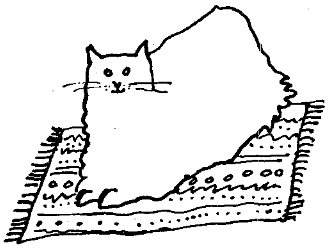
ciety so poor that most people live on the margin of survival the few who *do not should favor a family member* in need over a stranger in need, or a loyal child over a possibly treacherous acquaintance. Perhaps because of the imagined or real corruption everywhere, politicians, even as they cling to office, vie with one another to appear holier than thou. They tend to take up political issues like the banning of cow slaughter and the institution of prohibition. When the issues are not moral, they are parochial. (In the recent elections, one party demanded a separate ministry for films, because its head, the chief minister of the state of Tamil Nadu, is the leading film actor of South India.) The issues may not be wholly without merit, but the hypocrisy and bigotry that attend them contribute to the prevailing political mood of cynicism and futility.



Charan Singh and Raj Narain are not untypical of the new breed of politicians. Both got their start in the faction-ridden parochial politics of Uttar Pradesh. Both have made a career of defecting from one splinter group to another in the name of sincerity and socialist revolution. (One of Raj Narain's favorite cries is "Change the government again and again!") Both are often referred to in newspapers as "stormy petrol" (the Indianism for "stormy petrel"), because of their turbulent politics. Both talk as if politics were a religious struggle of mythic proportions. Raj Narain often speaks of Charan Singh as the incarnation of Rama, of Charan Singh's wife as the incarnation of Rama's wife, Sita, and of himself as the incarnation of the monkey god Hanuman; in the Ramayana, Hanuman, with an army of monkeys, rescued Sita from the clutches of Rama's enemy, the demon Ravana. Raj Narain claims that he grew up reciting the Chalisa—forty prayers in praise of Hanuman—and that he still says at least seven prayers a day in praise of him. He feels that, like Hanuman, he is leading an army—in his case, an army of politicians—to rescue the country from corruption and demons.

Charan Singh, who has been in political life for nearly forty years, has made a career of being a malcontent—of swimming against the current, of taking contrary views, of responding negatively, and of bringing down governments and parties. (His resignation from Desai's government in 1979 was his eleventh resignation from office.) Somehow, his resignations have always *seemed to propel him to higher positions* of power. (One of his nicknames is Chair Singh—"chair" having been a symbol of power in India since British times.) Charan Singh was born poor, and has never quite stopped struggling—as if he could not forget his humble origins. He became a symbol of the Janata government's shift of emphasis from the development of Western-type industries, associated with the policies of Nehru and Mrs. Gandhi, to the development of indigenous agriculture, associated with the ideals of Mahatma Gandhi. "I am a man of old values," he says, and he is so anti-Western that he refuses to use soap, listen to the radio, or watch television. His approaches to India's problems tend to be somewhat extreme. At one time, he insisted that no work should be done by machines—that even safety matches, now produced by machine in India, should be made by hand. On another occasion, he suggested that in order to break down caste barriers higher jobs in the civil service and the military should be open only to those who had married outside their caste. No one, however, doubts his sincerity; he is one politician who has actually employed an Untouchable cook. In fact, he has always championed the Untouchables and the Muslims, but, because he has been a regional leader for most of his life, he has never acquired a national following among either community. Similarly, one of his oldest slogans is "Peasant power," but since he belongs to the subcaste of Jats, more often than not "Peasant power" has been interpreted by the public to mean "Jat power."

Raj Narain was born near Benares into a landowning family. Although at one time he weighed two hundred and forty-two pounds and cultivated a reputation for being the most powerful wrestler in Benares, practically his whole life has been spent in politics. He was a political agitator as a student, and for forty years he was active in the local politics of Uttar Pradesh, where he stretched Mahatma Gandhi's notion of civil disobedience and noncoöperation almost to its limits (he frequently led strikes, walked out of meetings, staged sitdowns, and disobeyed laws—all in the name of conscience), even as he became a follower of the fiery socialist leader Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia. In those years, he belonged to one or

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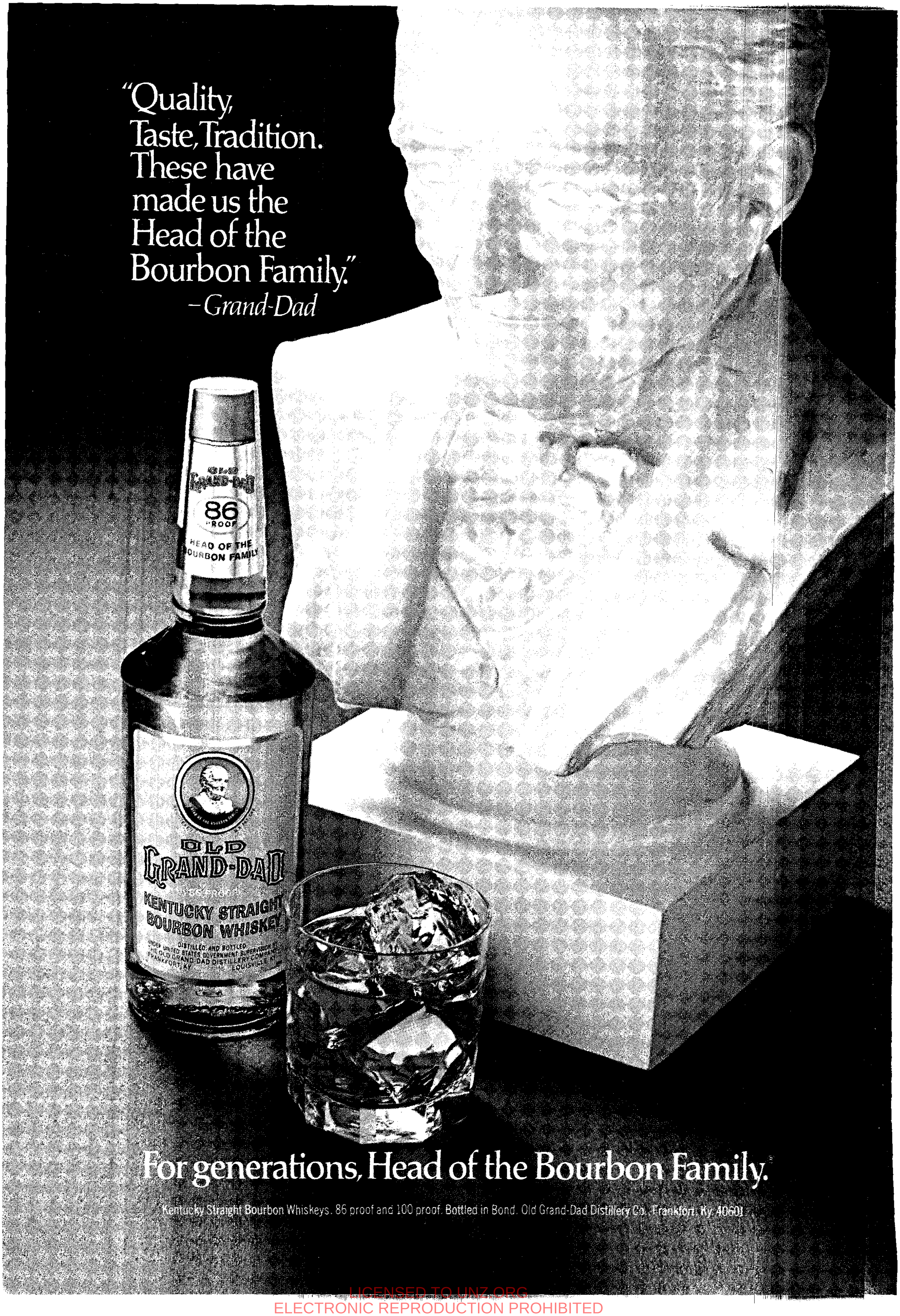
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another of the local socialist parties, which were continually splintering and regrouping themselves. He became known for his riotous behavior in the Uttar Pradesh legislative assembly, and it has been estimated that between 1952 and 1962 he took up thirty per cent of its debating time with his antics. He was arrested at least fifty-eight times and spent a total of fifteen years in jail.

Raj Narain came to national prominence after the 1971 elections, when he stood against Mrs. Gandhi as a nuisance candidate in Rae Bareli. She easily defeated him then, but in the 1977 elections—after the suit he brought against her for corrupt electoral practices had played its part in impelling her to obtain the proclamation of Emergency—he roundly defeated her in the same constituency. In New Delhi, he quickly developed a reputation as a jester and buffoon. In the Parliament, he indulged in disruptive antics, just as he had in the Uttar Pradesh legislative assembly, and outside the Parliament he dispensed with the proprieties of his position. As Public Health Minister, he moved into the minister's house, and many of his cronies moved in with him; it was as if he were running a charity hostel in a village. He received dignitaries and officials while lying almost naked on the floor and being massaged. He became well known for his loose tongue. (He once said of Jagjivan Ram, "He has so much money that if he does not spend it his stomach will burst." Whenever he was criticized, he would say things like "This tongue was given to me by God. How can you check me?") The New Delhi biweekly *India Today* has written, "His continuous barrage of junk-talk—which has won him wide publicity and made some cynics compare his sayings to the utterances of Idi Amin—reduces him to a frequently painful caricature."

Many people began avoiding him. (Once, when Desai returned to New Delhi from abroad, Raj Narain greeted him at the airport and sprayed him with perfume. Desai said to him, "You are applying perfume now, but in my absence your doings were spreading a foul smell.") After he helped to bring down Desai's government and to install Charan Singh as Prime Minister in the caretaker government, he started calling himself "king-breaker and king-maker," "super-man," and "super-Prime Minister." *India Today* has said, "His newly acquired eminence glows through his sweaty beard as he pats his garlands in place, pants across

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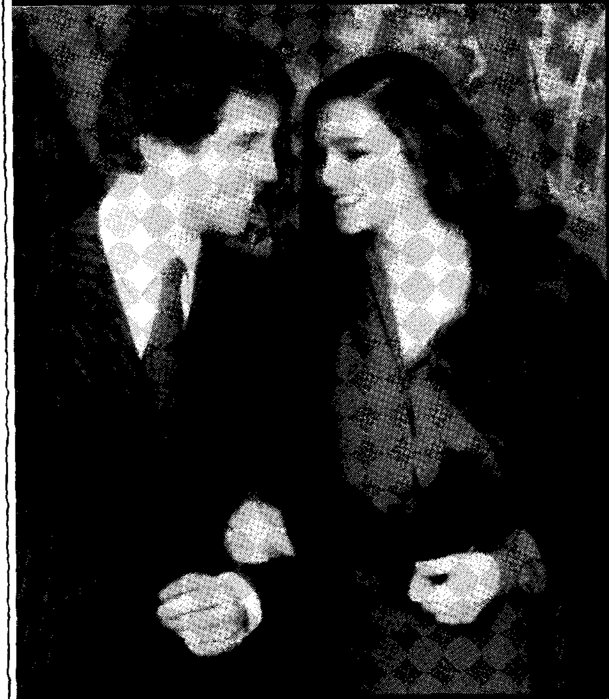

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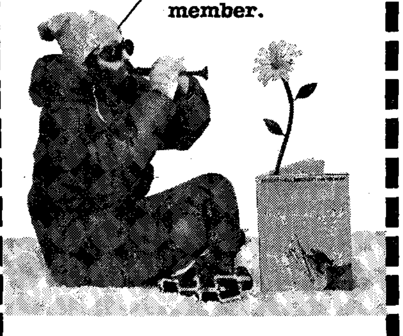

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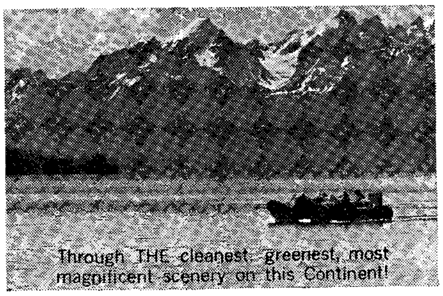

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the runway to meet his followers, and waves his walking stick in universal approbation. Jokester and buffoon, toppler of two prime ministers, perpetual jack-in-the-box, the man has arrived."

Although Raj Narain is married and has four children, he long ago abandoned his family for celibacy and a celibate's devotion to what he considers public life. "A man who chooses public life should quit his private life," he has said. "How can you hope to be close to the *janata* if you hang on to your family?" (He scarcely knows where his wife and his children are or what they do.) Contradictions abound in his life. One day, he will describe Desai as the gift of God to India; another day, he will say, "He does not have a mind. How can he have a mental state?" One day, he will attack Mrs. Gandhi as the scourge of the nation; another day, he will praise her, saying, "There is a qualitative change between Mrs. Gandhi as Prime Minister and Mrs. Gandhi without the Prime Ministership." One day, he will describe Charan Singh as Rama incarnate; another day, he will attack him. He is a socialist who is also a Hindu fanatic. He is a universalist who is also a Hindu communalist. His ideology sounds like a hodgepodge of Sanskrit verses, Marxist homilies, and populist slogans. He claims to believe that if people would unite they could bring about a world government without disparity either of income or of class, and with no need for passports or visas. He says that such a world government would be run by a parliament like India's and by leaders like him. He claims to believe that such an ideal order existed in India in some ancient time—when politics and science were so advanced that surgeons could mount elephants' heads on human bodies, as in the pictures of the god Ganesh. "Nowadays, even the most advanced surgeons can only transplant hearts," he says. No one is ever sure whether Raj Narain is expressing a genuine belief or saying something merely to attract attention. A well-known Bombay film comedian and amateur wrestler, I. S. Johar, apparently felt that Raj Narain had turned Indian politics into a joke. He challenged him to a wrestling bout to decide which one of them was better qualified to sit in Parliament. At the same time, he announced that he would stand from whichever constituency Raj Narain chose to represent in the coming elections, and that all the comedians in Indian films would campaign for him. Johar said that his slogan would be "My name is Joker." (In

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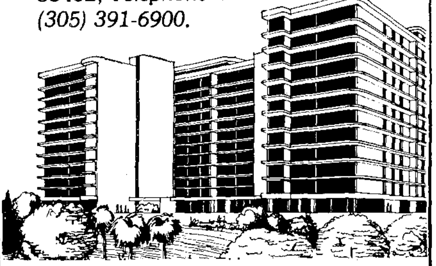

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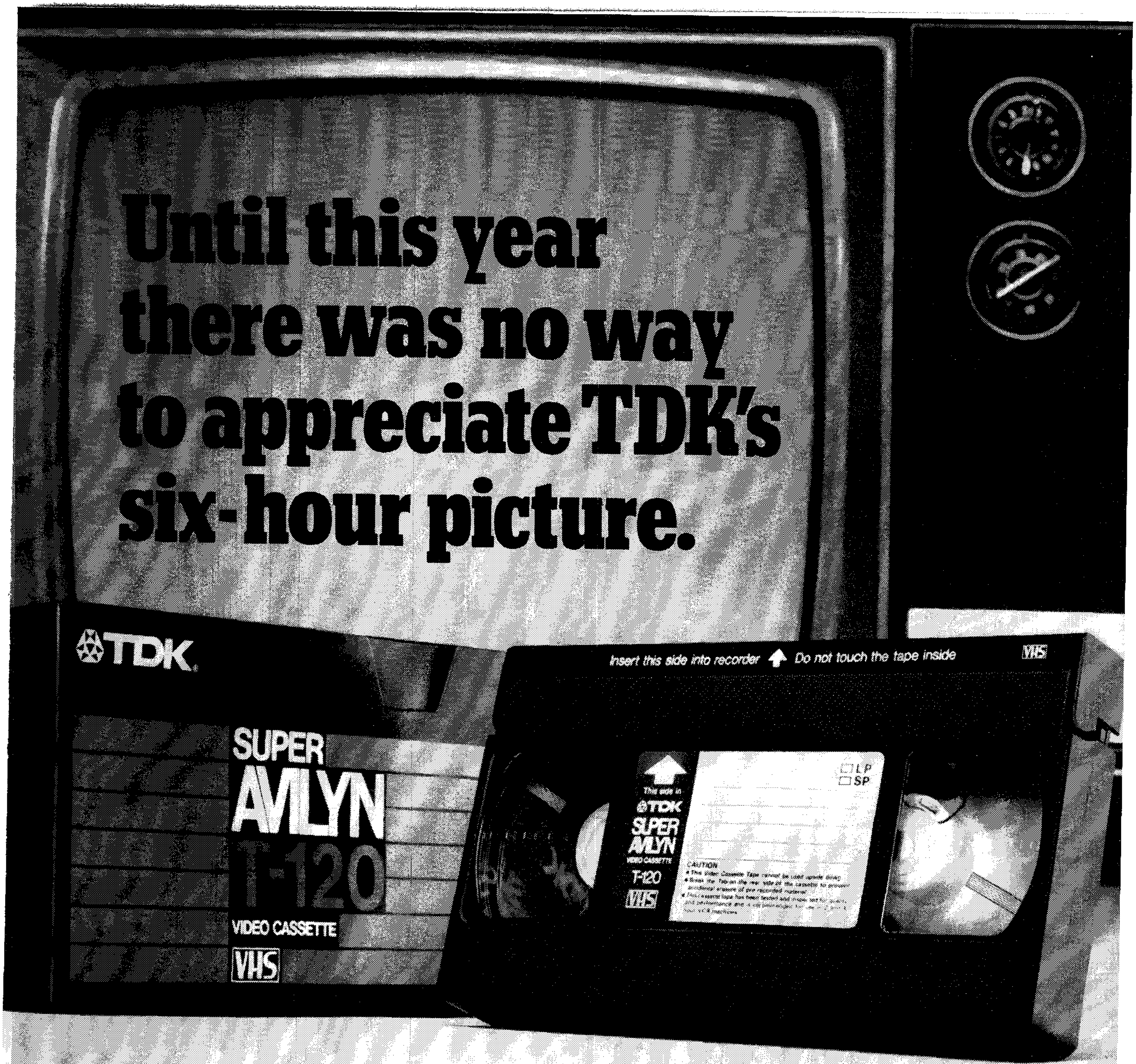
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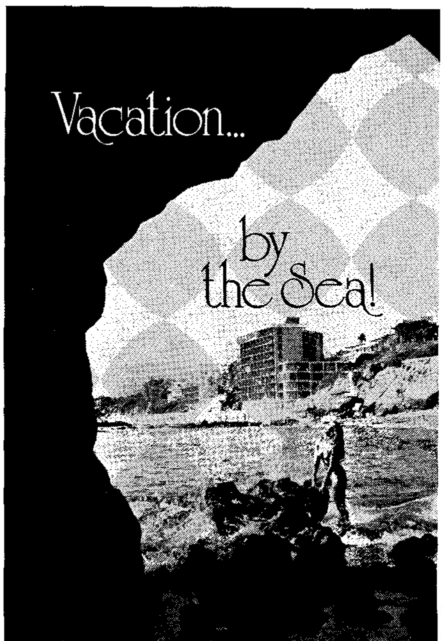

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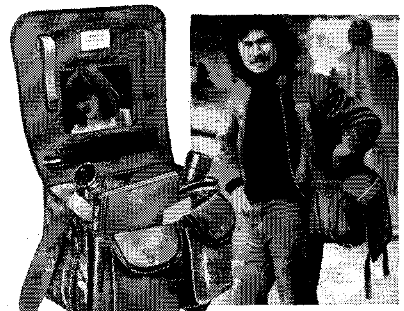

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the end, Johar, hedging his bets, stood from both Delhi and Bombay, and Raj Narain stood from Benares. Both lost.)

DURING the election campaign, it sometimes seemed that India was back in the days before the British raj, when rajas and maharajas fought with each other by fair or foul means—with this difference: the rajas and maharajas used foot soldiers and fought for supremacy over separate slices of the country, while the new "princes" used promises and fought for supremacy over the whole of India. It often seemed that the social and economic consensus that had ruled India since Independence—except during the period of the Emergency—had now broken down. (Some commentators consoled themselves with the thought that worse things were happening in Muslim countries to the west.) In the elections, a total of four thousand six hundred and eight candidates were standing for five hundred and twenty-five seats. (Actually, the lower house has five hundred and forty-two seats, but in Northeast India, among other places, voting was postponed indefinitely because of political violence.) For the first time, more than half the candidates stood as independents—a change reflecting the general breakdown of parties. There were three hundred and fifty-four million eligible voters, many of whom lived in remote villages. Informing them about the issues and recording their votes was no easy task; a candidate had to drum into a voter's head the symbol assigned to him or his party. The spectacle of the election campaign, therefore, had the aspect of a desultory national festival lasting more than four months.

Seventy per cent of the voters can neither read nor write. The ballot is mostly a roster of symbols, and Indians vote by marking with a rubber stamp the symbols of the candidates or parties of their choice. In fact, established, familiar symbols are so important that splinter groups fight over them, and often the symbols have to be replaced or altered. At one time, there was only one symbol of any consequence—the Congress Party's two yoked bullocks. That symbol, being associated with the great names of Mahatma Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru, automatically got most of the votes. But with the recent proliferation of parties and splinter groups the old symbols have been robbed of their traditional associations, and a bewildering number of new symbols have appeared: a hammer and sickle with stars; a

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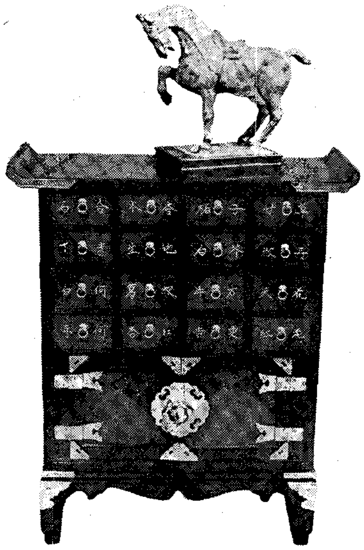

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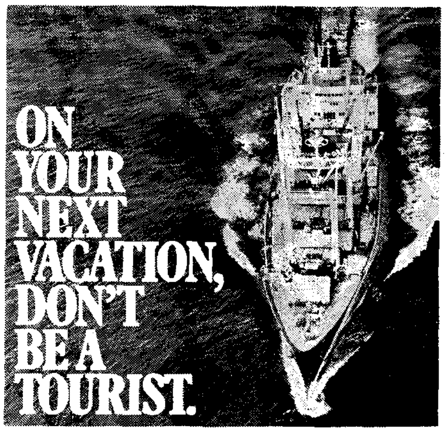

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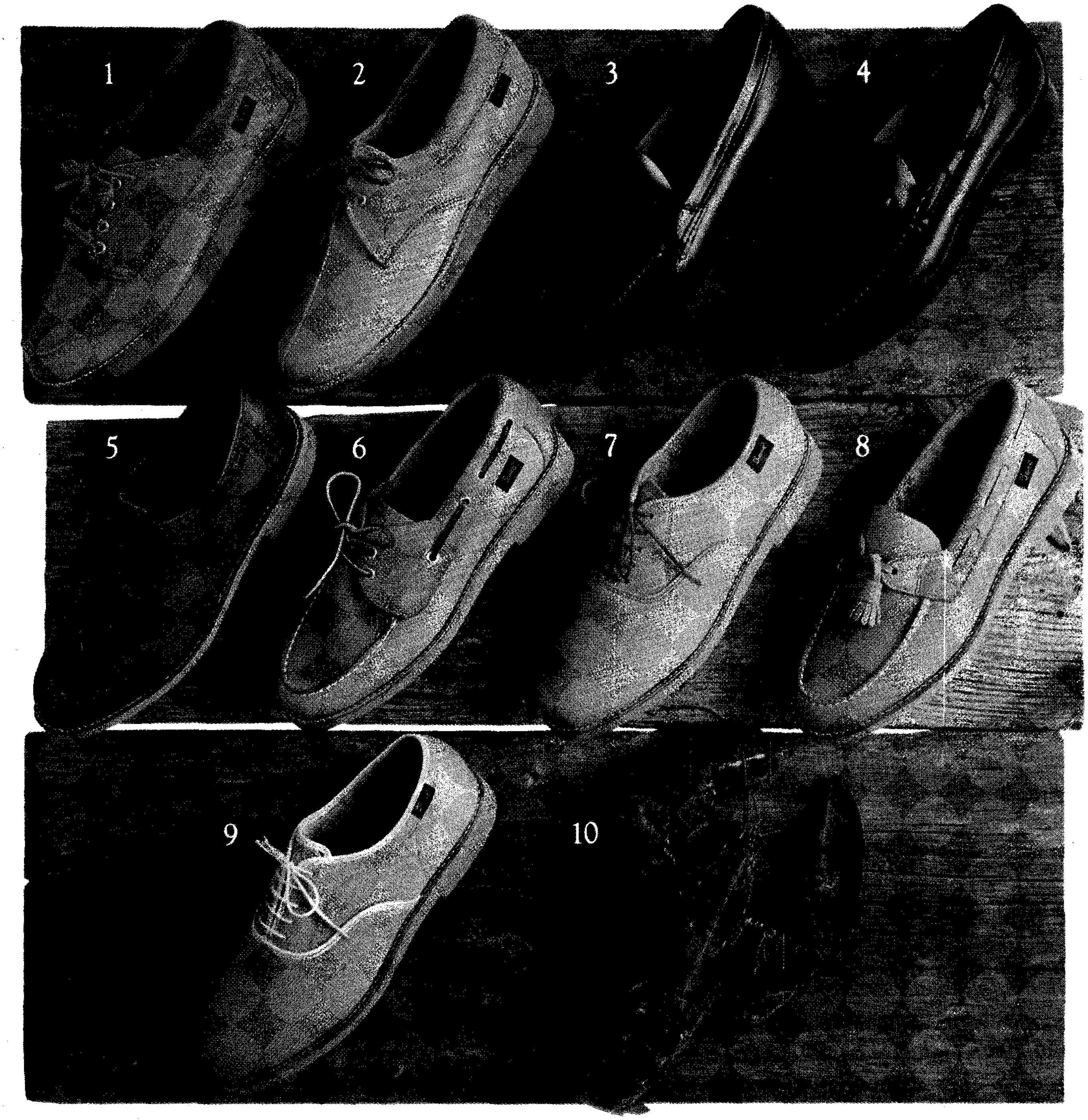

hammer and sickle without stars; a hammer; a sickle; a peasant with a bullock; a peasant with a plow; a bullock; a bullock cart; a plow; a bird; a tree; a fish; a bicycle. Moreover, the symbol of a party sometimes changes from election to election: in the 1977 elections, Mrs. Gandhi's party symbol was a cow and a calf (the symbol gave rise to some mirth because of its connection with mother and son); in the latest elections, it was the palm of a hand.

During the campaign, the candidates of Janata and the Lok Dal (the party that had not long ago been called Janata Secular) either attacked each other or, in the manner of the proverbial generals who are always fighting the last war, attacked the Emergency. Yet they did not succeed, as they had during the 1977 election campaign, in besmirching Mrs. Gandhi even with the scandal of Sanjay, who was again standing for election. The editor of the *Statesman*, S. Nihal Singh, explained this failure by writing, "Sons of politicians, peddling influence or making money on the side, have ceased to surprise voters." Indeed, many of the Janata and the Lok Dal candidates were relatives of public figures: there was the wife of Charan Singh, a daughter-in-law of Jagjivan Ram, and the sister-in-law of Jaya Prakash Narayan. (In Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, the National Conference Candidate, Farooq Abdullah, was the son of the chief minister, Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah, and he was declared the winner before the formal balloting, because no one came forward to oppose him.)

Mrs. Gandhi, using a chartered Viscount plane, supplemented by three helicopters, travelled more than anyone else, penetrating deep into the interior of the country and covering a total of forty thousand miles. She made at least twenty speeches a day, and, according to some estimates, she was seen by almost a hundred million people. She hardly referred to the Emergency, and instead concentrated on two up-to-the-moment themes: the prices of three necessities—kerosene, sugar, and onions—which, in part because of the jump in world oil prices and in part because of the drought, had risen precipitously during Charan Singh's regime; and the breakdown of law and order ("Today, law-abiding citizens are afraid of ruffians, thieves, and murderers, and criminals aren't afraid of anyone"), which, in part because of deteriorating economic and political conditions, had become widespread during Charan Singh's regime. She

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portrayed her opponents as bumbling, weak, vain, quarrelsome old men, and presented herself as the only person capable of giving the country a strong government. Everywhere she went, she raised the palm of her hand in salute, and asked people to put their rubber stamp on the palm-of-a-hand symbol on the ballot. (To some observers, the symbol of the saluting hand conjured up the Nazis, especially since the stamp that Indians use for voting is a swastika. But in India raising a hand is an ancient salutation, and the swastika remains the ancient symbol of the sun.) She was helped in her campaign by several circumstances: the Janata and the Lok Dal candidates who had served in Parliament had arrogantly neglected to keep in touch with their constituencies; Charan Singh frequently delivered himself of atavistic pronouncements against industrialism and Western values, which alienated the urban intelligentsia; and, what was perhaps most important, Charan Singh's government repeatedly delayed the elections. The official reason for the delays was that the large number of parties and groups made it difficult to organize the balloting; the unofficial reason was that the Lok Dal was making a poor showing in the country, and its leaders regretted having precipitated the elections in the first place. Raj Narain even intimated that the government might cancel the elections, because of anarchic conditions in the country—an argument straight out of the Emergency book. Whatever the reason, the delay gave Mrs. Gandhi many months in which to dramatize the impotence of a government without her at the helm, and to blur the distinction between Desai's and Charan Singh's governments. She had more money (businessmen tired of strikes and indiscipline in the factories apparently contributed heavily to her campaign), better organization (she is renowned for her skill in managing party affairs), and certainly more energy than many of her opponents, and she succeeded in getting herself across.

When it began to look as if Mrs. Gandhi had a chance of capturing a substantial number of seats in the Parliament, a half dozen ministers from Charan Singh's government defected to her party, among them K. Brahmananda Reddy (no relation of President Reddy), who had served as her Home Affairs Minister during the Emergency; then, after her 1977 defeat, had parted company with her; then had precipitated the 1978 split of the Congress Party, which resulted in her founding the Congress Indira;

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and, finally, had become Minister of Industries in Charan Singh's government—continually giving the impression that his latest change was his last. But the *Statesman* noted:

> Mr. Reddy . . . is not alone in changing sides more than once after having created the impression that the first change was irrevocable. Mr. Bahuguna left the Congress for Janata, ratted on the latter to join hands with Mr. Charan Singh, and then re-ratted to return to [Mrs. Gandhi's] fold which he had earlier found too authoritarian for his democratic conscience.

In fact, Mrs. Gandhi had immediately made Bahuguna the secretary-general of her party and the manager of her campaign, no doubt because he was one of the leading pro-Muslim politicians in India and so was able to mobilize the Muslim vote for her. (Soon after his defection to her side, she received the endorsement of the Imam of the Great Mosque in Delhi, who had denounced her and the Emergency at the time of the 1977 election campaign, and thus cost her valuable Muslim support.) Even Mrs. Gandhi's prosecutors rushed to join her. One was Amrit Nahata, who after the 1977 elections had brought a celebrated suit against Sanjay and Sanjay's associates for the theft and destruction, during the Emergency, of a film that Nahata had made, entitled "Kissa Kursi Ka," or "Tale of a Chair," satirizing Mrs. Gandhi. On Nahata's testimony, Sanjay was convicted in February of 1979, sentenced to two years of "rigorous imprisonment," and jailed—but only briefly. He was free to campaign while his conviction was under appeal to the Supreme Court. And now Nahata claimed, in a petition to the Supreme Court, that he had given false testimony in the case, and that Charan Singh had put him up to it. Charan Singh responded by saying, "If Mr. Nahata was in desperate search for an excuse to join Mrs. Gandhi's party, he should have discovered one which would not have exposed him as a self-condemned liar." In any event, the race was clearly narrowing down to a one-woman show—a process that was hastened when Charan Singh tried to taint Jagjivan Ram with the charge of being a C.I.A. agent, much as he (or Desai) had earlier tried to taint Bahuguna with the charge of being a K.G.B. agent. Charan Singh's new charge grew out of statements in Henry Kissinger's memoirs and in Thomas Powers' biography of Richard Helms that the United States had a plant in Mrs. Gandhi's Cabinet who fed information to the

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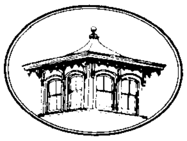

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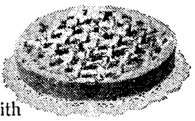

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Nixon Administration about the Indians' plan to dismember Pakistan in the days preceding the 1971 India-Pakistan war. But the charge, because it pitted Jagjivan Ram against Charan Singh, only succeeded in strengthening Mrs. Gandhi's hand.

THOUGH all the portents pointed to a victory for Mrs. Gandhi, when it came everyone was surprised by its size. The dumbfounded Jagjivan Ram said, "It's either magic or a miracle." Three hundred and fifty-one of the M.P.s elected to the lower house were from her party. Although Charan Singh and Jagjivan Ram were returned, many other opposition stalwarts were defeated, and no party won even the fifty seats necessary to qualify as the official opposition. (Actually, the Communist parties collectively did better than any of the opposition parties.) Without imposing any constraints or countervailing balances on Mrs. Gandhi's power, the voters have presented her with a blank check.

Most of the new M.P.s of Congress Indira are inexperienced; two out of three have never served in Parliament before. Few of them have earned a position of independent respect; their only recommendation is their youth. Reportedly, as many as a hundred and fifty of them were handpicked by Sanjay, and are therefore beholden only to him. (They refer to him as Raj Kumar, or Crown Prince.) As it happens, these elections made Sanjay one of the first of the "sons of politicians" ever to sit in Parliament. He has certainly gone his mother one better: she did not sit in Parliament in her father's lifetime. Moreover, the elections have returned all the members of the Sanjay Caucus, including Bansi Lal, who was the Defense Minister during the Emergency and Sanjay's greatest promoter in the Army, and V. C. Shukla, who was the Information Minister during the Emergency and the architect of its press censorship. The inevitable post mortems are under way: it is said that the vote was unrepresentative (only a hundred and ninety-six million, or not much more than half of those eligible, voted) and that the general apathy worked in Mrs. Gandhi's favor, since her supporters were enthusiastic and went to the polls, while her opponents' supporters were lukewarm and stayed away from the polls; that the vote was more against Desai and Charan Singh than for Mrs. Gandhi; that the vote was swung by the price of onions—the *sine qua non* of Indian cooking—and so on. All the same, Mrs. Gandhi's

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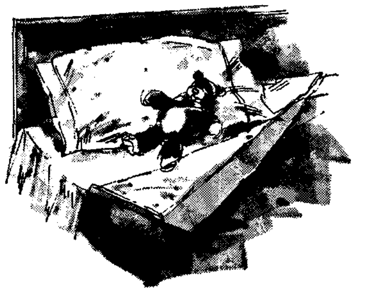

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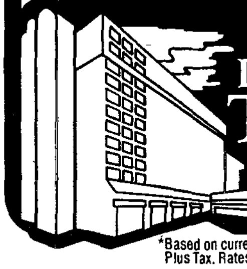

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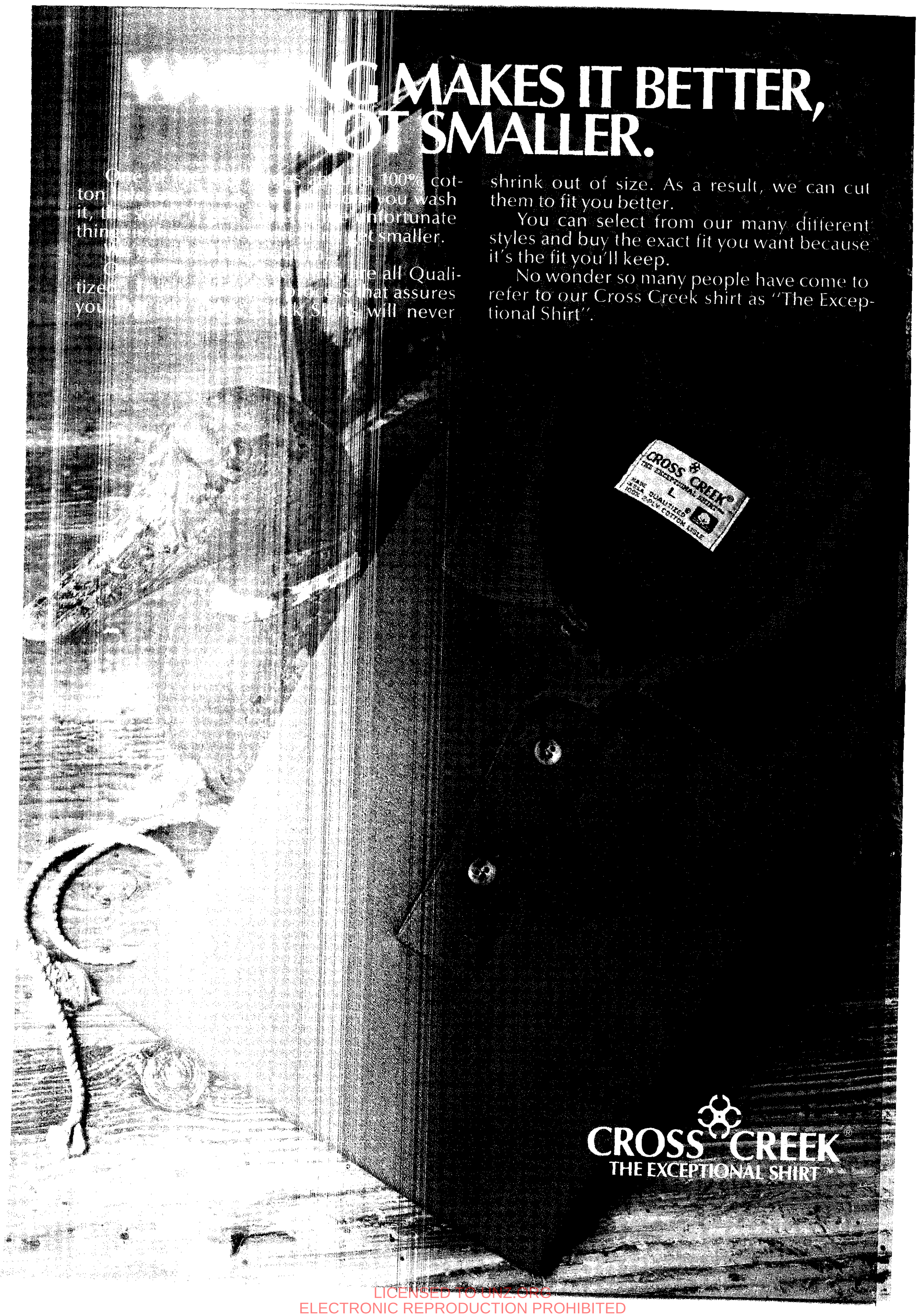
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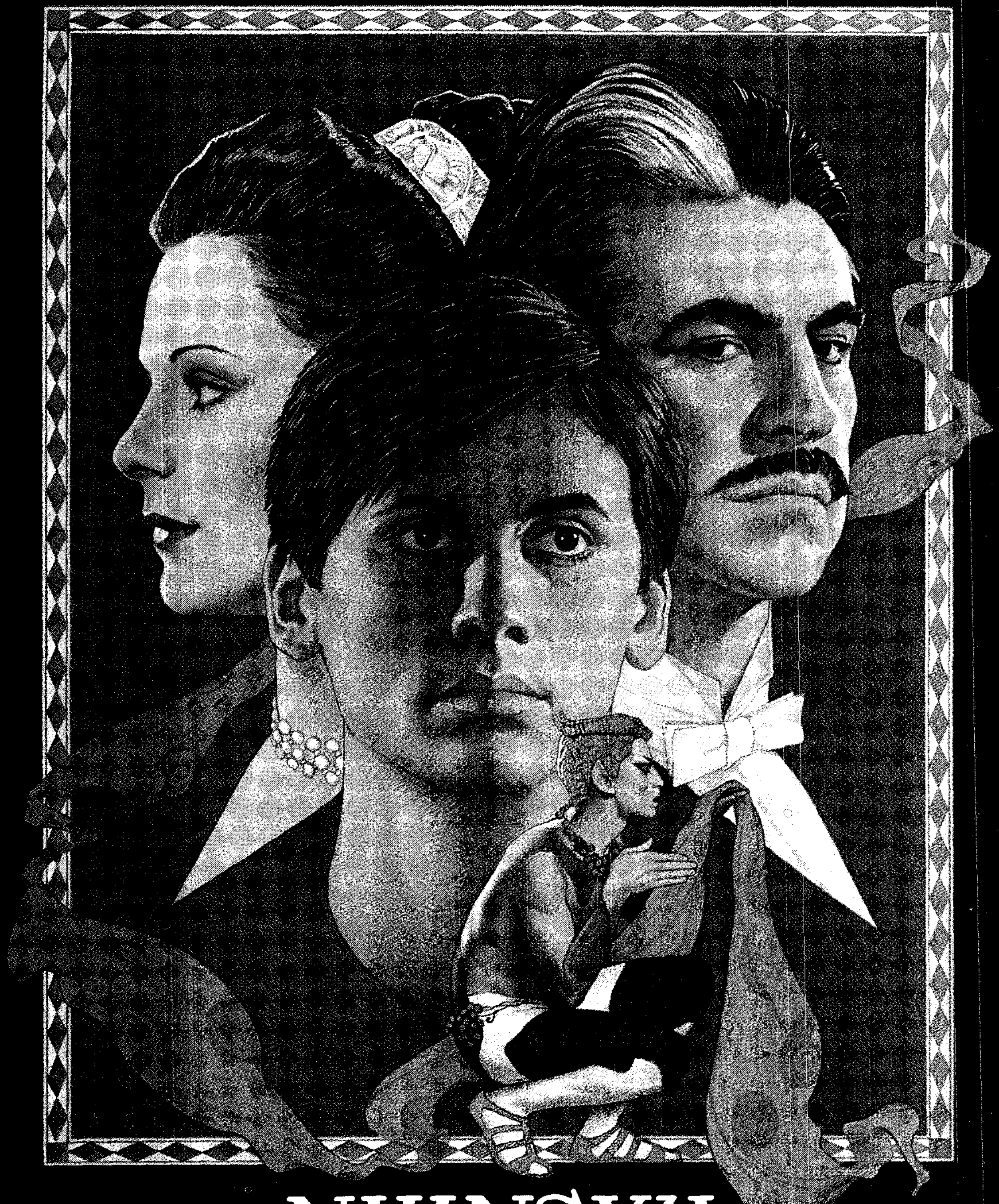

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party received only forty-two and a half per cent of the popular vote, and was able to chalk up its huge victory in part because her Janata and Lok Dal opponents drew votes away from each other, so that they all went down to defeat.

Mrs. Gandhi's assessment of the election results was frankly grandiose. She dismissed the whole Desai and Charan Singh period as an aberration, saying of the voters, "They woke up in 1977, soon after making their big mistake"—as if in the three intervening years they had only been waiting to put her back in office. When she announced her Cabinet, Sanjay was not given a post, and this made some observers think that she would move cautiously. Immediately upon coming to office, she took a pro-Soviet stand on the invasion of Afghanistan, and this made other observers think that she would move boldly. Within a few days, however, she backed away from her pro-Soviet stand, only to reverse herself again, and this made still other observers think that she would vacillate. Now such speculations have simmered down, for the signs are that the mother and son are already tilting toward some form of authoritarianism; certainly they have injected elements of fear and propaganda into the political climate. Mrs. Gandhi's government has begun reinforcing the so-called Preventive Detention Act, which permits the police to arrest any suspect without a specific charge, though it stipulates that the suspect must be produced before a magistrate within twenty-four hours of the arrest. Mrs. Gandhi's government has also reintroduced the Twenty-Point Program for economic development, which was originally launched two days after the proclamation of the Emergency, and which subsequently became one of its hallmarks; the program is unexceptionable in its stated aim of improving the lot of the poor, but is more a matter of slogans than of any serious economic policy. Mrs. Gandhi's government has also begun hitting at the supposed enemies of Sanjay in the civil service and the police. For instance, it summarily removed N. K. Singh, of the Central Bureau of Investigation, who was in charge of the court cases in the Bureau arising out of the Emergency, and dispatched him for "interrogation" to the state of Haryana, after its government had defected to Congress Indira. Since it was N. K. Singh who had prosecuted Sanjay and won his conviction in the case of the "Kissa Kursi Ka" film, his removal has been widely interpreted as the opening step in a campaign of per-

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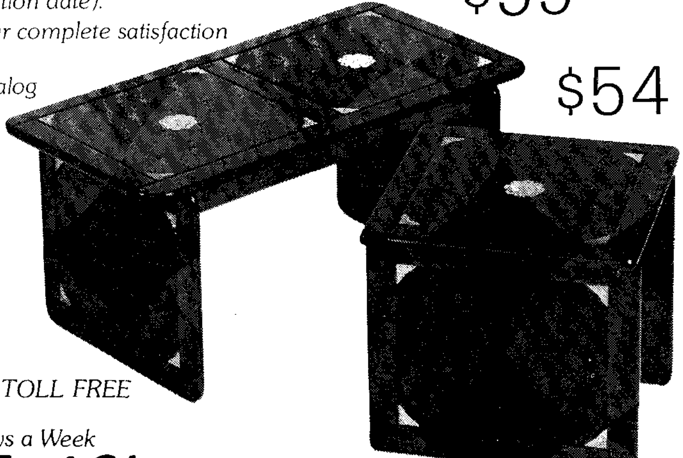

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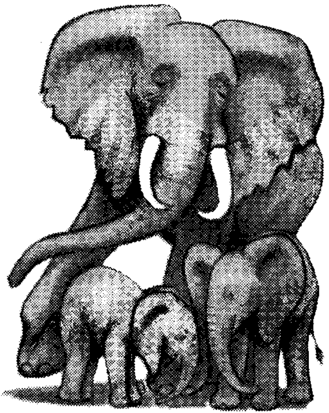

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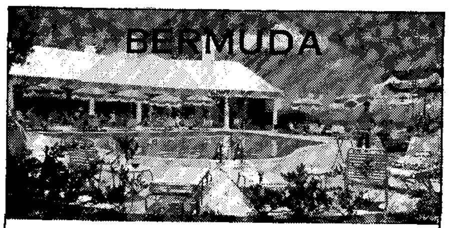

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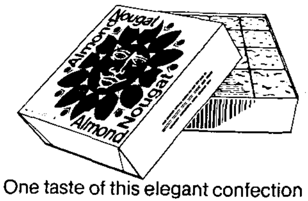

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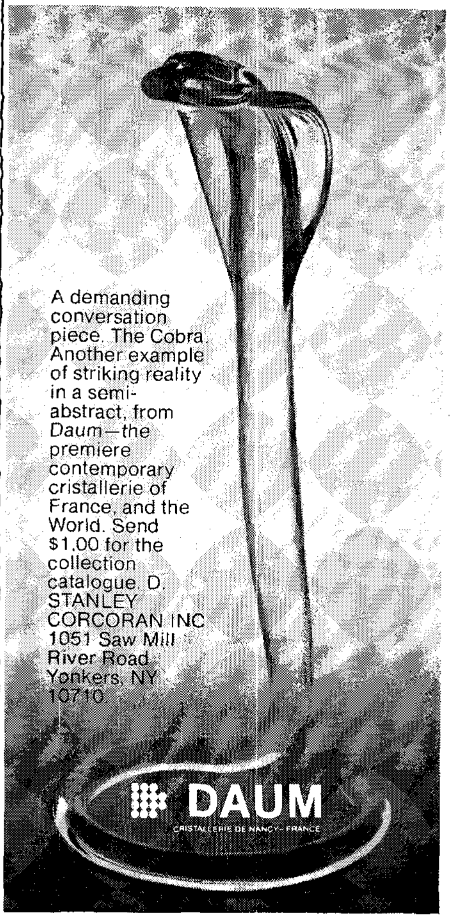
sonal vendetta to be waged by Sanjay. At the same time, Mrs. Gandhi's government has restored passports to all the prominent post-Emergency suspects and has started singling out Sanjay's friends and aides for special promotions. It has leapfrogged over many senior officials to appoint two post-Emergency pariahs, Jag Mohan and P. S. Bhinder, as Delhi's lieutenant governor and commissioner of police, respectively—making them perhaps the two most important officials in the capital. (During the Emergency, Jag Mohan, as the vice-chairman of the Delhi Development Authority, and Bhinder, as Delhi's deputy inspector general of police, had helped Sanjay carry out the notorious Operation Bulldozer, in which several hundred poor people's houses were demolished in the Turkman Gate area of the city, as part of Sanjay's "national beautification program." Both Mohan and Bhinder had figured in the Shah Commission testimony, and Bhinder had been unsuccessfully prosecuted for ordering the murder of Sunder, the ex-chum of Sanjay, when the bandit was in police custody.) Meanwhile, Mrs. Gandhi, who has now been in office for two months, has failed to assign many important ministerial portfolios—those of Defense; Industries; Labor; Planning; Public Health; Steel and Mines; and Petroleum, Chemicals, and Fertilizers—and this has given rise to the speculation that she intends either to distribute the plums to her still unrewarded Emergency supporters once she has consolidated her power or to keep most of the strings of power in her own hands. Finally, Mrs. Gandhi's government has dissolved nine state legislative assemblies that were under Janata and Lok Dal control, and has ordered new elections in those states. (She has not tampered with the states that are under Communist control, because her party stands little chance of winning them.) Mrs. Gandhi claims that the results of the Parliamentary elections demonstrate that the nine state governments have ceased to represent the electorate; anyway, in dissolving them she is only following the precedent set by the Janata government. The Janata government did indeed dissolve state legislative assemblies that were under opposition control, but Charan Singh, for one, claims that the Janata action was democratic, because it was getting rid of malfeasant state governments that had suppressed civil liberties during the Emergency, whereas Mrs. Gandhi's action is undemocratic, because she is getting rid of law-abiding state governments.



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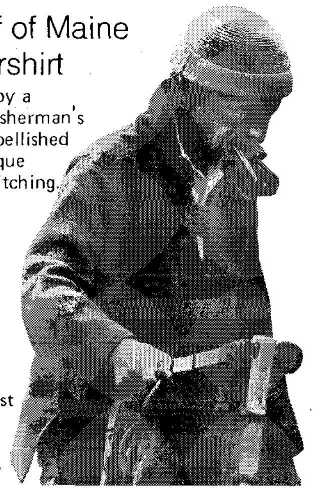

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Whatever the rights and wrongs of Mrs. Gandhi's action, if Congress Indira should be returned to power in the nine states, as seems likely, its victory will strengthen Mrs. Gandhi's personal power throughout the country by giving her control over the majority of the states and over the upper house. She has enjoyed huge popular support before—after the 1971 India-Pakistan war, for instance—but then she used her popularity not in the interests of any policy or program but simply to amass more power. Hence, the question being asked everywhere is, What will she do with her power this time?

Mrs. Gandhi's election will almost certainly lay to rest all those court cases against mother and son which preoccupied and paralyzed the governments of both Desai and Charan Singh. (The only case that produced a conviction concerned the "Kissa Kursi Ka" film, and that case has been torpedoed by Nahata's about-face. Moreover, one of Mrs. Gandhi's former defense lawyers is now her Law Minister.) In fact, it seems that Mrs. Gandhi may use Charan Singh's special courts to prosecute Charan Singh's and Desai's families. After months of investigation, Vaidialingam recently surprised everyone by submitting a five-hundred-page report to Mrs. Gandhi's government in which he recommended a formal investigation of Charan Singh's wife, of Kanti, and of Kanti's wife. The report charges, for instance, that Charan Singh's wife received "fairly large amounts" of money from well-to-do young people in return for promises that she would help them find jobs; that Kanti generally assumed "extra-constitutional powers and authority over the governmental machinery for perpetrating and aggrandizing self-interests;" and that Kanti's wife pushed tax authorities around for personal gain. But even if nothing comes of these most recent charges against the families of the two latest Prime Ministers, there is little doubt that Mrs. Gandhi's election will tend to exacerbate the underlying problem of the family in politics, for Sanjay is now in line not only to become one of his mother's ministers but also to succeed her one day as Prime Minister. Mrs. Gandhi's government is already being spoken of as a "transition" to Sanjay's rule.

—VED MEHTA

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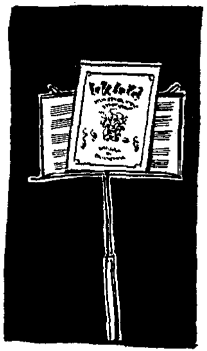


CÉSAR FRANCK'S oratorio "Les Béatitudes" was revered in the nineteenth century but is rarely heard today; in this country it is almost unknown. After hearing the first of two enterprising performances by the St. George's Choral Society, under Calvin Hampton, in St. George's Church, at Sixteenth Street and Third Avenue, I can understand why the work is neglected. It would be hard to find a less dramatic basis for an oratorio text than the eight Beatitudes—the verses that in St. Matthew's Gospel introduce the Sermon on the Mount. Josephine Blanche Colomb, the otherwise unknown author of Franck's text, attempted to flesh out each statement by depicting a scene of human conflict from which the Beatitude emerges as a healing message. Thus, each of the oratorio's eight sections includes both a chorus of unpraiseworthy human beings who practice tyranny, pride, or vengeance and a celestial chorus with the antithetical virtues. The voice of Christ leads men from evil to good; in the last two Beatitudes, Satan is introduced, to make the battle rather more lively. For this libretto, Franck provides a setting that has been praised as one of the highest expressions of spirituality in music. In the second edition of Grove's Dictionary (1900), Hugues Imbert called the work "a splendid oratorio of solid architectural design" and praised its "astonishing truthfulness of dramatic expression." The composer himself thought even more highly of the oratorio, if a story told by Henri Cochin in *L'Université* of November, 1890, is to be believed. When a pupil of Franck's praised Wagner's "Tristan," Franck said, "After 'Tristan,' take the score of 'Les Béatitudes': what Wagner has done for human love, I have done for divine."

"Les Béatitudes," however, is scarcely calculated to put one on the side of the angels. The celestial choruses quickly pall, while the more vigorous expressions of evil—though they at times conjure up the Pirates of Penzance stealing upon their prey—have a certain strength. More debilitating is the lack of rhythmic and harmonic interest in much of the music: foursquare, repetitive patterns occur throughout the choral writing, and that cannot make it enjoyable to sing. (The St. George's Choral Society sustained a good tone and kept accurate pitch throughout the long evening.) The most convincing passages come in the solo and orchestral writing: some of Christ's melodies are effortlessly warm and genuinely felt (though in Samuel Byrd's performance they were never strongly projected); Satan cajoles and complains in fiery, Meyerbeer-like melodrama. The fourth section opens with a fine instrumental passage: the expressive movement of the melodies and the sense of direction in the harmonies remind us that these qualities are missing elsewhere. Mr. Hampton's orchestra played well, though without idiomatic warmth; he conducted neatly, keeping the structure as tight as it could be. (The only slackness came in overlong pauses between sections.) I had hoped that "Les Béatitudes," which was composed between 1869 and 1879, might be a work of serene beauty and restrained sentiment to set between those understated masterpieces Berlioz's "L'Enfance du Christ," of 1854, and Fauré's Requiem, of 1887. But I could not find in the Franck the constant musical interest that keeps those two works from crossing the line from sentiment into sentimentality. Much of "Les Béatitudes" drifts aimlessly, becalmed on a sea of sanctimonious good intentions.

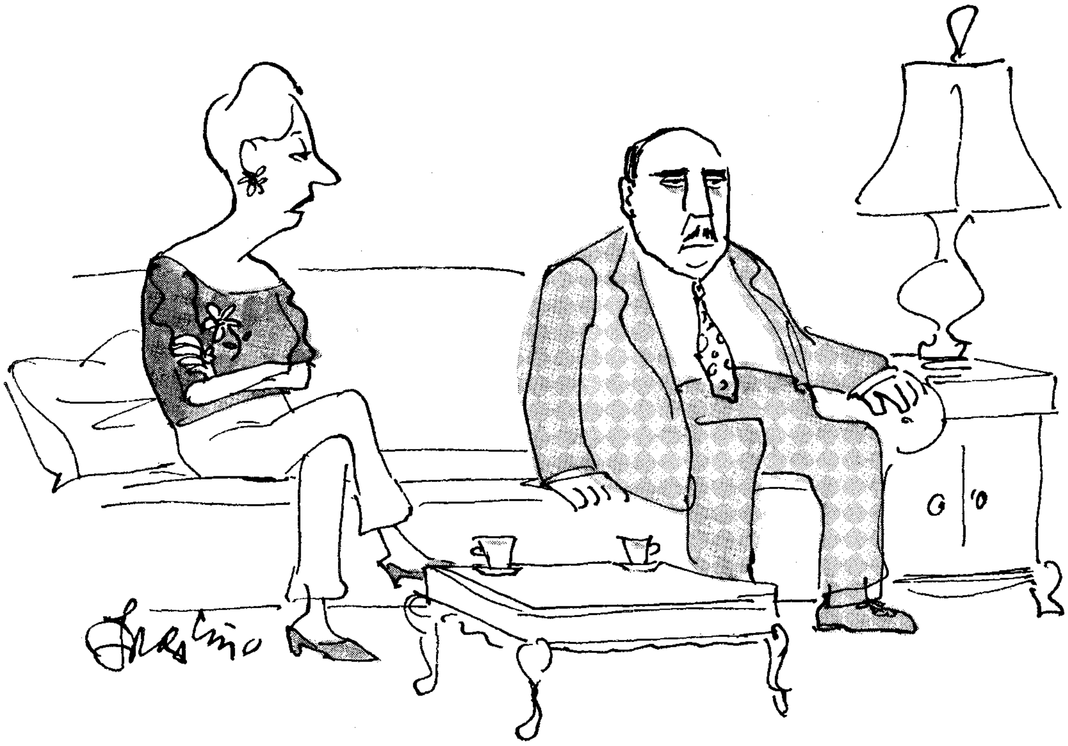
AN altogether more enjoyable rarity was provided by the Manhattan School of Music, which has followed its revival, last year, of Hindemith's "News of the Day" with one of Prokofiev's "Betrothal in a Monastery." This 1940 comedy, based on Sheridan's "The Duenna," is not unknown in New York. In 1948, two years after its delayed Leningrad première, it had fifty-three performances here, at the Greenwich Mews Playhouse, by the Lemonade Opera Company, conducted by Sam Morgenstern. But the opera was given Sheridan's title, not Prokofiev's, and there was no orchestra—the accompaniment was provided by two pianos. It has since been staged in Europe, and there is a recording by Russian forces, but the Manhattan School claimed that its three performances were the "first full production in New York City." The opera is trivial but entertaining—absurdly overcomplicated in its faithfulness to Sheridan's plot but utterly uncomplicated in its desire to amuse. "Betrothal in a Monastery" bubbles with high spirits; the orchestral writing is spare, astringent, yet colorful. The tunes have a distinctively Prokofievian energy that results from the use of repeated tiny rhythmic cells; even under lyrical vocal lines, the orchestra is usually moving in staccato chords or figurations, keeping the tension alive. The most striking example is a duet that expands into a quartet (in Prokofiev's score, at the end of Act III, Scene 1)—long, sweet melodies for hero and heroine, while bass clarinet and other low winds chug along in the background; as two male voices enter the texture, the dark colors and contrasted rhythms are wonderfully intensified.

The Manhattan School production condensed Prokofiev's four acts to three, so this ensemble came near the end of a long second act. The singing, without ever being outstandingly good—except perhaps in Richard Schuler's nasal yet affecting Don Antonio—was competent and sturdy: Buz Tennent's noble Don Ferdinand and Brian Robertson's growling Mendoza were both well projected; the Dona Louisa of Ruthann Turekian and the Duenna of Gloria Parker were full-voiced and witty. Frederick Greene's Don Jerome was a slightly weak link (though he can scarcely be blamed for not playing the clarinet onstage, as Prokofiev wanted). There was a nice cameo from Diana Toscano as Louisa's maid, who has little to do but whisper. I can imagine a production of "Betrothal in a Monastery" that would reflect the hard-edged wit of the music and the sparse clarity of its orchestration. Instead, the director, Lou Galterio, opted for a flurry of constant, comic activity. The setting is eighteenth-century Seville at festival time, and, having once introduced the Oriental masquers and lamps and banners, the production was unwilling to abandon them—they reappeared at all sorts of curious times, whether Maxine Willi Klein's white set of stairs and arches was representing an indoor or an outdoor scene. There was little danger of boredom; Mr. Galterio obtained vivid characterizations—though some were larger than life—and Jean Karsavina's English translation (it is published in the Leeds Music vocal score) could be heard clearly. "Betrothal in a Monastery" would be a perfect piece for the City Opera to tackle after its forthcoming “Love for Three Oranges,” and Bruce Ferden, who conducted the Manhattan School production with zip and precision, could well direct the music.

AT the Metropolitan Opera, Alban Berg's “Wozzeck” has received a powerful and affecting revival. Caspar Neher's scenery and costumes for the Met's first production, in 1959, are used; the staging is by David Alden; James Levine conducts. For the first time at the house, the opera is sung in German. It is given without intermission. The concision of Berg's structure—three acts, each of five short scenes—is inevitably weakened if there are two breaks, and thus nearly half as much intermission time as playing time. In this version, we take a short breath between the acts, and the houselights come up briefly, but the impetus is maintained and the musical links between the end of one act and the beginning of the next are respected. Levine's conducting makes something deeply expressive out of a score that can sound merely bleak; there is not always the perfect control the music requires, but the sweep and the tragic fervor of the orchestra's playing are ample compensation. The combination of Mr. Alden's direction and Gil Wechsler's sombre lighting creates a taut, coherent stage picture. The Neher sets are low and bare; Mr. Wechsler's lighting streaks across them from the sides, leaving much in darkness, picking out parts of the stage (there is one Rembrandt-like picture of Marie and her child), or else it suddenly flares up from the front (when Wozzeck confronts the revellers, and when the drinkers in the tavern confront him). As Wozzeck, José van Dam acts stiffly, with stylized gestures, and sings directly rather than subtly. But his performance works. Anja Silja looks ideal as Marie and manages a superb, idiomatic molding of the vocal line. Richard Cassilly is a lumbering, destructive Drum Major, Dieter Weller a dangerously eccentric Doctor, and Andrea Velis a chillingly effective Fool. The ensemble acting in the beer-garden and tavern scenes is first-rate. The one blot on the evening was provided by the audience, whose antiphonal chattering, “shhh”ing, and unbelievable choice of moments to leave the proceedings made Berg's orchestral interludes difficult to hear, let alone concentrate on.

THE last couple of weeks have been busy ones for string quartets in New York. The Juilliard and the Concord offered the latest installments of their Beethoven cycles at Tully Hall (the Guarneri will begin one at the 92nd Street Y in April); the Sydney Quartet made its North American début in Carnegie Recital Hall; the Melos, of Stuttgart, played downtown; and the Tokyo celebrated ten years of existence with a group of concerts at Carnegie Hall. I caught three of these events. The pull of the Beethoven cycles was the stronger because within a fortnight the two quartets were offering the same piece—the E-Minor Quartet, Opus 59, No. 2. The performances could scarcely have been more different. The Juilliard gave the more technically competent account: the sound was well blended (though the tone of the leader was rarely ingratiating), phrasing was firm and well matched between the parts, the music flowed. Yet the result was almost wholly uninteresting. Several things suggested that the quartet had lost a freshness of response to the music. Most startling was its shortening of all the bar-long rests in the first movement. The music went comfortably on from phrase to echo phrase—but Beethoven didn't write that; he wrote phrase, pause (what now?), echo phrase (yes, of course). In the Juilliard's playing, all surprise was eliminated. So, too, in the coda, where the movement's swinging eighth-note motif is treated for a few bars on its own, without its sixteenth-note resolution; this should be unbearably tense, but the Juilliard made it sound the most natural thing in the world. The effect of that coda is greatly enhanced if the second repeat in the movement is taken: the Concord Quartet did so, creating a very long musical structure but one that was compellingly sustained. The Concord seems little interested in pure sound; its tone is often thin and scratchy. But the intensity of the players' response is remarkable; they carved their way through this first movement as if it were the most angst-ridden music in existence. I felt there was little of the relaxed flow that the triple-time phrases surely need. On the other hand, I was gripped by the unrelenting power of their arguments. As the first violin lurched waywardly into the upper regions when the sixteenth notes took flight in the final bars, there was a real feeling of Beethovenian resolution.

The classical repertoire dominates so many quartet recitals in New York that it was good to hear the Sydney Quartet in an entirely twentieth-century (though still classic) repertory: Janáček's Second, Shostakovich's Eighth, and Ravel's single Quartet. Colleagues abroad have praised this



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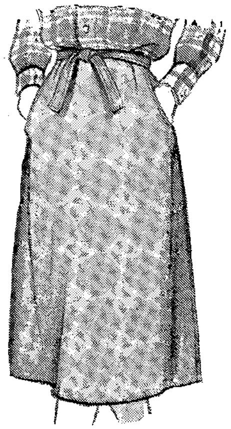

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Australian group very highly. Though I found its richness of tone and strength of ensemble admirable, I thought that it was taxed by the very different nationalistic idioms of these three quartets. The playing tended to be solidly reliable, but not biting enough for Janáček, not quite gloomy enough for Shostakovich (though this worked best), and certainly not rhapsodic enough for Ravel.

LAST week, in Tully Hall, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center inaugurated its second Vocal Chamber Music Series with a jolly concert featuring the sisters Kristine and Katherine Ciesinski, accompanied by Paula Robison, flute; Timothy Eddy, cello; and the indefatigably self-effacing Charles Wadsworth at the keyboard. I feel a spoilsport saying anything against these charming sisters or their ever-smiling accomplices, but this program was unsatisfactory and the performances were unremarkable. Bits of Saint-Saëns and Ibert for Katherine in the second half, a serious sacred cantata by Telemann for Kristine in the first half, duets by Handel, Tchaikovsky, and Mendelssohn, and a Reinecke sonata for flute made an incoherent mixture. To perform the Handel continuo part in Brahms' realization for the piano would have made sense in a recital accompanied only by piano; but next came the Telemann with harpsichord. Moreover, the Handel (which includes the models of "For unto us" and "All we like sheep," from "Messiah") was overromantically done. Katherine Ciesinski's warm, sympathetic voice is well known; it did not blend very well with her sister's much harder tone, which rarely flowed at the top of the range. In Mendelssohn's "Gruss," one of the loveliest pieces in the duet repertoire, the line was broken each time at the leap of a sixth. Though the words of all six Mendelssohn duets were used well, speeds were too fast and the mood was pert; there was none of the sublimely relaxed spontaneity that can be heard from Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Victoria de los Angeles on the EMI recording of the farewell concert of the English accompanist Gerald Moore.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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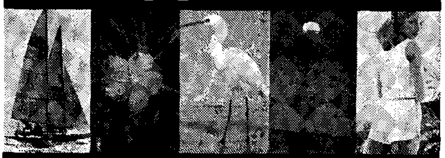

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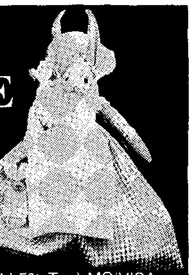

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BOOKS

History for Our Time

HISTORIES date themselves by what is known, by what is sought, and by how these are interpreted. "A History of the World," by Hugh Thomas (Harper & Row; $17.95), is a remarkable work about the past which is very much of the present, in that it offers an enormous amount of recently acquired historical information and declines prophecy. Thomas finds innumerable correlations in history (for one example, a correlation between despotism and good roads), but he is skeptical of historical systems and agnostic about the future. These modern traits are doubtless interrelated: the more knowledge, the fewer certitudes. Wisdom has always been elusive and unteachable, because it is superior guesswork. In an epilogue, Thomas suggests that mankind remains more religious today than is commonly assumed, but he does not display the religious assurance of some of his predecessors, such as Sir Walter Raleigh, whose "History of the World" is a rambling gossip demonstrating God's judgment on rulers, and Arnold Toynbee, who concluded "A Study of History" with a plea to his readers to become saints. Thomas mentions that H. G. Wells, in his "Outline of History," published in 1920, foretold the imminent formation of a world state; in the same list of things to come, Wells promised a universal religion. How unlikely and undesirable both appear in 1980, when Wells' vision reads like global tyranny in both church and state! Thomas is wary on material as well as spiritual matters. In the course of this book, he tells us a good deal about the size of the world's human population at different periods, but he declines to state whether the world is, or is about to be, dangerously overpopulated; he quotes a demographic expert as saying that "the record of population projections is not a happy one."

BEWARE OF OVERREACTING DOG
D. Fradon

The history of population is only one of many fields in which Thomas, whose own specialty is Hispanic civilizations, shows a masterly ability to make specialist studies available to general readers. His prose is unmannered; his book never seems long. (He has supplied good notes and a good bibliography, but the index is unreliable.) The effect of the combined labors of Thomas and his sources is to expand our sense of human history much as the discoveries of modern science have enhanced our notion of the scale of the universe. Neither amplification has been comforting, and the consolatory concept of progress receives little support in this chronicle. Thomas's work also demonstrates that what historians consider crucial or definitive about the past is not necessarily statistically typical. During the ten-thousand-year period that he calls the age of agriculture, only a small part of the world's arable land was cultivated; wild animals, bandits, forest dwellers, gypsies, hunters, and nomads occupied territories that were not farmed until the nineteen-sixties, in the third century of the industrial age—when, however, less than ten per cent of the world's workers were employed in factories. As late as 1870, Thomas finds, only a quarter of German land was under the plow; Hansel and Gretel, a woodcutter's children living in the forest, may have been statistically more typical of imperial Germany than the landowner Bismarck. Perhaps a cross-section of our species' existence at any moment would reveal incongruity as our typical condition, and perhaps, too, the enduring popularity of the grotesque in art and the recent emphasis upon the absurd in philosophy reflect reality's unevenness as opposed to theory's tidiness: "oughtness" is smooth, but "isness" is rough.

Thomas allots space in inverse ratio to human time. The human race has spent most of its life in small tribal bands devoted to war and hunting, and the next-longest stretch in agricultural societies, but Thomas devotes more than half his book to humanity's doings since industrialization arrived, around 1750. He does not slight earlier times, and, as is characteristic of contemporary historians, he is extremely sensitive to the effect of technological advances, from the prehistoric invention of specialized tools of stone and bone to the medieval invention of the clock. He notices such homely devices as the horse collar and the kitchen range, and tells how they affected human existence. Many "modern" industrial products have ancient pedigrees—steel was first made around 1400 B.C.—and the theoretical work that underlies modern civilization was largely completed, Thomas thinks, by 200 A.D. Yet the steady application of physical laws to the world's work did not begin until the eighteenth century in England. Thomas discusses at length the questions "Why Europe?" and "Why England?" The Chinese are the other side of the story, with an astonishing record of inventing and of discarding inventions. Thomas thinks Chinese despots and bureaucrats feared that innovation

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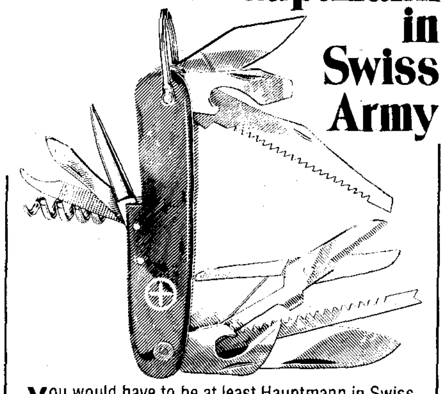

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would cause social change. This is an instance of what I mean about wisdom and guesswork. The emperors and mandarins were exceptionally shrewd to suspect the destabilizing effect of innovations—they abandoned paper money and refused to develop a system of credit and banking—particularly since, as Thomas points out, change in the agricultural era was relatively slow. (The priests of ancient Egypt might have recognized many features of the France of Louis XIV.) But their hunch about change was only half shrewd, since they were not wise enough to guess that stability might become stagnation. Thomas sums up the connection between government and economics: "Bad politics cause poverty more often than bad business."

Thomas disagrees with historians who describe the industrial revolution and the agricultural enclosures that preceded it in England as but two chapters in the history of the wickedness of the wealthy, and his common-sense assessment of early capitalist industrial societies recalls the realistic yardstick enshrined in the well-known exchange: "How's your wife?" "Compared to what?" Thomas finds that by his down-to-earth standards—the length of the working day, for example—nineteenth-century liberal capitalist civilizations like this country's and Great Britain's were more tolerable than many alternatives.

A section called "Industrial Triumphs" is followed by one called "Political Failures." Thomas believes that man has not developed political institutions to match or to deal with his technological inventiveness. One can even see in today's world a regression to paleolithic politics, which were based upon "exclusiveness, suspicion, and prejudice" against outsiders. Thomas contrasts the modern "incapacity of people of different origins to live side by side" with "twelfth-century Spain where Christians, Jews, and Muslims lived in comprehension as neighbors," and discusses the tolerance of ancient empires—China, Persia, and Rome. In our century, the peoples of empires—Austria-Hungary, say, or India—continued to hate each other even after they were no longer yoked politically, with tragic results for themselves and for the world. The acquisition of machinery or of independence has not inevitably produced respectable government: among the hundred and fifty states in the world, Thomas counts something like thirty democracies, thirty totalitarian states, and the rest "authoritarian, autocratic or . . . monocratic."

The book teems with odd facts (one recognizes in the recipe for British seamen's grog the ancestor of the Daiquiri) and with odd villains (sugar, for instance, reinvigorated the moribund institution of slavery). The author's insights, though sometimes surprising, are usually astute, as when he comments on the relation between romantic love and population statistics, or tells us that the United States' success made it "the main disruptive influence" in the world, because "the communism which patriotic Americans used to see as the main cause of unrest in the world itself capitalizes on the thwarting of aspirations whose main source is the American impact on the rest of the world." I was struck by his gloss on Plato's discussion of games and politics. In politics, "if the rules are kept, policies can be changed," Thomas writes. "The rules are, therefore, more important than the policies . . . Constitutions have, indeed, much in common with games, for they prescribe rules, knowing that, without rules, the barbarians will always win." The narrowness of our escape from the rule-breaking barbarians who won the national elections of 1968 and 1972 makes his comment particularly telling.

Thomas is also persuasive in his reflections upon the misapplication of historical argument in modern times—the extent to which we appeal to history to excuse anything nations or their leaders choose to do. The cultivation of grievances seems habitual nowadays—there is scarcely a nation that does not see itself abused, encircled, unappreciated, plotted against—although the habit is foolish, repellent, and dangerous. The growth of national and group self-pity may be one reason that, as Thomas remarks, "we are finding it harder than we expected to live in a world which cannot risk another major war."

The self-discipline required to restrain our hostility is, of course, a demand resulting from new technology. Whenever man takes another step toward conquering or taming the forces of nature, he must also take new steps to conquer or tame himself, to

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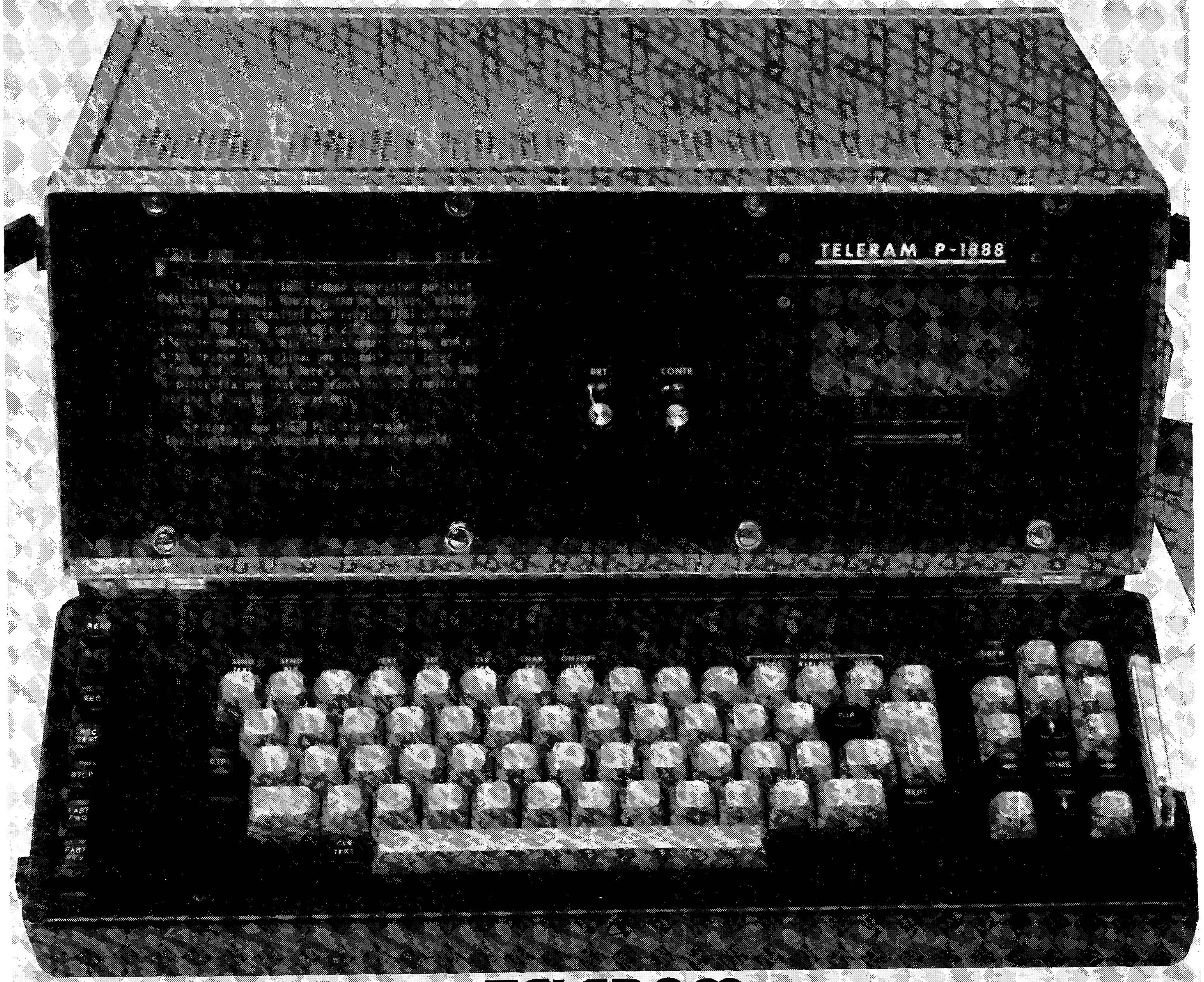

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attain ever more stringent self-discipline. The self-control required to drive an automobile safely, for example, is greater than that required to ride or drive a horse; and while a fire demands constant attention, running a nuclear-energy plant requires a degree of attentive care that looks, at this point, superhuman. In various ways, our artists and philosophers have reflected the stresses and abrasions that accompany our efforts to make ourselves as reliable, as impassive as our machines, and much modern work is a quarrel with modernity. Perhaps the time has been too short—in Thomas's scale but the wink of an eye—for mankind to develop appropriate political institutions. Yet the universality of the discomforts we share makes one wish we could cease to blame and begin to forgive each other.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

1915, by Roger McDonald (Braziller; $10.95). A story of two friendships, two romances, two rivalries, and much sorrow among four young Australians who, faced with the usual crises of adolescence and its aftermath, are relieved to find their choices limited and their decisions simplified by their country's entrance into the Great War. The two young men (utterly different in body and mind, but friends, because neighbors, since childhood) enlist, and their girlfriends (also friends, from school) grant them, on the eve of their troopship's departure for Gallipoli, passionate caresses and promises. In the months that follow, the girls' alliance begins to suffer from strain, as each finds fault with the other but knows that she needs her company more than ever before. Meanwhile, trench warfare has displayed to the young soldiers death in the most appalling forms, ravaging their sanity and bringing to a head a rivalry that might have resolved itself in another time and place; tactless letters from the girls, however, are equally to blame for the young men's ghastly fates. These interlocking stories are assembled deftly by Mr. McDonald, an Australian poet who manages to make the infernal din of Gallipoli and the clink of silverware in an Australian dining room seem equally familiar and ominous.

MEN AT AXLIR, by Dominic Cooper (St. Martin's; $10.95). Crime

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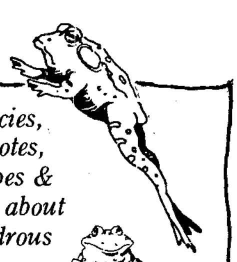
(murder, abduction, incest, rape) and natural disaster (blizzards, volcanic eruptions, famine, epidemic smallpox) in rural eighteenth-century Iceland. Mr. Cooper is a glowering writer, a sort of untamed Emily Brontë, and here, as in his grim Hebridean saga, "The Dead of Winter," of a year or two ago, he has produced a tortured near-melodrama about silent, brooding, passionate men and women struggling for love and power in a truly inimical environment. It is a ferocious story, and an enduring one.

THE VALDEPEÑAS, by Richard Lortz (Second Chance Press; $12.50). This small gem of a novel, set on an imaginary island called Corbodéra, off the coast of Spain, features an unusual assortment of well-heeled vacationers—a young psychiatrist and his pretty wife, with eyes only for each other; an Italian movie star discovered while she was working in a pizza parlor; a peevish schoolteacher who knits furiously as she recovers from endless bouts of *mal de mer;* a painter who idolizes Picasso and hates the knitter (who hates Picasso); a literary critic who composes and recites pornography to embarrass the knitter and titillate the movie star; and a countess who alights from a helicopter with a teen-age orphan from Flatbush in tow—gathered around the immensely wealthy and talkative woman who owns Corbodéra's one hotel. What begins as an immobile and tropical "Canterbury Tales," with the hostess soliciting stories from and making peace among her fractious guests, turns into a languidly ominous fantasy, as the blue sky turns yellow, the crisp air grows dank, the sparkling ocean acquires an oily sheen, a curious bush called the *valdepeñas* produces a grotesque blossom, and everyone begins to wonder if a catastrophe is not closing in. When "The Valdepeñas" was first published, in 1961, it received little attention; perhaps this time around it will be more widely enjoyed for its whimsy and panache.

GENERAL

AND NO BIRDS SANG, by Farley Mowat (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $10.95). A combat memoir of the Second World War by the Canadian natural historian which comes stunningly close to describing the indescribable horror and terror of war. Mr. Mowat served as an infantry line officer through the land-



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ings in Sicily and the almost lunatic assault up the mountainous spine of Italy, and in a voice of controlled passion he recalls the inexorable alterations of mood from patriotic verve, through a businesslike performance of duty, to an ultimate pitch of nearly mindless panic, from which he was saved only by a timely reassignment. It is a superb depiction. One wonders, though, why he waited so long to tell a story that (if seldom so well) has often been told before, and in an epilogue he answers: "I wrote this book in the absolute conviction that there never has been, nor ever can be, a 'good' or worthwhile war [and] because the Old Lie—temporarily discredited by the Vietnam debacle—is once more gaining credence; a whisper which soon may become another strident shout urging us on to mayhem."

A Tale of Five Cities, by John Ardagh (Harper & Row; $15.95). Mr. Ardagh, an English journalist, decided a while back to live, seriatim, in five different cities—one in each of the important countries of the Common Market (Britain, France, Germany, and Italy) and one in a Communist nation (Yugoslavia). The cities he chose—he pointedly avoided the great metropolises—were Newcastle, Toulouse, Stuttgart, Bologna, and Ljubljana. Each sojourn lasted from five weeks to two months—enough for him to pack in an impressive store of information and observation, which he passes along to us in a delightfully discursive and chromatic style (only somewhat marred by homemade neologisms, like "phlegmatism" and "competitivity," which don't seem to have much future). He least liked Bologna, which he found handsome, prosperous, snobbish, and self-satisfied, and, to his surprise, most liked Ljubljana—not for its appearance, which is shabby, but for its vital and optimistic people and their appetite for life. He found evidence of the much-touted standardization—and Americanization—of European life, but for less than one might suppose. An unusual and original book.

Militant Islam, by G. H. Jansen (Harper & Row; $8.95). A useful handbook by the Levant correspondent of the *Economist*. Mr. Jansen tells us what Islam is and has been, pointing out that its claims are total, and that Muslims do not distinguish between state and faith, be-

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tween politics and religion. He surveys the Islamic world, which for several centuries was exposed to European culture only as resentful subjects, and, country by country, he shows how Western-style governments have fared poorly in Islamic states. He tries valiantly to put a good face on the Islamic quest for workable modern societies, but the experiments he describes duplicate such failures in the Western past as Prohibition, compulsory religious education, autocracy, and quasi-anarchic violence. The book is loaded with information and shrewd comments; its only difficulty is that it asks us to approve when all we need do is understand.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

KENNEDY FOR THE DEFENSE, by George V. Higgins (Knopf; $9.95). Mr. Higgins, happily, has chosen here to return to the scene of "The Friends of Eddie Coyle" and his other early triumphs: the sleazy Boston netherworld of low-grade felonies and lowdown cops. His story involves—and more or less connects—a car thief (specializing in Cadillacs), a vicious young lout, a simple mechanic, a young whore turned professional informer, and a couple of dangerously nasty lawmen, and it has as its hero a young criminal lawyer, the Kennedy of the title. ("While my name is Kennedy, I am not related to the bastards.") It is not, unhappily, a very lively piece of entertainment. The trouble is that the story is told by Kennedy, and Kennedy doesn't get around very much. He spends most of his time in his office (or somebody else's office), listening to his clients, his colleagues, and assorted informants and hangers-on, and we sit there with him through one monologue after another about something that happened twenty years ago or last night or early this morning. It is all offstage, secondhand, passive.

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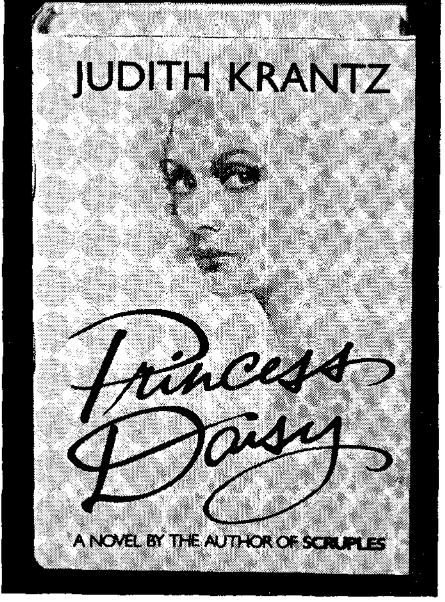
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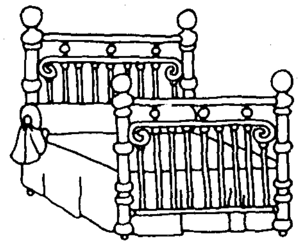

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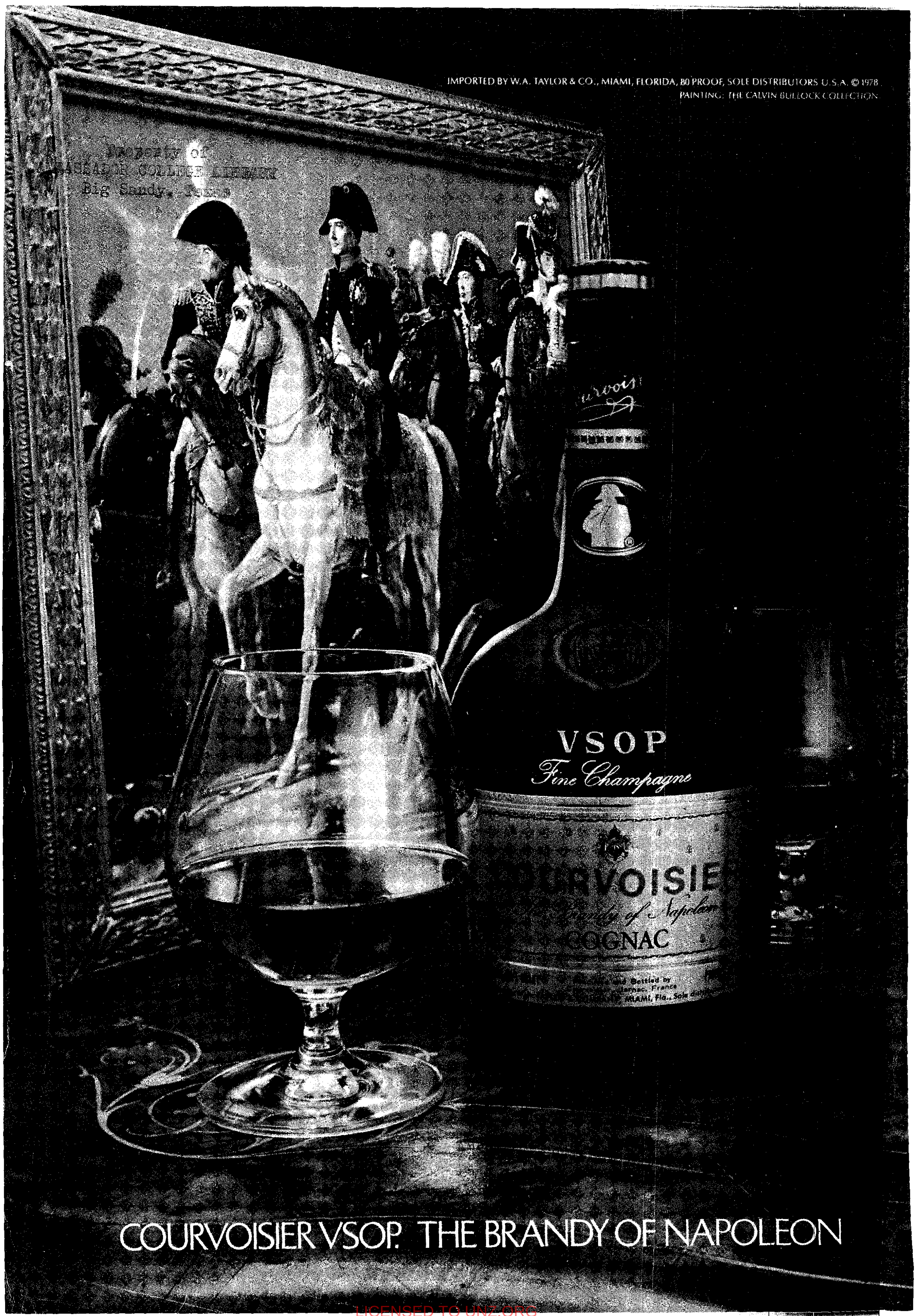
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